

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
NORTH CHINA BRANCH
LIBRARY

Social Shanghai

A MAGAZINE
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Vol. VII. January-June 1909.

SHANGHAI:

Printed at the Office of the North-China Daily News & Herald
for the Proprietor, Mina Shorrock

1909

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Page of Snapshots by one of our lady readers	4
A Page of Chinkiang Photos	96
About Golf	144
An Intercepted Letter	148
A Theological Tipster	168
A Bridge Interlude	187, 216
A Trip to Polan Bridge	269
A Romance of Kamakura	307
Ah Mi: A tale of Chinese Domestic Woe	375
Beautiful Homes in The Far East	59
Chinese Religious Procession	97
Cricket Match	338
Editorial Notes and Comments	63, 364
Funeral Procession of the late Dr. Cawas Lalcaca	371
Funeral of the late Dr. Cawas Lalcaca	372
Fires and Fire Brigades	26
Garden Notes	17, 93, 156, 211, 266, 324
Group of the Guests who attended the Dance given by Capt. and Mrs. Lunt at the Palace Hotel	113
Gordon Road Camp	177
Interesting Salvage Operations on the Whangpoo	76
Kamakura	238
Leaves from an Old Dairy	30, 74, 145, 196, 262, 331
Local Snapshots	287
Marine Engineers' Fancy Dress Ball	110
Man goeth forth to his work and to his Labour	155
Men of Note in China	172, 336
Matrimonial Commandments	337
Notes for Everybody	174, 299, 341
Our Monthly Diary	64, 237, 305, 382
Our Young Folks' Corner	81, 149, 200, 276, 327
Our Canine Friends	160
Opening of the Yangtzepoo Dock	350
Pictorial Pages	1, 87, 262
Pointed Pars from the Press of China	152, 284, 359

CONTENTS

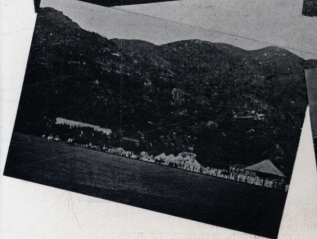
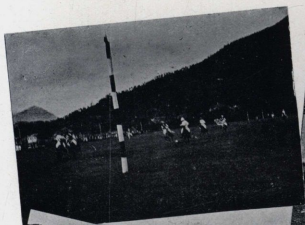
iii

	PAGE
Poems:—	
How she Kept Lent	51
The Pattern in the Loom	39
"Untaxed"	131
The Shell	109
Spring in Fokien	99
Suppose	82
Man goeth forth to his work and to his Labour	155
Yuloshan. An illustrated poem	296
Life	275
Ragnarck. The Twilight of the Gods	368
My Lesson	329
Spring in Fokien	99
Shanghai Volunteer Corps	100
Sybil's Révenge	100
Social Sidelights	114, 133, 225, 316, 366
Social Notes	122, 188, 253, 301, 379
Shanghai in Mid-Winter	265
Shanghai Juvenile A.D.C.	334
Snapshots of the Races	345
Something to her Advantage	349
Snapshots of the Races at Swatow	241
Stories:—	
That Fatal First	20
The Adventure of a Shanghai Merchant	54
Sybil's Revenge	104
The Case of the Bubbling Well Burglaries	84
A Theological Tipster... ..	168
The Discovery of the Spurious Note Factory	182
The Dead Man's Chum	213
A Bridge Interlude	216
A Romance of Kamakura	307
Something to her Advantage	346
Ah Mi: A tale of Chinese Domestic Woe	375
The Bloodless Revolution of China	8
The Fatal First	20
The Interport Rugby Football Match	52
The Adventures of a Shanghai Merchant	54
The Opening of the Opium Conference	67
The Case of the Bubbling Well Burglaries	84
The Paper Hunt Races	107
The Yellow Peril... ..	139
The Quiet Hour	141, 209, 294, 335

	PAGE
To the Dear Homeland	161, 218, 259, 354
The Discovery of the Spurious Note Factory	182
The <i>Mercury</i> Anniversary Dinner	195
The Light Horse Gymkhana	206
The Dead Man's Chum	213
The League Champions	215
The Races	242
The International Institute Grounds	289
The International Institute	290
The Grand Rabbin Elia S. Savegh of Mossoul... ..	306
The Late Dr. Cawas Lalacaca, L.M.G.C.P.	315
The Race Club	353
The Horse and Pony Show	312
The Shanghai Polo Club	361
Wine and Walnuts	25, 91, 185, 204, 280, 364
Well-known Residents in Shanghai	73, 131, 236, 323
What is to become of us?	273
Wedding Superstitions	367
When East Meets West	369
Yuloshan. An illustrated poem	296

PICTORIAL PAGES

FROM OTHER PARTS OF CHINA



SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN AT THE POLO MATCH IN HONGKONG



TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE ASTOR HOUSE HOTEL, HANKOW, BY FIRE

The Picture of the safe, No. 2 will testify to the severity of the flames



Photos

J. Jackson

FIRE AT THE GERMAN LEGATION, PEKING

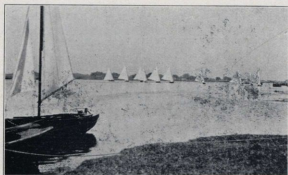
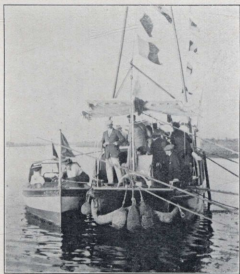
A Page of Snap-shots Contributed by one of our Lady Readers



GROUP TAKEN AT HENLI

THE COMMODORE'S BOAT

AT THE HENLI REGATTA



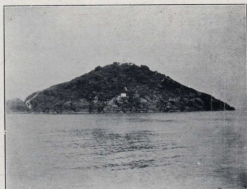
MIDGET REGATTA AT HENLI



Photo

M. I. N.

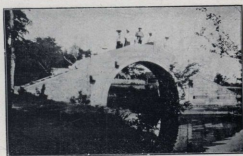
AN OLD NATIVE LIGHTHOUSE
AT PUTU



Photo

M. I. N.

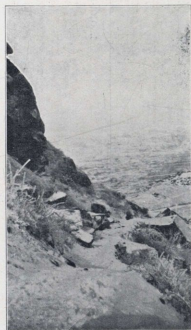
GUTZLAFF



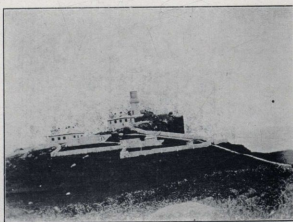
Photo

Comitala

NATIVE BRIDGE NEAR ZOO SA HILL



A PICTURESQUE SPOT AT KULING

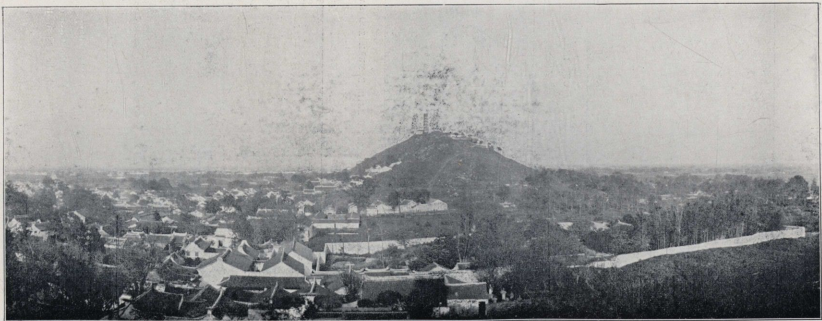


Photo

M. I. N.

PEIYUSHAN LIGHTHOUSE,

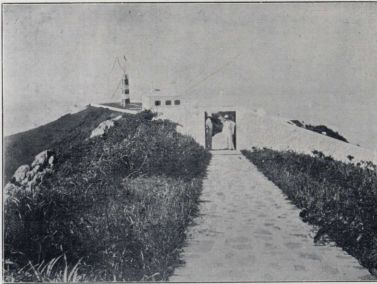
One of the finest lighthouses on the Coast of China, and
compares favourably with the best in the world



Photo

LOONG-SAN (WUSIEH)

L. V. S. Collaco



Photo

BONHAM ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE

M. I. N.



Photo

THE YELLOW DRAGON POOL (LUSHANG),

Mr. Chu

So called by the Chinese on account of the remarkable resemblance of the rocks to a yellow dragon sitting in a pool. A drink of water from this pool is said to act as a preventative from evil spirits

The Bloodless Revolution of China

I DISTINCTLY remember the great interest created by the following article which was published just after the Boxer rising, and on re-reading it the other day, I found that the march of events had made it still more interesting. So much has happened since it was written, the most important event, of course, being the death of that remarkable woman, the Empress-Dowager.

In spite of all the efforts of the Conservative Party to the contrary, the reform movement has made no small amount of progress. The teachableness and skill of the Chinese is fully recognized, but so also is the remarkable ability they so frequently display, for standing in their own light. They are so wonderfully far-seeing in some ways, whilst in others, they appear to Westerners to be absurdly short-sighted. Mr. J. B. Stevenson gives a good idea of the aim and objects of reformers at the beginning of the century, and it is rather interesting to try to calculate how much progress reform has made since then. What was possible to Japan, ought to be more thoroughly accomplished by China, as the Chinese are a far less superficial race than the Japanese, but the question is, "How long will it take to bring about any Constitutional reform, that is really worthy of the name?" According to Mr. Stevenson the death of the Empress-Dowager is all that is required to make China go ahead. If this is so, we may expect many changes and chances in the near future.—Ed.

—
"In a country so old that the most learned of us can only guess at her age, and so set in her ways that the rest of the world, centuries ago, gave up all hope of teaching her the most trivial innovations in civilization, one would not look for a reform that aims at the very roots of the

bigotry and the superstitions which have held her in swaddling clothes for more than a thousand years. Yet that is precisely what some of the wise and far-seeing men of China purpose in the movement they have inaugurated, which has as its primordial object the tearing away of ancient foundations and the building anew of a modern empire.

"To many of us it will come, doubtless, as first news, that within the last few years there has arisen a body of Chinamen who are not satisfied to have the affairs of their native land conducted as they have been conducted since the days of Hiouen Thsang. There is a popular saying that China always does everything backward. This, of course, is overdrawn, but it is a fact not disputed by any broad-minded Chinaman, that China is a land of contraries. One of my Americanized and American-educated Chinese friends most forcibly brought out this point to me when he said:

"Woman is not allowed a voice or a place in the Chinese Empire with man, yet we allow a woman to rule 400,000,000 of us, and rule us with a despotic hand!"

"When I asked him why such despotism was tolerated when the power was there to overthrow it, he replied:

"If I should go back to China I could tell my old father and mother many wonderful things I have learned in the New World. My parents do not know as much about many things as I do; still, if they should order me to do a certain thing a certain way, although I knew it was not the right way, my respect for them and my desire to be obedient would lead me

to do as they said. That is the way we show our love for old people. We do not put our old folk in the background in China. We do not let our young men crowd out their fathers. It is the old men who take the lead in China. We respect our old people while they are alive and we pray to them when they have gone. This we call the worship of ancestors. That is why I should obey my parents, right or wrong.'

And it is this deep-seated reverence for the aged and this unconquerable love for old customs that has led the Chinese reformers to conduct a bloodless revolution in China. With the proverbial patience of their race the reformers await the death of the Empress-Dowager before consummating the grand project they have in hand—the reform of a nation. But, in the meantime, they will not sit idly by and supinely watch the passing of this strong old woman of China, who fights with cajolery, with politics, and again with the headsmen's knife, every shadow of a movement that menaces her power over the throne.

"'When she dies,' say they, 'we shall be ready for the great work. Our people will be educated and the new nation will begin!'

"But what of the reform—what is its scope and its aim?

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

"The creed of the new sect is a declaration of independence. China is to be freed from herself. She is to awake from her long sleep. She is to protect herself against the invasions of grasping Nations. Her people are to be aroused to the necessity of saving that wonderful empire, stretching nearly across Asia, from being absorbed by Russia, Germany, England and France. China must be kept for the Chinamen. Her people must learn that most necessary lesson in the school of Nations—modern trade methods and practical commercialism. Incidentally she will have a great navy and a great army. She will

become versed in the science of modern warfare; but the plans of the reformers do not contemplate war. The ancient policy of keeping within herself is to be abandoned; her doors will be thrown wide open to the world, but she is going to open them herself when she is fully equipped to meet all who come to her on equal terms. Schools and colleges on the improved lines of the West will help her young men to an understanding of the methods that are to lead her in the right direction. Her people will be taught the arts, the sciences and the practical knowledge of the most advanced countries. In a word—China is to cast off the superstitions and the prejudices of the past. And this is the outline of a stupendous movement, in which not China alone, but the entire world is interested, for, if carried to a successful completion, it will influence, in some form or other, the commercial future of every civilized nation.

"America first learned of this reform movement through two quiet, unassuming men—Leong Kai-chui and Choy So-kan, Chinese mandarins of high rank. These men came to the country a short time ago and began spreading the new doctrine among the Chinese people here. So quickly did the work progress that fifty thousand converts were drawn to the ranks of the reformers before it was known, outside of those directly interested, that such a movement had been commenced. In New York alone, eleven thousand out of the twenty thousand Chinamen in the city became members of the organization within two weeks. The reform had its origin a little more than four years ago, yet to-day it has a following of five million persons and it is confidently predicted by the leaders that this number will be doubled within the next twelve months.

"The Chinamen in their native country and in the foreign countries where they

have made their homes have not been so aroused in centuries. They have rallied around the speakers who have come among them to expound the doctrine of emancipation, and they greet the departure from the old lines with an enthusiasm that seems incompatible with their usually dispassionate natures. There has suddenly sprung up in their breasts a patriotism, a love for their native land, and a desire that it may take its place with the other nations of the earth—not as a mere stretch of green, or pink, or yellow on a text-book map, regarded by school-children as the home of a quaint people—but as an entity in the affairs of men, a mover in the works of modern achievement. They listen attentively, thoughtfully, as the orators explain to them the aims of the movement that is to make a new China and a new people. To augment still further the work of the reform in the East, Kang Tung-Bek, the young daughter of the head of the movement, arrived in New York a few months ago, and began a series of lectures in the Chinese theatre in China-town. She is the first Chinese woman to travel in foreign lands and make speeches. Her father, Hong Yu-wai, once a political refugee from China, organized the movement in Peking, calling it the "Chinese Empire Reform Association." His eloquence drew thousands about him, and the movement spread rapidly in the northern provinces of China. In all classes he aroused a love of country that had lain dormant for centuries. It was a coincidence only that the Boxer troubles had their origin about the same time, for the two movements had nothing in common. The Boxers are anarchists who believe in riot and bloodshed; they are exterminators of all foreigners and expurgators of all foreign ideas from China. The reformers advocate peace and education; they ask for the cooperation of foreigners and welcome the

advanced thought of all peoples. The Boxers are religious fanatics. The reformers do not consider a man's religion. They are an Illuminated Brotherhood, who seek light and knowledge.

CHRISTENING THE GREAT REFORM IN BLOOD

"The new school of thought had not been long in existence when the attention of Tsu Hsi, the Empress-Dowager, was called to it. Always suspicious of any new movement—especially in the line of reform—and extremely jealous of her power, she had her secret agents, with which her court is well supplied, make a thorough investigation. These agents quickly brought information to her concerning the remarkable spread of the doctrine of the reformers. They told her of the numerous disciples and their preaching. They told her that the reform movement was gaining adherents in all of the northern provinces, and was extending to the south and other parts of the empire. Tsu Hsi was alarmed. She acted quickly. Barely had she read the reports of her secret agents when she issued a decree condemning to death Hong Yu-wai and six of his disciples—Loo, Thoms, Lem, Mork, Lu and Chui. The news of the death decree was carried swiftly to Hong Yu-wai by a faithful compatriot who had been employed in the household of the Dowager. The reform leader fled to India. His condemned companions tried also to escape, but were captured and executed.

The flight of Hong Yu-wai and the death of his companions did not, however, kill the movement. On the contrary, the cruel action of the Empress-Dowager served as a stimulus to the reformers. Other disciples entered the ranks and went to all parts of China. At first they worked in secret, then became bolder and bolder, till the movement is now openly

proclaimed throughout the Chinese Empire, despite the fact that the Empress-Dowager frequently orders more decapitations and strenuously opposes in every way the mighty wave of reformation that menaces her glory and her power. Already the practical results of the movement are being felt. One college has been established in the north of China and three in Japan—at Tokio, Yokohama and Kobe—in each of which about twelve hundred Chinese pupils are being educated in accordance with American methods.

"In the meantime, while the reform is being rapidly advanced, the leaders advocate the utmost conservatism. They prefer to wait rather than bring about internal disturbances.

"Hong Yu-wai directs the work of his disciples, who are travelling over all parts of China and the East and the West. It is only within the last eighteen months that teachers have been sent to America. Japan for some time has been one of the greatest strongholds of the reformers outside of China; and in India thousands of converts have been made among Chinese residents.

"The leader of the movement, Hong Yu-wai, is a remarkable man. He is a mandarin of the third-class, and it is said that he might have been the foremost man in China if he had followed the wishes of the Empress-Dowager, who was extremely anxious to secure his services, knowing of his great ability, learning, judgment and his fidelity to any cause he espoused. But Hong Yu-wai is strong in his convictions and no offer of reward can turn him from his way. Thus it was that he sacrificed wealth, power—all—for his devotion to principle. Among the Chinamen who have become his followers and his pupils he is revered and loved. They regard him as the saviour of his country, and they speak of him as the second Confucius. His dis-

ciples come from the flower of the Chinese youth. Around his standard have gathered young men from noble families, wise men, and students. The lieutenants in his enormous army are men of rank and position. Even the Emperor—Kuang Hsi himself—is an ardent believer in the new school, and is restrained from publicly acknowledging the fact only through fear of his aunt, the Empress-Dowager.

"So devoted are the followers of Hong Yu-wai that they willingly serve the cause in any land to which he sees fit to send them. He selects for his teachers in foreign countries the most highly educated men, and as far as possibly, those, who by reason of their high position in life, add luster to the cause and represent it forcibly and well. For these reasons he especially welcomed to his movement the two young men who came to America to propagate the tenets of the new political school. Both are mandarins of the best blood in the Empire.

"Both are highly educated and fluent speakers.

"Leong Kai-chui, the vice-president of the Chinese Empire Reform Association, is next in authority to President Hong Yu-wai, and is one of the heroes of the anti-Boxer party. One of his dearest friends was among those who were decapitated at the beginning of the present reform movement, and he escaped a like fate only by fleeing to Hongkong, where the British protected him till he went to Yokohama.

"In Yokohama he established the headquarters of the reform party, and published a newspaper which although officially forbidden entrance into China, has, nevertheless a very large circulation there. In addition to the work he has performed in advancing the reform movement, he has written many books, one of the most esteemed of which is a history of China, embracing twenty-six volumes. In this

work are one thousand chapters, each containing from seven thousand to thirty thousand words. But he is not only an authority on the history of his own country, he is a deep scholar and is especially well informed on the Governments of all nations.

"Leong Kai-chui was born in Canton and is thirty-one years old. When he arrived in New York he began his work for the reform association at once, and was very successful in gaining converts to the movement. He dresses like an American, is short of stature and has an alert eye. He speaks rapidly and clearly, and has a manner that is convincing.

Accompanying him were several of his followers of the new school. After making numerous addresses in the East he went to Chicago and on to the West.

"Choy So-kan, who is only twenty-nine years old, came to America a little in advance of Leong Kai-chui, speaking in all the large cities with good results. The two reformers met later in New Orleans, and after travelling in the South proceeded to California, thence sailing to Japan.

THE NEW WOMAN OF CHINA

"The coming to America of Kang Tung-bek, the young and pretty daughter of the head reformer, is the strongest evidence that could be adduced that the new movement has broken the fetters that bound China to the superstition of the past. For a Chinese woman to travel into foreign lands, and, above all, to speak to other Chinese women, advising them to abandon the practice of binding their feet, and telling them to walk out unattended into the broad daylight, ignoring the precepts of the centuries, is an anomaly unheard of in the history of the ancient Empire.

"'Ha, you foreign devil! The world-changers are even now upon us!' exclaims the old dealer in dried fish and fresh lichi nuts in his little shop in Pell Street. 'It is not enough,' says he, being a staunch

orthodox, 'that they should send their missionary women to China, but *g'low* (a mild Chinese oath) they induce our women to become missionaries, too, and visit foreign lands. By the shade of Confucius it is like to make an honest Chinaman commit *harakiri*!'"



HONG YUE-WEI

The originator of the Chinese Empire Reform Association, which aims at the social and political regeneration of China and which numbers its disciples by the million.

"But Miss Kang Tung-bek—seventeen dainty and eloquent—smiles placidly at the furore she has created, and winsomely promulgates the gospel of her father, making converts as they never have been made before.

"'I want to tell my Chinese sisters,' says she, 'to take an active part in life, as their American sisters do. I want them to read the newspapers. I want them to know things.'"

"Miss Bek has organized in New York the Woman's Branch of the Chinese Empire Reform Association. When she first appeared in the Doyers Street Theater, thirty-five or forty Chinese women, wives of prosperous merchants, went there to hear her. They were dressed in gorgeously embroidered costumes with decorations of jade and gold on their arms and around

* Suicide by disembowelment. Formerly practised by Japanese of the noble or military class when unwilling to survive some personal or family disgrace.

their necks; their black hair was combed smoothly on their heads and drawn into low loops, fastened at the back with many precious ornaments, after the manner of the East. A few of the women had their children with them—odd bits of humanity with sharp eyes and bright faces; some with shaven heads covered with little silk caps with gaudy tassels; others with queues quaintly coiled up on the backs of their heads, all dressed in flowing silken robes.

In marked contrast to this oriental splendor was the dress of the Chinese women on the stage with the young reformer. They had abandoned the Chinese costume and were attired in the less picturesque, but more comfortable clothing of America. It should be distinctly borne in mind, however, that the new movement has nothing whatever to do with dress. Its objects are loftier than a mere desire to have the inhabitants of China ape customs of the West in the minor affairs of life. Clothes and religion form no part of the reform in hand.

Miss Bek is by far the prettiest Chinese woman that ever has been in this country. She has a petite, slender figure, and is the personification of grace. Her hair is glossy black, and her olive-tinted cheeks have just a tinge of pink in them, while her small red lips open over well-formed white teeth. She was born in Canton and educated in the English schools in Hongkong and India. She will take advantage of her sojourn in America to enter Wellesley College, and is now in New Haven taking the preparatory course. She dresses in the prevailing American fashion.

"Miss Bek was a mere child when her father was obliged to flee from China to escape the wrath of the Empress-Dowager. Within the last few months, however, the reform movement has grown to such an

extent that he has considered it safe to remove to Hongkong, where he now makes his headquarters under the protection of the British. While her father was in India Miss Bek travelled through Europe and Asia. She speaks several languages fluently and is a close student of the manners, the customs and the Governments of all nations, and she believes that Chinese women should become potent factors in the reformation and salvation of their country. With these views, she proceeded at once when she arrived on the Pacific coast, to form the Chinese women into auxiliary reform clubs, and in journeying through the north-west she met her countrymen and interested them in her project, establishing branches at Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Oregon, Westminster, and at other places in the United States and British Columbia. In New York one of the most prominent Chinese women in the country—Mrs. Fung Y. Mow—was chosen president of the Woman's Reform Association. Mrs. Mow has been the leader in mission work among the Chinese women in New York for seven years or more. She was one of the first graduates from the American Medical College at Canton, China, afterward becoming a teacher of Chinese at the British Government School at Hongkong. 'All our hopes lies in the education of the children,' says Miss Bek. If the boys and girls are incalculated with the great reform ideas, they will make for us the new China. The boys will become men who will be glad to have their wives study and help them in the reform. The girls will grow into women who will not be content to be slaves or playthings even if their cages are of gold.

"While the Chinese women are being organized into reform associations the Chinese men are by no means neglected. In all the large cities of America, branch

organizations of the Chinese Empire Reform Association have been formed. The movement has a large following in San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other places, but it is in New York that the most remarkable progress has been made. In view of the large number of converts to the movement in the metropolis it was recently decided to establish a Chinese newspaper there. Three of the wealthiest merchants in Chinatown—Jue Chue, Lee Yick Yue and John Chantz—have financed the enterprise, and Tong Chew, a young Chinese reformer from one of the first families in China, was brought to America to fill the position of editor-in-chief. Tong Chew was teacher in one of the reform colleges at Yokohama, Japan, the Dai Tung Hok Hoh. He is only twenty-four years old, but is one of the best educated men in China. The newspaper is being published weekly, but will soon be changed to a daily with a full corps of Chinese reporters, and cable news from all parts of the world of interest to its readers. It will be the official organ of the American branches of the Chinese Empire Reform Association. When it is understood that there are fifty thousand separate characters in the Chinese language the mechanical proposition of printing a paper in that tongue will be appreciated. There is now but one Chinese daily newspaper in the United States—the “Chinese World” of San Francisco.

“The president of the New York Branch of the reform association is Joseph M. Singleton, a Chinese merchant who has adopted an American name, and who for years has followed American ways and customs without alienating his affection for his native land.

The secretary of the New York society is J. C. Thoms, M.D. He is a graduate of the Long Island Medical College, has lived in the United States for twenty-seven

years and is thoroughly Americanized. For several years Dr. Thoms travelled in India, Japan and other foreign countries, and was a close observer and a student of different peoples and their methods of government.

“The vice-president of the New York branch of the association is Jue Chue. He, also, was educated in America, speaks English fluently, and is in perfect accord with the movement.

WHAT THE REFORM MEANS

“Dr. Thoms, who was authorized by his organization to state to me the plans and purposes of the Chinese Empire Reform Association, said:

“We would like to have all understand that this movement is a bloodless revolution. We are not revolutionists in the sense of anarchy. We are not trying to overthrow the Chinese Government by force of arms. We are trying to hold it up. We are trying to make our nation the strongest and the most respected in the world. We are trying to keep the country together. We are trying to keep the invading hordes of Europe from stealing the land from under our very feet and from driving us out homeless and nationless over the earth. Russia is ready for us. She has her greedy eyes on our country. England is striving to gain a foothold in the Empire and take our land from us as she took India from the Hindoos. Germany is not far behind the rest of them. There is France pushing forward, too.

“Right here is the first great problem of the reform movement. It is the keynote of the whole situation. How can we prevent this threatened invasion of China? How can we hold our country intact for our own people? This is the answer:

“The first step is education after the Western methods. We must begin by renouncing the superstition of our ancestors.

We must mingle with the world. We must cease being a nation within ourselves.

"And to whom do we look for help in all this? To America and Japan. America is our guide and our good friend. We are learning her methods and her ways and we depend on her for counsel and aid. Japan is a much smaller and weaker nation than China, but she has advanced far beyond us in learning the ways of the modern world. Twenty-five years ago Japan had made little progress, but now it is ranked as one of the most enterprising of nations. It is all because the Japanese forsook their old superstitions and followed in the line of thought of advanced peoples. The Japanese are ready and anxious to help us. It is for their own interest to do so, for they look toward China for assistance.

"When the Chinese people are once awake, when they begin to grasp the meaning of things, they will act quickly. No one learns how to do things more rapidly and better than a Chinaman. The Chinese will be quick to make use of the great inventions. They will be quick to invent things themselves. Then will be quick to adopt the new business methods, and, by their economy and thrift, they will outclass their competitors in other countries. Don't you suppose that when China begins to build great steel plants she will turn out the products cheaper and better than you do in America, or they do in England? Don't you suppose that when China gets to turning out textile fabrics she can produce them at less cost than any other nation? So it will be with all products of the loom, in all outputs of machinery, in the inventions and in trade. Some of the nations have been laughing at China. They have all said she was asleep and dreaming. They may find to their astonishment and their alarm some day that she is wider awake than any of them. When she begins to out-manufacture and

under-sell them they will realize the full force of Napoleon's words: 'Beware of the Oriental.'

"The West must not scoff at China. We are not averse to legitimate criticism but we do not like to be regarded as a nation of ignorant pagans. Some of you say to us: 'Your literature is not a great literature like ours.' I grant that, but it is the oldest literature in the world. You must not lose sight of the fact that China has seen the fall of Babylon. You must not forget that we have seen the Greeks rise to power and pass away. We have seen Rome come and go. China was advanced in thought, philosophy and religion when the rest of the world was a savage wilderness. And all we need to take our place with the world of to-day is development. But we do not purpose to have outsiders come in and develop our country for us. We are going to develop it ourselves. And that, let me tell our good American friends, is the reason that we have started the great reform movement in China.'

"But how will the reform be brought about unless you overthrow the present Government?' I asked.

"Dr. Thoms weighed his words well—words that would cost him his head if uttered in his native land—as he replied:

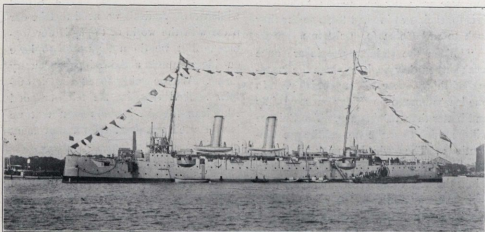
"The Empress-Dowager is the old she-devil of China. But she is seventy-seven years old. She cannot live much longer. Then China will be free. The wicked men, such as Wing Lok, who surround her will lose their power and a new régime of intelligence and honesty will begin, for the Emperor is one of our staunchest adherents and is fully in sympathy with us. When his aunt dies, China will be made a limited monarchy with a constitution on the lines of the constitution of England. We cannot make China a republic like America. Our people are

not like yours. They have not the discernment and the judgment to elect by popular vote the proper men to govern the country. We have thought of all that, so, when the Empress-Dowager dies, we shall be ready for a new nation.'

"In this way the great reform of China has been planned. It is as Dr. Thoms has said. There is a wonderful country over there that needs only to be developed to be one of the greatest on the globe. Not long ago a German scientist was sent by his Government to make an investigation in China with a view of ascertaining just what her resources were. He found that in three northern provinces alone there

was enough coal to last the entire world for three thousand years. Throughout the Empire there are rich deposits of gold, silver, copper, iron and other minerals. The choicest of farming land are there, and the soil has been fertilised to the highest degree by the thrifty Chinese farmers. In many of the provinces two crops a year are raised, and in some, three. The wealth of nations is within the borders of this vast Empire. That is why Russia and Germany and England and France are looking over the ancient wall with greedy eyes and itching palms."

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.



H. M. S. "ASTRÆA"

(Twin screw protected Cruiser, 4360 tons.) Recommissioned at Colombo,
8th September, 1908.

OFFICERS

Captain.	F. E. C. Ryan.	Staff Paym.	J. T. Wright.
Lieutenant.	M. E. Cochrane.	Surgeon.	John Verdon.
"	F. A. Sommerville.	Sub-Lieut.	Henry Forrester.
"	W. R. S. Harman.	Assist. Paym.	A. H. S. Steele-Perkins.
"	A. R. F. Spottoswood.	Gunner.	Solomon Ousley.
Eng: Commr.	C. T. D. Greetham.	"	W. T. Silk.
Eng: Lieut.	R. D. Nelson.	"	Thomas Donnelly.
Chaplain.	Rev. A. R. W. Peek, M.A.	Carpenter.	David Mackay.
Staff Surg.	J. A. Forrest, M.B.	Art: Engr.	Frederick Ellis.



Garden Notes



FEBRUARY.

DURING the early part of the month out-of-door gardening is at a standstill as the nights are frosty and the days very cold with probably snow falls, occasionally a mild day will be experienced, but beyond opening the windows of the colder greenhouses and lifting frame roofs for a few hours in the middle of the day, plants must remain closely housed; towards the end of the month the weather may become more open, when the straw can be removed from the beds which contain bulbs; transplanting of shrubs and trees can also be

commenced and turfing can be proceeded with, neither of which are advisable in frosty weather.

Violets are in profusion if the winter has not been severe, and if placed on a south frontage they flourish well enough: they should to left undisturbed for two or three years.

Crocuses, Snowdrops, Daffodils. — All these three early flowers, begin pushing out of the ground, and should never be disturbed from year to year.

In the conservatory, cinerarias, freesias, jonquils, pansies, primulas, azaleas, nasturtiums, calla lilies, heliotrope, are all in bloom, and can be freely introduced



Photo

VIEW OF THE MUNICIPAL GREENHOUSE.

D. Macgregor

into the living room, but they should not be left in cold halls, passages or verandahs at night.

Hyacinths and bulbs generally, begin to show above ground.

Pansies.—If in pots can be planted in the open on a fine day, they are hardy plants at all times and will survive the frost if protected by a little straw.

Poppies should be sown where they are meant to remain, as they do not bear transplanting well.

Buddleigha.—A very sweet-scented plant with olive green leaves, blossoms in the greenhouse during this month; it looks something like spirea, and is a welcome addition to the small stock of flowers obtainable at this season; it grows easily from cuttings.

Cyclamens, primulas, mignonette, are out in the greenhouse. Lettuces may be planted out at end of this month.



Paths

UNLESS for special reasons these should not be straight, but the planning of them depends upon the configuration of the grounds: in very small gardens they should be avoided as much as possible as they take up a lot of room, but in large grounds they should wind in and out of the shrubberies, round mounds, etc.

When tracing paths, dig them down about 18-in., using the earth so excavated for making raised flower beds, mounds, etc., then settle where the drains are to be, laying earthenware pipes or small brick conduits: fill up with broken brick, stones, clinker, cinders or any similar refuse, roll till quite hard, the middle of the path to be higher than the sides so as to let the water run off freely and finish off with a layer of yellow gravel, well rolled.

Unless paths are kept in good order, and clean and free from weeds, a garden can never be seen to advantage. It is not necessary to dwell on the comparative merits of different kinds of gravel, as that most readily obtained is invariably employed. There are various modes of keeping down weeds, of which the use of salt is one, but it is only effective when applied in hot, dry weather, if sprinkled on the gravel during showers, it simply acts as a manure. Arsenical solutions sold by the chemists also kill weeds and moss. Weak carbolic and water applied in dry weather is also very good. All such weed-killers, however, must be used with caution, as live edgings, such as grass, etc., will also be destroyed, if not protected from the effects of the poisonous dressings. Asphalt paths produce no weeds, and are always smooth, but dull coloured or black tarred paths are very harsh and unsightly in gardens.

It must not be forgotten that the tendency of paths is to grow broader each year, as the edges are trimmed periodically with the edging iron or verge cutter: consequently when first traced, paths should not be too wide, say 4 feet.

Drainage.—When lawns and paths are under construction, this most important feature should be carefully arranged for; the cheapest in the long run are drain pipes which can be obtained from the Municipal Council: hollow bamboos should be avoided except to cross a path of a few feet, as they soon decay and always get choked up. Drain pipes should be laid down in such a manner that they can be periodically examined, as they get choked by mud and other obstructions: if they pass near trees, the roots will often force them out of their places and they get cracked or broken, the roots then get into the drain and it becomes useless and dangerous to health. The owner of the property would do well to keep a chart of the

underground pipes and connections, as this will prevent much digging and expense in subsequent years to discover their whereabouts. The pipes should be laid with a slight fall to intended place of exit, and the sections must be cemented together. Proper brick man-holes should be made at certain points for the purpose of examination: these will, of course, be covered by a large slab of stone and be a few inches under the surface of the paths: other drain holes covered with an iron hinged grating 6 inches square, must be placed at various points to receive the rush of water in heavy rains: the bars of the gratings should not be too close together, nor should the gardener be allowed to throw back the gratings as all sorts of things flow into and block the pipes in a very short time.



A Book for the Gardener

THE thirteenth edition has just been issued of a book which has proved of real value to many amateur gardeners. It is the

"Encyclopædia of Gardening," by Mr. T. W. Sanders, F.L.S. (W. H. and L. Collingridge). The work has been much extended and enlarged from its original form without increasing its modest price. The system of reference and cross-reference appears to have been given a good deal of thought, and on a cursory examination is effective. On turning up the subject of inquiry, as, for example, hydrangeas, the fullest information is to be found, briefly and tersely stated, of the history of the species, its varieties, and their culture. Altogether, in its new form the Encyclopædia will prove one of the amateur's most indispensable tools.



Clinkers

A useful, though not very beautiful, edging for borders is Clinkers, which may be obtained cheaply from the nearest gasworks. If they are washed with watery cement and then rolled in sand and left to dry, they will resemble irregular blocks of sandstone.



Photo

IN THE MANDARIN GARDEN

O. Richards





THAT FATAL FIRST

MRS. LESLIE CARTON was nothing if not impulsive. She invariably acted upon the spur of the moment, allowing herself no time for reflection. Before marriage Mr. Leslie Carton found this little idiosyncrasy distinctly amusing. One never felt quite sure what the charming girl was going to do next, and uncertainty is, to some extent, stimulating. It keeps the nervous system on tenterhooks.

After the honeymoon, however, Mrs. Carton's inability to see more than one of the many-sided views of life became to her husband particularly irritating. She jumped, he said, at conclusions, and alighted more often than not in slippery places where there was not an inch of foothold. Argument he discovered to be useless, for when did cold reason ever succeed in controlling the wonderful ways of lovely woman? Then he took to storming, and the little rift within the lute grew wider. It was agreed by mutual consent that he was to be allowed to go his own peaceful way, on condition that she, equally untrammelled, could go hers. Thus it seemed that happiness ought to be restored. But it was not. Mrs. Leslie Carton found that when she had her own way entirely she did not know what to do with it.

The marriage tie which binds casual acquaintances who have no tastes, no interests in common, quickly becomes a heavy chain that frets and galls the wearers. A separation seemed looming in the near future, when Mrs. Carton,

prompted by some suggestion in a periodical addicted to offering gratuitous solutions to the difficult problems of social life, was seized with a bright idea. Acting, as usual, upon impulse, she ordered her victoria and drove post haste to the house of a bosom friend to whom she was in the habit of imparting what she called the innermost secrets of her soul.

"Griselda, I have made a terrible mistake," she cried, breathlessly, before the servant who announced her had time to close the drawing-room door.

"You are lucky," returned Griselda, placidly, "if you have only made one. I have made thousands of mistakes. I fancy we spend the latter half of our lives in regretting and attempting to repair the errors of our headstrong youth."

"I shall not wait for the latter half of my life. I intend to begin the reparation immediately. To-day! This very hour! The instant Claud comes home!"

"Bravo! Would it be indiscreet to ask what it is that stands in such urgent need of immediate mending, Marjorie?"

"My ways," said Marjorie, solemnly.

"A comprehensive answer. Are they so evil?"

"The consequences of them will be evil if I do not take care. But, thank Heaven, 'Fripperies' has opened my eyes."

"What on earth is 'Fripperies'?"

"Dear me, Griselda! A ladies' paper. Don't you know it?"

"Never heard of it. I avoid ladies' papers on principle. They are so singularly misleading. Well, what has it told you?"

"That I made a great mistake when I married Claud."

"Why, who does it think you ought to have married?"

"Do not be so irritating, Griselda. I have brought the paper with me. Listen to what it says: 'The true wife should be a comrade to her husband. She must learn to sit unmoved on a coach top behind four run-away horses; she must smile brightly when the motor-car brake declines to act on a steep down grade. In the event of having to wait for his dinner, ever a dire calamity to a man, her sparkling conversation must make the *mauvais quart d'heure* pass as quickly as a flash of lightning. By such means as these she will ensure his lasting affection. He will want her always at his side and will desire no friendship but that of his companionable wife.' Is not that only too true?"

"H'm!" said Griselda, reflectively.

"I feel it here—here!" cried Marjorie, placing her exquisitely-gloved hand near the region of her digestive organs. "I have pondered this thing deeply in my heart."

"For how long?" inquired Griselda.

"For quite five minutes. But feelings cannot be measured by clockwork. One can suffer a lifetime of agony in a few seconds. After this long and exhaustive consideration I have come to the conclusion that I will turn over a new leaf, and, instead of leaving dear Claud to tread his lonely path through life unblessed by the sweets of sympathy and affection, that I will become a thoroughly companionable wife."

"Have you—er—warned Claud of what you are about to do?" asked Griselda.

"Not yet. I came first to you. But I shall tell him the glad tidings as soon as ever he comes home."

"Don't you think it would be more politic not to spring all this upon him too

suddenly? To let it dawn on him by slow degrees?"

"Oh, no. One can never be too eager in repairing a grievous fault."

"Well, you know best, of course. Are you in such a hurry to run away? Really? Good-bye, then. Give my love to Claud, and let me know how he bears up under the sudden shock."

For once in her life Mrs. Carton was unable to strike while the iron was red hot. Claud did not dine at home on that evening, and when she came back from the theatre, about eleven-thirty, her husband had not yet returned. The affecting little scene of reconciliation which she had prepared must perforce be postponed until the morrow.

When the morrow came her dramatic powers seemed to have oozed out at her fingers' ends, and Claud, who had lost heavily at "bridge" on the preceding evening, was gloomy and depressed. The histrionic effects upon which Marjorie had so depended seemed, in the cold light of morning, ridiculous. In place of them she assumed an archness that was palpably forced, and, addressing the morning paper behind which her husband was buried, she stammered awkwardly, "Claud, I have such a delightful surprise for you!"

Claud put aside a small corner of his newspaper and looked hopelessly bored.

"I feel that I have not done my duty since we were married," she went on, growing hot and red under his stony stare; "and I have made up my mind that henceforward, instead of leaving you to go out always by yourself, I will be ever at your side, a cheering, consoling, companionable wife."

"You will be a what!" asked Claud, as though he doubted his own ears.

"A companionable wife," repeated Marjorie, bravely, though Claud still continued to stare at her in that nerve-shaking manner.

"I am afraid I do not clearly understand," he began.

"We will no longer be a divided couple," said Marjorie, warming to her work. "Where you go, I will go. Your country shall be—oh, no. That won't do, of course. You were born at Hongkong, and I really can't undertake to go there. Well, never mind. What I mean to say is, that you shall never be lonely any more. I will share all your pleasures, your every joy—your golf, your motoring, your yachting, your hunting, fishing, and shooting. Where you go you shall find me by your side, ever ready to console you and to cheer."

The paper had slowly dropped from the nerveless fingers of her astounded husband. But, alas, no loving arms were spread out to receive and welcome the repentant prodigal, as she had so fondly expected. Instead a sickly sort of smile overspread Claud's chiselled features.

"That will be no end jolly," he observed. But his words lacked the accent of conviction. Then an awful thought obscured the strained smile. "Do you—er—intend to—um—start on this fresh tack immediately?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Marjorie. "It is never too soon to mend, you know. I will begin this very day."

"M'yes. The sooner the better, of course. Only I was just thinking—you couldn't put it off for, let us say, a month, could you?"

"Oh, Claud! Why should I put off the good work?"

"Because, you see, I have got a small shooting-box for the First, and I am afraid it is hardly big enough or up-to-date enough to accommodate a lady. I and the other fellows can rough it, of course—"

"I should love to rough it, for your sake," cried Marjorie, ecstatically. "And if I suffer do I not deserve to do penance for my past sins?"

Then Claud saw that further objection would be futile. Nothing remained but to bow his head meekly to the yoke.

The shooting-box was all that Claud had described it and a little more, consisting, in point of fact, of two labourer's cottages knocked into one. However, Marjorie heroically determined to make the best of things under all circumstances, however painful, and Claud's hope that she would find life in a labourer's cottage utterly impossible, and would return home by the earliest train, dwindled hour by hour into fainter and fainter proportions.

"Of course you are coming out with the guns, Mrs. Carton," said an ingenuous youth, quite unconscious of the frowns and headshakings directed towards him by Claud.

"Marjorie has not the faintest idea how to handle a gun," put in her husband, hastily.

"No, dear; not at present, but I can learn," said Mrs. Carton, brightly.

The men, with one exception, became depressed and silent. The exception was the ingenuous youth, who lightheartedly undertook to teach the whole use of the deadly firearm in what he graphically described as a brace of shakes.

"A fellah loads for you, you just pull the trigger, the beastly thing goes bang, and there you are, you know!" he explained. "It's quite simple, I assure you."

"It is not quite so simple when you come to extracting the shots from the vital organs of the victims after the shoot is over," growled Claud's old college chum, Dick Kulander. But Dick was ever a pessimist, therefore Marjorie and her ingenuous tutor could afford to ignore his nervous fears.

A heavy gloom hung over the party until Claud convened a meeting, in the extemporised smoking-room, of all the guests except the ingenuous youth, who

was taking a country walk with Mrs. Carton. To this conclave the head keeper and one or two of the beaters were bidden. When the party dispersed, after drinks all round, their spirits had risen once more to the normal pitch.

Mrs. Carton had brought with her an up-to-date shooting costume, and though she felt at the first blush uncomfortably conscious of her ankles, she was reassured by the universally expressed opinion that her rig-out was uncommonly saucy. She was unfeignedly afraid of her gun, and persuaded thereto by the ingenuous youth, she tried an experimental shot before starting. Finding that if she set her teeth hard, and shut her eyes very tight, she could summon up courage to fire, she went on her way with a lightened heart, if not exactly rejoicing.

After about an hour's tramp, her hair all out of curl with the heat and the wind, her feet swelling till they seemed ready to burst her smart new shooting boots, Mrs. Carton would have given ten years of her life for an easy-chair in her pretty cool drawing-room at home. But she struggled gallantly on, telling herself, miserably, that no one could become a companionable wife all in a moment without some amount of suffering and discomfort. Presently she became aware that some men, wildly gesticulating and uttering barbaric cries, were approaching at the double.

"Whatever is the matter, Claud!" she cried in a shrill treble. "Is there some accident?"

"Hu-u-sh!" was whispered on all sides in an angry hiss. She also heard some naughty words not usually deemed fit, even in lax days, for a lady's ear. Then a covey of partridges rose with a loud whirr.

Trembling with excitement, Marjorie fired. There was a loud yell, and when she opened her eyes again she saw that one of the beaters lay writhing on the ground.

"What is it, Claud," gasped Marjorie, clinging to her husband's arm. "Don't say . . . for heaven's sake do not say . . . that I have killed him."

"I'm afraid that it looks very much like it, Marjorie," returned Claud gravely.

The sufferer was minutely examined. "You have merely winged him," Claud said to his trembling wife. "A couple of these chaps can carry him home and send for the doctor. Don't worry yourself about it. It is uncommonly clever of you to hit anything on a first attempt. Come along. We musn't waste any more time."

Hastily drying her eyes, and half ashamed of her weakness over what the others seemed to regard as a common every-day occurrence, Marjorie trudged painfully on once more.

Again the sudden stoppage of the party by a gang of excited yokels, again the whirr of the rising birds and the crackle of deadly fire, again a prolonged howl of intolerable agony, and Marjorie opened her eyes to behold a keeper wildly hopping about on one leg while he grasped its fellow with a hand that was literally bathed in the crimson fluid that apparently gushed in jets from some severed artery.

"Oh! Claud, Claud! This is horrible! What am I to do?" she moaned in deep distress.

"Oh, one keeper less won't make much difference to us" returned Claud. "Come on. The birds are rising grandly. For heaven's sake don't begin to blub. These little accidents happen at every shoot."

Hurried along against her will, Marjorie determined to shoot no more. But in the excitement of the supreme moment her good resolutions were forgotten. She fired high, well above the level of legs and wings, when, to her horror and alarm, she saw her husband, her beloved Claud, stagger back and sit down, his back against

the trunk of a tree, a small blue wound on his temple.

Marjorie flung herself on her knees beside him. The men gathered silently around. Claud opened his eyes and smiled in a saintly, forgiving manner.

"It was not your fault, Marjorie," he murmured, in painful gasps. "You did not mean to do it. Don't let this worry you. You will find my will, leaving everything to you, in the left-hand corner of

Here he appeared to swoon. A hurdle was brought, the expiring man was placed reverently in it, and the party, saddened and subdued wended their woeful way back to the lonely cottage.

Not a sound broke the solemn stillness save the tramp of the many feet and the hushed sobs of the crushed and heart-broken wife.

The village doctor pronounced the wound to be less dangerous than at first anticipated. "Just missed the brain by

a hair's breadth, my dear madam," he said to the sorrowing wife, who had been rigorously excluded from the examination of the patient. "In less than a week Mr. Carton will be quite himself again."

Amid his sufferings Claud thought only of his wife. "There will be trouble about those two yokels," he said. "You had better clear out of this till it has all blown over. Go to Dieppe with your mother for a few weeks. I shall get well all the sooner if I know that you are safe from pursuit."

Thus it came to pass that the village trap conveyed Marjorie and all her trunks, to the distant railway-station for the purpose of catching the early morning train. As the vehicle disappeared from the sight of five pairs of twinkling eyes Claud bounded lightly from the bed.

"And now" he said. "That the companionable wife has gone to her proper sphere we will have an imperial time."

And so, from their point of view, they had.



Photo

SHADOWS

Kragh



WINE AND



WALNUTS



An Honest Man

"Why, there is no honesty in business, social, or political life," said the man who was dining at the next table. "The elections are crooked. The vilest sort of schemes are resorted to in order to get votes. Men who get into office steal everything they can put their hands on. It's the same way in business, too. You can never tell when to trust a man. People you have dealt with for years do not hesitate to swindle you if they get a chance. They sell you poor goods at high prices. They use all sorts of dishonest means to get your trade, and when they obtain it they at once proceed to get even by cheating you. And in society—why, society is rotten to its core. Honesty is as scarce as purity. There is nothing that is too mean for these people who pretend to be leaders of the social sets. I am tired of the whole business. I had a good mother who taught me to be honest, and I have always tried to live up to her teachings. I can look any man in the face and say that I am an honest man. But——. Let's go out of here and back to the office."

His friend picked up the bill for the lunch and passed it over to him. As he did so he remarked:—

"That fool of a waiter has made a mistake of a shilling in our bill."

"Too much?" inquired the honest man, eagerly.

"No, too little."

The honest man grabbed his hat.

"Hurry up," he said, "and perhaps we can get out of here before he finds it out. That's just so much money saved."

The Antiseptic Babe

We can sterilize his bottles, we can boil his little mug;

We can bake his flannel bandages and disinfect the rug

That envelops him when he partakes of medicated air,

But there's one impossibility that leaves us in despair,—

And a not unjustifiable alarm, you will allow—

To wit: we fear 'twould never do to sterilize the cow!

So we feed the baby Medicus's hygienic dope,

And we wash his face with germicidal antiseptic soap;

And we brush his little toofoms—or the place where they will be—

With diluted glycothymoline, most sanitari-lee;

Then despair to see a milky effervescence supervene

On a countenance which theretofore was surgically clean.

Thus although we strive to conquer every septic circumstance,

Yet we greatly fear a ghastly alimentary mischance;

For albeit we bake and boil his things, and scrub and soak and souse,—

As if in his anatomy forever cleaning house,—

The recklessness with which he sucks his vagrant tiny thumb

Imperils much his precious antiseptic little tum.

We are careful of his hours, we are thoughtful of his toys;

We are mindful of his sorrows, and judicious of his joys;

We are prayerfully considerate of needful discipline.

Of our little "Mother's Handbook" and the precepts writ therein;

And we strive to render sterile all designed for mouth or tum.

But one frightful danger menaces—we cannot boil his thumb!

Merely A Detail

THE new society reporter had just returned from the first wedding ceremony he had attended in a professional capacity.

"Did you get all the facts?" asked the editor.

"All that are of any importance," replied the young woman. "I have a description of the bridal gown, and the trousseau, and the flowers, and the wedding presents, and the objective point of the wedding tour, and the names of the bridesmaids and the officiating clergyman, and the reception days——"

"Who is the bridegroom?" interrupted the editor. "His name has been printed four different ways in the preliminary announcements."

"The groom!" faltered the young woman. "Why—why, I forgot to ask him, and nobody else appeared to think of him. But they had all the important details ready for me."



His Faith Unshaken

A CLERGYMAN happened to tell his son on Saturday afternoon what lesson he would read in church the next morning. The boy got hold of his father's Bible, found the lesson's place and glued together the connecting pages.

In consequence the clergyman read to his flock the following day that "when Noah was 120 years old he took upon himself a wife, who was——" here he turned "140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch in the end."

After reading the passage, the clergyman read it again to verify it. Then, pushing back his spectacles, he looked gravely at the congregation and said:

"My friends, this is the first time I have ever read that in a Bible, but I except it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Quite Ready to Leave

THE governor of a certain prison went to inspect the work of the convicts who were engaged on a new building.

After contemplating the proceedings a few minutes the governor, addressing one of the convicts, said:—

"See here, my man; you are laying the laths too near together; that sort of thing will never do."

The convict calmly laid down his tools and said:—

"Gov'nor, I'm willing to be turned off and discharged if my work don't suit. I never applied for this job or the situation; and if my work ain't satisfactory, I'm willin' to go."



An Example of Swelled Head

AN amusing incident occurred in a Scottish town near the border, where an ambitious wight had reached the summit of his desire by being promoted to the magisterial bench.

With his head as high in the air as he could carry it, he swaggered along till he went bolt up against a quadruped, which had not the manners to get out of the way of the newly-made dignitary, and was lazily browsing by the wayside.

"Man, mind my coo," cried the indignant owner.

"Woman, I'm no longer a man. I'm a bailie."



A Pessimist

A TICKET-COLLECTOR on a railway got leave to go and get married, and was given a pass over the line. On the way back he showed to the new collector his marriage certificate by mistake for his pass. He studied it carefully, and then said, "Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a lang, wearisome journey, but no on the Caledonian Railway."

Covered by the Rules

A BRIGHT girl in a large school applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on a plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half sister and her three boys," said the pupil anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, because those boys act so dreadfully."

The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them.

"I think it might come under this head, Miss Rules," said the girl, pointing as she spoke to the words "Domestic affliction."



Tricked of the Time

A PHILADELPHIA lawyer, who spends most of his time at his country estate, employs a sturdy Irish gardener whose one desire in life is to live until the

banner of freedom is unfurled over Ireland.

One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.

"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.

"Faith, an' Oi'm not surprised," replied the gardener. "Ireland niver got justice yit."



Sarcastic !

OLD GENT (to beggar, to whom he has given a halfpenny): "Now my man, what shall you do with that coin?"

"Well, I hardly know, guv'nor, whether to purchase an annuity or invest in railway stock. Which do you advise?"



THAT was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient, "Do something for somebody."



COOLIE CARRYING COTTON

FIRES AND FIRE-BRIGADES

IN Chinese towns the system of fire-brigades has not yet quite reached the efficiency which is attained, let us say, in New York. Each city of importance has as a rule many brigades. Each brigade has five or six chiefs who are usually the best known men of the locality, in which it is stationed.

The equipment of these fire societies, is one or more duplex bucket pumps with long brass nozzles, a quantity of buckets, uniforms, with characters indicating the

After this a dash is made to the scene of the conflagration. Of course there is no organization or co-operation in any systematic form among the various brigades. The motto which reigns supreme is "Every one for himself and the devil for us all." Should two brigades come into contact in a narrow street, the rivalry between them is so great, a free fight is often the consequence, and then the chiefs try their best to stop the conflict. In the meantime the fire looks after itself.



THE CHINESE FIRE BRIGADE

name of the Society, lanterns, some plain, some fantastically shaped, gongs, drums, brass rattles, banners upon which are emblazoned great characters and other such paraphernalia which is impressive to the Chinese mind.

When a fire breaks out members of the brigades and others old, young, middle-aged, blind, lame, hunched-backed, and, in fact, all who are willing to render assistance, rush to the stations and don uniforms which hang in readiness for use. Then there is a scramble for buckets, flags, noise-making machines, etc., etc.

On arrival at the scene everyone bawls for water, and on somebody at last discovering the nearest route to a supply of this necessary commodity, everyone charges for it to bring the first bucket back, beating gongs, shaking rattles, shouting, screeching, swearing, or doing some other thing that is unnecessary.

Suddenly a jet of water is thrown into the air, amidst shouts of applause from the spectators, banner-bearers, water-carriers, pumpers, and all who happen to notice it. Then up goes another jet from another brigade, and the uproar increases ten-fold.

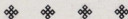
After a few minutes one pump dies away, then another is silenced: the water is not carried quickly enough to supply the pumps, consequently there is more shouting, more cursing, more beating of gongs, and shaking of rattles till water is again forthcoming, and the pumps are again squirting. Now all the pumps are working well together. Then a roar of applause which seems to shake the adjacent houses, rends the air, one of the pumps is throwing a higher jet than the rest. Immediately this is noticed by the other brigades, all pumps cease to play upon the fire, for the purpose of trying who can squirt the highest. The populace is delighted. This magnificent display of wasted energy is the cause of more thunderous applause. Shouts of "*hao*" are heard on all sides. After a few minutes of furious competition, and fiendish yelling,

business is again resumed. When at last the fire goes out, the men are thoroughly exhausted, and people living close by, bring cakes and tea to the heroes who did battle against the flames.

Truly a fire in a Chinese city is well worth seeing, it brings out all the vanity of a vain-glorious race.

Once at a fire in a large straw-yard one of the gallant fireman clambered to the top of a stack which had just been ignited, and approaching the flames he waved a huge banner in defiance at them, and jumped about like a seven-year-old school boy, with a pain under the pinafore. There was no sense in his action, whatever, but his vanity was satisfied and the onlookers highly delighted. He carried on his antics till the heat of the growing flames became too much for him, and then he retired rapidly.

M. B



SCOTTISH NAMES

BY A MEDICAL SCOT

Names wi' the air o' the mountain and glen in them,
Names wi' the sound o' the pibroch's Amen in them,
Names wi' the ding o' the dour kilted men in them,
Oh, but they're beautiful, Sheila my own!

Names wi' the smell o' the haggis an' peat in them,
Names wi' the flavour o' whisky sae sweet in them,
Names wi' some clods o' Ben Lomond's broad feet in them,
Whaur are they not, the hale world o'er?

Names wi' the thochts o' the Bible and Burns in them,
Names wi' the heart of the heather that yearns in them,
Names wi' the kilts that fright Sassenach kerns in them,
Oh, but they're beautiful, Sheila my own!

Names wi' the memories o' Wallace and Bruce in them,
Names wi' the bang o' John Knox's auld hoose in them,
Names wi' the skirl o' the bag-pipes let loose in them,
Whaur can ye beat them, the hale world o'er?

MacDonald, MacDougall, MacNab and MacLean,
MacPherson, MacIavish, MacKinnon, MacBean,
MacCulloch, MacCrimmon, MacLeod and MacRae,
MacGregor, MacKenzie, MacDuff and MacKay,
Muir, Inglis, and Chalmers, Scott, Lang and Dunbar,
Grahame, Gordon, and Fraser from dark Lochnagar,
Ross, Reid, and Dalrymple, Craig, Angus and Burns,
Munro and MacFarlane (that's Irish by turns),
Campbell and Stewart, Dunlop and MacNeil,
With the Cameron men marching down from Lochiel.

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

Capture of Lomun

November 29, 1863.

THE names of the three officers killed in the night attack are as follows:—Captain Frederick Willey, 2nd Regiment; Captain Frederick Christie, 4th Regiment; Lieutenant John King, 2nd Regiment. Wounded Major Frederick Tapp, Artillery.

Three days after the above affair we were in front of it again with every soldier belonging to the force, also every gun that could be spared. I was in charge of No. 4 battery, Captain Dunn was left in charge of the artillery at Lusuque. At daylight Gordon sent for all officers in charge of batteries and told them to advance when the infantry advanced and that he depended on them for the success of the day. Five minutes more we were hammering away at them, gradually advancing until I was within fifty yards of the breastwork. I thought this close enough and stopped to look; and just as I found a nice place Colonel Brennen came along with an order for me to go along with him; I went, and he placed me on a mound not distant twenty-five yards from the breastwork. I had no cover and it was murder to place men in so exposed a position, I got on the mound and dragged my gun up. Two men came up with me and before the gun was loaded they were both *hors de combat*. I fired and loaded myself three rounds, when I felt a nasty twitch on the back. "Oh never mind, it is only a scratch" and fired again, but before I could get to the muzzle of the gun I fell, and found myself dragged by the leg down

the mound and away to the rear; here was our rough but kind doctor who ordered me to pull and as soon as that was done he examined my leg and pronounced it slight but a very close escape. As soon as he had dressed my leg he ordered me to my boat and to Quinsan immediately.

I would not go until the fight was over. This finished about three o'clock and I left at five o'clock for Quinsan. I was the slightest hurt, so volunteered to look after Messrs. Jones and Rodhes. Jones died two hours after we got to Quinsan.

TREACHERY OF LE FUTAI SOOCHOW SURRENDERS. DEATH OF THE WANGS.

Three days after, we got news of our promotion to Captain. No. 4 battery now had three captains and three lieutenants. This was good news and healed my wound immediately, for the next morning I was on my way to Soochow to assist at the breaching of it. I got about half-way when I met our fellows returning, singing "Glory Hallelujah" and "Cheer Boys Cheer." They told me the city had fallen by treachery and the Mo Wang was killed. I was very sorry to hear this, for he was a very brave man and very little Chinaman about him. Gordon had gone security for the treacherous chiefs that Le Futai would not kill them; however, two days after Gordon heard of Lu Wang's death very suddenly, in company with several more. Gordon stormed and swore but Le Futai got away very quietly and it is well for him he did so, for I really believe General Gordon would have shot him during his passion. Gordon returned to Quinsan

immediately, sent for all the officers, and told them what had happened, also that he would not take the field until he heard from H.B.M.'s *Chargé d'Affaires* at Peking.

We did not care about taking the field again until after Christmas, and then if Gordon said "Fire on Le Futai" it would have been done with pleasure, for there was not an officer in the force at that time that would not lay his life down for Gordon. We gave dinners and invited the General, and had a good time in general.

Christmas passed, and all went to drill again, recruits, having been taken on during our campaign, were now brought to the right about. We all received one month pay as equivalent to looting the city. I received two hundred and fifty dollars for my wound which made my pay for one month amount to \$672. Everything now began to be more aimable, the officers began to know each other better, and singing and dancing took place where before there were nothing but quarrels. New Year followed Christmas before we could get straight to receive it. However we hired the Renith Band, and brought them from Shanghai to give us a little music in Quinsan. New Year night we serenaded Gordon and then returned to the artillery barracks and finished the night in singing "John Brown's Body" and several other popular ditties.



Capture of Eshing

February, 1864.

January cannot last for ever so February followed close on his heels and we received orders for another three months campaign. When we left Quinsan there were two feet of snow on the ground. Our scene of operations lay about one hundred miles from Quinsan, Eshing was the name of the city we were going to attack. In six or seven days we arrived there and

commenced driving them in the city from the east side. They went through and came out on the west side and gave us a fair challenge to a field fight where we could have no gun, or rotten shot, i.e., shell. The third and fourth regiments were ordered to drive them back in the city, which they did in gallant style although the rebels numbered twenty to one; they followed them to the very gate and one brave East Indian got killed and dragged through the gate before any assistance could be given him. We never found his body. This affair answered quite as well as breaching, for that night the rebels retreated, leaving one-half of their men behind them. We were not allowed to go in the city at all, it was given up to the mandarins to loot. This was bad policy on Gordon's part; the soldiers murmured and the Fourth Regiment hooted Gordon, on which he grabbed one and had him shot there and then in front of the Regiment.



Capture of Le Yang

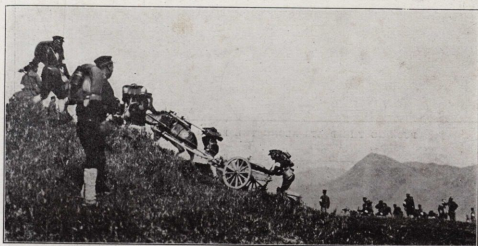
This settled, we started for Leyang; infantry to march, artillery in their boats, and stop for them at a given place. After two days we arrived at the rallying place, but found no infantry there. We, thinking they had gone on, followed towards the city, the *Hyson* coming up joined us and off we started, until the steamer was stopped on account of a bridge which we commenced clearing away. The city was distant about seven miles. We wondered what had become of Gordon, some saying he was in front, some more saying he was lost. This was soon decided by seeing the rebels advancing in myriads. We had only one company of infantry with us; it was coming on dark, where was Gordon? "The General is coming, the General is coming" made every one feel quite easy. Up he came with "What brought you here?"

Get your guns in the boats immediately, before you lose them, and retire to Egow, let the steamer stop to cover your retreat." As soon as he had everything safe he told Colonel Tapp that he had not tasted food for three days; the Infantry got lost and he had to follow them and bring them out of the wilderness. That night rice and pork were sent to the Infantry and next day they arrived, after being two days without food. We were allowed to rest for two days then capture Leyang. The light artillery, that is No. 4 battery, put their guns in boats and went two miles up the creek. The night of the bridge affair some infantry officers' private boats were captured; we were surprised to see them returning, everything complete, not a single thing touched. The boys told us that the head man had come out to fight us and the second man shut the gates and would not let him come in any more and wanted to give the city up to us. Gordon was rather scarey about going up, but thinking to save another Soochow affair he went, taking me and Rodhes with our gunboats. The steamer towed us very near up to the city, then we advanced alone. The villages along the banks received us with

music *à la Chinois*. We went within two hundred yards of the gate then we were told to stop under a villainous-looking stockade which mounted six long eighteens. Lee Adong, a Chinese General in joint command with Gordon, sent for the rebel chief; he came, dressed in miserable looking garments, no shoes, no umbrella, although it was raining very heavily. His terms were to allow his men to return home as they all belonged to the Kiangsu province and were compelled to be rebels, when the rebels held the country. This was granted and our infantry were sent to take over charge of the city gates. It was very near dark when they arrived and rebels were marching into the city in thousands. We began to be nervous. Seven o'clock our friend in the stockade put his men on guard and when he was asked what he had done that for he said "I got orders to shave my head but not to give up my stockade." He was a villainous-looking private so we got orders to draw his teeth on the quiet. Four of us put some patent spring spikes in our pockets and went to examine his ordnance, and in half-an-hour we were drinking tea with him. We were not afraid to sleep in our boats now he was powerless to do us any harm.



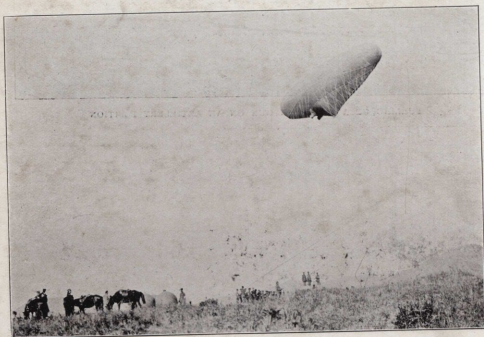
SNAP-SHOT OF CRICKET AT HONGKONG



PULLING UP A MOUNTAIN GUN ON AN ARTILLERY POSITION



PUSHING THE BOATS ALONG THE RIVER AGAINST THE WIND



ATTACKED STATION FOR SIGNALLING

Snap-shots taken at the Honan Manœuvres by Colonel R. F. Walter

Military Affairs in China

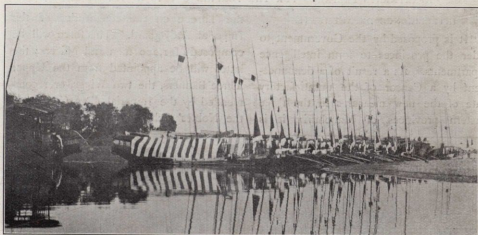
WE are indebted to Colonel R. F. Walter for the photographs of the Honan Manœuvres, which, although they did not create a tithe of the interest produced by the previous manœuvres, yet are immensely interesting.

It is stated that the manœuvres have demonstrated what a great improvement has taken place in the Chinese Army. On the other hand we have heard reports to the contrary.

Imperial forces of the whole Empire this year amounted to some sixty million taels, and that the estimates for next year exceed that amount by twenty-two millions."

NEW ARMY ESTIMATES

"Recently the President and Vice-Presidents of the Ministry of War have considered the necessary expense for the new armies in the whole empire and have found



Photo

THE YANGTZE RIVER GUN-BOATS

C. I. R. F. Walter

The "North-China Daily News" supplies us each day with many interesting details of what is happening at Peking, from amongst which we have culled a few that are relative to the Chinese Army:—

THE IMPERIAL FORCES.

"In a memorial to the Throne the other day the Ministry of War reported that the expenses incurred for the upkeep of the

that it is estimated by the secretaries at over Tls. 6,000,000."

AN ARMY FOR TIBET.

"The Ministry of War is seriously considering the training of a new army for Tibet, and proposes to send a number of military students to the Chinese Resident at Lhasa to assist him in carrying out the scheme."

PRINCE YÜ LANG.

"As Na Tung, Grand Secretary and Probationary Grand Councillor holds numerous offices and appointments, he is hereby relieved of his post of General Commandant of the Gendarmerie, to which Prince Yü Lang is hereby appointed."

reported that an Imperial High Commissioner may be appointed to investigate the matter."

THE IMPERIAL BODY-GUARD.

"Princes Tsai Tao and Yü Lang and President Tieh Liang have memorialized



Photo

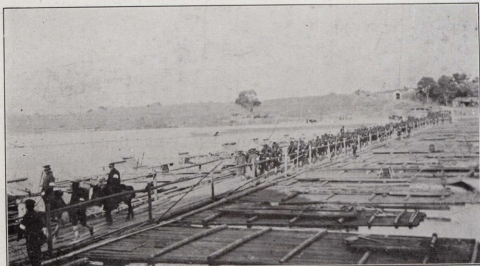
Col. R. F. Waller

APARTMENTS PREPARED FOR THE FOREIGN GUESTS IN TAI HU SI

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENTS.

"It is proposed by the Government to order the provinces to form intelligence departments. As a result of a denouncement by a Censor of the unsatisfactory state of the new measures in the three Eastern provinces of Manchuria, it is

the Throne on the constitution of the Imperial Body-guard. The force will be composed of 1,200 men and officers; the latter will be appointed from the Upper Three Banners, the two Wings, or recommended by the Imperial Clan Court and the Nobles' School."



Photo

INFANTRY CROSSING THE LANG NFI BRIDGE

Col. R. F. Waller



Photo

MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY

Col. R. F. Waller

ARMY MANŒUVRES

"The Ministry of War regards army manœuvres as highly conducive to the efficiency of the armies engaged in them and at the same time, as likely greatly

order of time fixed for the formation of these armies. The order in rotation will be between Kuangtung and Fukien, Kiangsu and Chékiang, Hunan and Kiangsi, Yünnan and Kueichou, Szechuan and



Photo

HALT OF INFANTRY

Col. R. F. Waller

to encourage their military ardour. As the manœuvres between the Hupeh and Kiangnan troops have been carried out in Anhui, the Ministry will plan manœuvres for the other provincial armies in the

Yünnan, Szechuen and Shensi, Shantung and Shansi and then Manchuria. In this way it is hoped to gauge the comparative improvement of the different armies in the provinces."

MILITARY ACADEMIES.

"Some time ago the Ministry of War in Peking consulted the Viceroy and Governors of the various provinces in regard to its intention to establish military

at Wuchang, for Hupeh, and one in the provincial capital of Shensi. Students from the provinces of Chihli, Shantung, and Honan will be trained in the Chihli Academy; those from the provinces of



Photo

INFANTRY CAMP

Col. R. F. Waller

academies in China. Reports on this subject have been received from the Viceroy Yang of Chihli, Tuan Fang of Liangkiang, Shêng Yun of Shensi, and Chen Kuei-lung of Hupeh, giving

Kiangsu, Anhui, Fukien, Chèkiang and the Two Kuang will attend the Nanking institution; students from Hunan, Kiangsi, Szechuan, Yünnan and Kueichou will be educated in Hupeh, while the Shensi



Photo

HOUSEBOAT WITH FOREIGN GUESTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE MANŒUVRES

Col. R. F. Waller

their views and suggestions. Acting on these, the Ministry has decided to organize four Military Academies, for the time being, one at Paotingfu, Chihli province, one at Nanking, for the Liangkiang, one

Academy will receive Kansu and Chinese Turkestan students, besides those from that province. Imperial sanction has been obtained for the scheme and these institutions will be opened in the next spring."

A NEW COMBINATION.

"The Government proposes to merge the Peking Gendarmerie into the Ministry of Interior. The President of the Ministry will be Commandant of the former and the Vice-President will fill the post of Lieutenant-General."

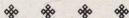
MILITARY EXPENSES.

"Governor Yuan Shu-hsun of Shantung has reported to the Throne that the military

expenses for that province amount to Tls. 1,577,000, of which Tls. 1,200,000 may be raised in Shantung, and requests that the remainder be met by the Ministry of Finance."

TRANSFERS.

"Shao Ying will be transferred to the Vice-Presidency of the Ministry of War and Lin Shao-nien will be transferred to the Ministry of Finance as Vice-President."



"THE PATERN IN THE LOOM"

I was dreaming o'er the embers of my winter evening's fire,
As the twilight shadows deepened into gloom;
Temple bells were calling; all the mystery of the East
With its incense and its languor filled the room.

Peace was mine, as of Nirvana; peace long sought through years of toil—
Years in which the soothing spirit of Life's balm
E'er eluded all my effort; mocked my eager, restless search,
Beck'ning upward, ever onward, to its calm.

"Here," I said, "I'll cease my roaming; here I'll pitch my Arab tent;
Here shall my spirit find a resting-place;
Here, in Life's quiet evening, after storm and stress and strife,
I shall find a place to rest me from the race."

From out the purple shadows that encompassed me about,
Came the booming of a distant temple bell;
And a vast majestic Presence towered o'er me in the dusk,
As a deep voice, long familiar, broke the spell:

"Hath thy life brought naught but effort, unrequited, bare of fruit,
That thou sulk'st within thy tent with folded hands?
Is there then no joy of conquest? Hath not Victory its Peace?
Hast thou naught but weariness from travelling in far lands?"

"Take thy burden up, thou sluggard! Set thy feet upon the road!
Keep thy face turned over to the distant East!
In the patern of Life's weaving, with its million score of strands,
Wilt have it that thine own shall be the least?"

"There is work to do, and honor, for each weary, struggling one
E'er the wondrous mighty fabric shall be done.
Do thy best with courage dauntless! Let the Master Workman judge
Who shall rest, and who complete the work begun."

Shamed from out my foolish dreaming, up again I took my pack;
Turned me from my quiet peaceful room;
And the years shall find me struggling, with my face towards the East,
Weaving ever at the patern in the loom.

JOHNS A. DORIAN, Shanghai.



Our Young Folks' Corner



A Sermon

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man,
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck of falsehood dim
Spotless truth and honour bright;
Who will love and honour him
That says any lie is white?
He that falters,
Twists or alters
In his tale the slightest part,
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
He will never win my heart.

Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As the kernel in the nut.

If you think a word will please,
Speak it, if it be but true;
Kindness you can show with ease,
Though no deed is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy and heal a pain;
They are treasures,
Yielding pleasures,
It is wicked to retain.

Whatever thing you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true,
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be a Christian and a man;
And for ever,
Changing never,
Be as thorough as you can.



Paul Pry of the Veld

THERE is nothing in the wide, wide world quite as impudent as the South African meercat. He is a little lithe dun-coloured animal, something between a ferret and a weasel, with short silver-tipped fur, an impudent snout, and black, beady little eyes.

Nothing disturbs his equanimity, and it takes a great deal to frighten him. He has been before now compared to the mongoose for his absolute indifference to surroundings, and his curiosity to see what is going on in his immediate neighbourhood.

Riding quietly over the veld, scores of meercats may be seen popping up here and there and exchanging the time of day. They usually run in couples, and when they are surprised they sit up next to one another on their haunches, and twist their heads from side to side in the most comical manner, making all the while a quaint whirring sound in their throats, and flapping their absurd little forepaws in a pathetically humorous sort of way.

There is really no limit to their cheek. One may be quietly asleep in a tent, with

one's head on a saddle, and a kaross, or fur rug, thrown over one for warmth's sake. By-and-bye a soft, cold little nose is thrust into one's face, and the whirring, purring sound announces the visit of a friendly and inquisitive meercat.

Children love them, and, to give them credit, they seem to love children. They have a playful way of darting to and fro as if pursued by an invisible enemy, and then running up to a child and nuzzling up against the boy or girl as though for protection.



Our Portrait Gallery

MRS. ACCURTI AND HER TWO CHILDREN
GINNO AND LOY (TIENTSIN)

Mrs. Accurti is the daughter of the late Mr. von Meyren of Shanghai and Mrs. von Meyren of Tientsin. She is a Shanghai girl and married Captain H. Accurti of Tientsin.

In a dwelling-house they soon become entirely at home, and choose the most comfortable spot in the middle of the hearthrug on which to squat. Here they sit up on end and make faces at the fire,

their little throats rattling and whirring all the time. The little creatures can be easily tamed.



Pets

When you are giving a dog medicine there is no need to force the unfortunate animal's jaw open to pour the liquid down its throat. Just raise the head, and draw the corner of the mouth aside, so that you pull the cheek away from the teeth, and pour the medicine into the natural funnel thus formed. The dog can hardly help swallowing the medicine, as it trickles into its throat. It is very foolish, too, to think that a dog can eat anything, and to give him all the odd bits. A dog's digestion is very easily upset, and he should never be given anything to eat which a person would think unwholesome to eat himself.



Perseverance

OUTSIDE a warehouse door is a notice posted up—"Wanted a lad; call at 9 to-morrow morning." The lads pass that way; they see this notice; that is a good place for a lad. They will be there. At 9 a crowd of youths are there at that door. The master opens. How shall he choose the one he needs? They come into the yard behind, and he points to a nail high up on a tree. "Now," said he, "see who can with this stick strike that nail on the head from this spot." The lads all try, each in turn; but no; it is too far off; no one can succeed. He tells them that at 9 to-morrow he will try them again, and away they go.

One little lad goes home to his mother, and says how he should like to get this berth. He will try; and out he goes into his garden, fixes a nail up in a tree—just about the same height as the one at the

warehouse gets a stick, and then, patiently, he goes to work with this stick, throwing again and again and again, all through the day, till, at last, he is rewarded by seeing the stick strike the nail again and again without failing. His practice had made him perfect.

The next morning, at 9, the warehouse door opens. The lads troop in. There is the nail. The boys try. It is still too much for them, but this little lad who has been persevering all the day strikes the nail at once. He is the one who succeeds.

rather too much for him, the gull ran to the water's edge, calmly held the sparrow under the water till it was drowned, and then ate it!



Quaint Sayings

TEACHER: "Your writing is fairly good, but how do you account for making so many mistakes in your spelling?"

SCHOLAR: "Please, ma'am, I had chilblains on my hand."



GEORGE THIRKELL READ

An Intelligent Gull

A GULL which was on the grass near some ornamental water suddenly pounced on a sparrow close by and picked it up in his beak. Finding that his captive was



Photo Denniston & Sullivan
GEORGE RONALD POTTS

IRVING had been told we were all made of dust, and when he saw a very small man he said: "Mamma, God was most out of dust when he made Mr. A., wasn't he?"



HE was a dear little tot of four, with long, flaxen curls. It was tea-time.

He had five pieces of bread and butter, four buns, sixteen fancy biscuits, and a jumble.

Suddenly the little fellow leant back in his chair, burst out crying.

His doting parents rushed to his side. "My angel, what is the matter?"

"Boo-hoo, I's lost my appetite."

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

Chinese Reform

IT seems to me that China now-a-days is composed entirely of reformers, and where or what the reformation so widely preached will lead to it is impossible to guess. The anti-foreign feeling does not seem to grow less, and when it does I suppose that that is just the time when foreigners ought to be on the alert, as we may then expect another political cataclysm to occur. Fortunately for us the men in China who think, do not all think one way, otherwise I very much fear we would all have to "get" as our American cousins so graphically describe the process of departure. Political meteorologists appear to be loth to express an opinion, and after the experience of the Boxer Rising it is not very easy to give credence to anything that anyone prophesies. On that occasion, those who were supposed to know the innermost workings of this queer old country, talked of peace and harmony, when all the time plans were being laid for the destruction of the Peking Legations, and every occupant in them. Heaven only knows what they are up to now, but it is at least convenient to think that they mean well, so we will give them the benefit of the doubt and prate of nothing but peace and goodwill just as we did nine years ago.

About Money

So much depends upon the money of a country. In India a *lac* of rupees means a fortune whilst here in Shanghai a lack of dollars is poverty.

Money undoubtedly is an excellent thing, and everyone is as keen as mustard on making it, but there is no question that those who become rich almost always seem to pay a heavy price in return. Certainly a great many of the rich people in Shanghai to-day seem to have a good deal of trouble and worry on one account or another. I have been told it is impossible to say just who is rich and who is not, as a good many people are only making believe to be "well off," and many a smiling face is known to hide an aching heart. I have been lost in admiration of the pluck displayed by many women who have knocked up against bad luck lately, and I am perfectly convinced that everyone who is willing and ready to help themselves, will always find plenty of support. Only those who sit down and whine, go absolutely to the wall in Shanghai.



Man and Womankind

WE know well enough that the proper study of mankind is woman, and that the proper study of womankind is man, but with all our studies and practical experiments and illustrations neither one sex nor the other ever seems to get nearer to the truth. Perhaps it is just as well to remain in happy ignorance. We may disguise our love and admiration as enmity, or our enmity as love and admiration (it is all the same in the end), but our natural feelings are 'mixed' from the start, and mixed will they remain to the finish.

Men pretend to despise books and newspapers written by women, but they do nothing of the kind. I have been told on good authority that the books that command the largest and most constant demand at the Shanghai Club are those written by a woman—oh no, I am not referring to Marie Corelli, although nearly every man makes a point of reading the latter's books as soon as they are published. The magazine that is more read by men who visit the Social Shanghai Tea Rooms than any other is "The World and his Wife" which is essentially feminine in tone, and I think most people read the "China Weekly" and "Social Shanghai" with appreciation, in spite of the fact that they are both owned by a woman, and also that the bulk of the reading matter in both is contributed by women.



A Tribute of Admiration

THE following little poem has been sent to me for publication by a lady who went to hear the Tsingtau Orchestra:—

"I sat with my soul entranced,
Scarce daring to draw a breath:
My feelings all numbed and helpless,
Enthralled in a blissful death.

I sat with my soul entranced,
But conscious of sweetest pain,
Of pleasure that was not pleasure,
Of sorrow that was but gain.

I sat with my soul entranced,
Half swooning with deep delight—
As harmonies rose and quivered,
And died in the hush of night."



Nicknames of Emperors

SOVEREIGNS like schoolboys have their sobriquets. Thus the present German Kaiser has been called "William the

Greater," *i.e.*, greater than his grandfather to whom he himself gave the title of "Wilhelm der grosse." Certainly it is preferable to the nickname of the Czar of Russia whom a socialistic paper named "Nicholas the Last" meaning that he would be the last Russian autocratic ruler. The late Empress-Dowager of China ought to be known to future generations as the Empress Unique, as she certainly filled a niche amongst rulers of the world unlike any that has existed before, and the late Emperor might have been called Kuang Hsü the Incapable, for all the influence he seemed to use in ruling his queer old country.



About Bachelors

BACHELORS have from time to time been pointed out as suitable raw material for adaptation to the fiscal resources of the country. In Europe an idea remains an idea, and nothing more, but in Argentina it has taken very definite shape in the form of a graduated scale of taxes. Every adult male over twenty years of age and not living in matrimony, must pay a monthly fine of one pound unless he can prove that he has three times within the year made proposals of marriage which have been rejected. From thirty to thirty-five the fine is doubled, from thirty-five to fifty it is quadrupled, and from fifty to seventy-five the amount is five pounds. After seventy-five the amount drops to two pounds. A widower who does not re-marry within three years is again liable to taxation.

Considering the large number of bachelors who reside in Shanghai and the outports, it might be quite an easy way of raising money. Perhaps if Mr. Hutchison happens to see this paragraph he may bring the matter up at the next Ratepayers' Meeting.

February Weather Lore

THERE is a great wealth of old world weather sayings applicable to the month of February. Some are well-known; others again are quaint and curious, yet seldom quoted. For instance, here is one which may apply to February last year—

"A leap year was never a sheep year."

Again—

"In February if thou hearest thunder,
Thou shalt see a summer wonder."

Or again—

"For every thunder in February, there will
be a cold spell in May."

Another saying runs—

"On the eve of Candlemas Day
Winter gets stronger, or passes away."

And an ill-sounding proverb about the weather at Candlemas, says—

"If it neither rains or snows on Candlemas
Day,
Go, saddle your horse and bring him more
hay."

Yet another prediction is—

"If it snows on February 2nd as much as
can be seen on the back of a black ox,
Spring is coming soon."



The Opium Conference

THE members of the Opium Conference are now busily at work trying to evolve plans and schemes whereby the great evil which has kept China in a state of lethargy may be abolished. What will be the result remains to be seen. If the Chinese simply give up one form of vice to take up another then China and the rest of the world may live to be sorry anything was done in the matter. On the other hand any real reform attained is sure to bring

increase of wealth and prosperity to this sleepy old country, which is only now becoming aware of the responsible position it fills on the face of old Mother Earth. I have heard various opinions expressed concerning the Opium Conference. One man said he thought it would pay foreigners better if they would mind their own business, and let the Chinese mismanage theirs if they wanted to, but, of course, the speaker was a man totally devoid of the sense of moral responsibility. Another man who was in favour of letting the Chinese manage or mismanage their own affairs, said it was well to remember that a dragon could crawl further up a tree than a lion, and that if the effects of opium were done away with, the British lion might one day find himself looking up at the Chinese dragon, but, of course, such a pessimistic view will not find much support amongst intelligent people. The desire to help and benefit men is one thing, but how to accomplish it harmlessly and permanently is another, and can only be brought about by intelligent reasoning, and that it is sure to receive from the clever men who are acting as commissioners.

Whatever reform is proposed, or brought about, it is to be hoped that it will not necessitate as much argument as the Missionary Conference did, and if lengthy arguments are really necessary let us hope we will be spared from reading them in full. All that we really want to know is the accomplishment of good results, and whatever steps are taken we need not expect to see that for some time to come.

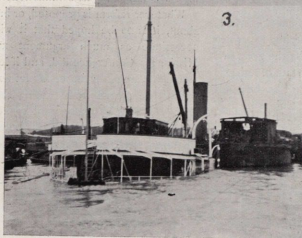
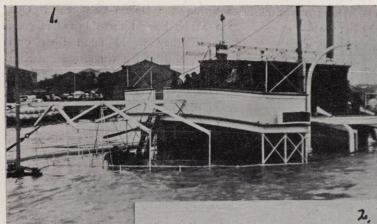
BELLE HEATHER.



AN EXCELLENT REASON.

"I CAME near eloping once," said the sweet young thing. "Indeed!" "Yes; we had quite made up our minds." "Who?" "Papa and me—but I couldn't find a man who would elope with me!"

Colliding of the U.S. "Hanping" with H.M.S. "Flora" at anchor



Photo

F. E. Hodges

1. "HANPING" AT ABOUT LOW TIDE. PORT BOW
2. "HANPING'S" BOW
3. "HANPING"—GENERAL VIEW. LIGHTER ALONGSIDE TAKING OUT CARGO

To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

As China has been plunged into national mourning my curiosity has busied itself in ascertaining the ways of the Chinese in burying and mourning the dear defunct, and in spite of appearing doleful I am going to give you the benefit of my limited knowledge. Deep mourning is signified by white in this country and at a Chinese funeral the very near relatives clothe themselves in coarse sacking, while hired mourners wear a band of white cloth round their heads. Bright red, which we are so accustomed to seeing and which signifies good luck and prosperity to a Chinaman, has been conspicuous by its absence and all the principal hongs (business houses) were draped in blue and white. The red button, which usually adorns the summit of a native *chapeau*, has been laid aside by order of the authorities, but I have visions of one thrifty-minded gentleman whom I observed dipping his button in ink. It is usual to refrain from shaving for forty-nine days, but in the case of an Emperor dying an official is not supposed to shave for three years. In this instance mourning is observed for a hundred days. The order, prohibiting shaving, has not been carried out to the letter in Shanghai, but I hear of its being most strictly enforced in other places.

In one district the magistrate seized all barbers and locked them up, and in case they should have had any disloyal intention of carrying on their trade they were all bamboozed. This same energetic official

a few days after the edict for mourning was issued, arrested any Chinaman with a clean-shaven head and had it painted black.

A funeral is a great event in a Chinese family and people frequently mortgage all their property, plunging their family into debt for years, to give a father a grand funeral. This is not mundane ostentation, but to make the spirits believe he is a person of importance. Where funds will allow, the coffin is covered with a scarlet embroidered pall and carried by an army of coolies, the



Photo

Ruchwaldy

SNAPSHOT SHOWING GRAVES

more coolies the grander, and immediately in front walks, or staggers, the eldest son, who is supported by a man on each side leading him along. He wears a cap and gown of coarse sacking and is supposed to be so prostrated with grief that he cannot walk, while at intervals the procession halts while he *kowtows* to the deceased. Behind the coffin follows a procession of hired mourners and friends, the hired mourners being women who howl and pretend to shed tears. The route, the procession shall take, and the exact spot

where the coffin shall rest is decided by a priest. Imitation money made of silver paper is always strewn along the road in order that the deceased shall be able to pay his way on the journey.



VOLUNTEERS TAKING COVER BEHIND A GRAVE

This is the general order of all funerals, but according to the wealth of the deceased's family, so the ostentation and length of the procession consists of many weird-looking figures, some dressed in tawdry-looking fancy costumes and carrying imitation tridents and swords, others carry huge red umbrellas and scrolls, on which are enumerated the virtues of the deceased, whilst numerous priests in flowing draperies play various weird instruments. In Shanghai carriages often convey mourners and one sometimes sees European wreaths of flowers, but where European innovations are unknown the mourners follow in chairs or walk. China is one huge graveyard and one cannot walk many yards from a main thoroughfare without coming across a grave; or even a coffin, sometimes with just a bit of matting covering it. In our

illustrations will be seen two kinds of graves. Those which are covered with tiles are merely temporary sites used until a permanent site can be found, whilst the mounds are oftentimes important family tombs, and contain several coffins. "Familiarity breeds contempt" to some extent, and but little respect is given to



A FAMILY GRAVE

the graves met with in every direction in the country. In our pictures our soldier citizens may be seen taking cover behind a grave during a sham fight, and a great many gardens have somebody's family grave located in them.

NANCY.



TRIOLET

A rose, I declare!
 Though it's grey autumn weather,
 A blossom so fair
 That a King might forswear
 Could he win it, to wear
 Crown and sceptre together.
 A rose, I declare!
 Though it's grey autumn weather.

J. K., SHANGHAI.

Social Notes

A VERY pretty wedding took place at Holy Trinity Cathedral between Mr. William Gater and Miss Marjorie Roope. The Rev. A. J. Walker officiated, and the church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with a profusion of white exotics and flowering plants. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a most becoming gown of white satin with a long Court train attached to the shoulders. She also wore a beautiful pendant and a gold bracelet, which were gifts from the

bridegroom. She was attended by the Misses Edith and May Roope, who were also in white. Mr. T. Murphy acted in the capacity of best man, and after the ceremony a large reception of friends was held by Mrs. Roope.



THE funeral of Mr. Karl Zimmer—which has been fully reported in the daily press—took place at the Bubbling Well Cemetery. It is said to have been one of



Photo

THE GATER—ROOPE WEDDING

Denniston & Sullivan

the largest and most impressive military funerals ever seen in Shanghai, and at it the Consul-General for Germany was for the second time during the week called upon to see one of his staff laid to rest, and to act as chief mourner. The service at the grave was most impressive and dignified throughout, and be it recorded to their credit that tears fell from the eyes of many a strong manly volunteer and

reconciled to his absence by the knowledge that he had been sadly overworked, and much needed the rest and change. Dr. von Schab hopes to be back in Shanghai by about the 1st of December next.



MADAME THUE gave a very enjoyable musical "At Home" in Yuen Ming Yuen Road recently, at which she was ably assisted by several friends.



THE FORCE OF THE SINZA POLICE STATION

Reading from left to right—

FRONT ROW.—P. C. KAY, P. C. MORGAN, SERGT. ROBINSON, INSP. MACKINTOSH, DET. SERGT. CRAIG, P. C. ANDERSON, P. C. DAWSON

BACK ROW.—P. C. BAILLIR, P. C. TODD, P. C. GOODFELLOW, P. C. THOMPSON, P. C. PATERSON, P. C. SPARKE, P. C. CLARKE, P. C. BINNER, PIPER BETHUNE

marine. At the close of the service, the singing, with suppressed feeling by the members of the Tsingtau Band, of a beautiful hymn, was most touching.



DR. VON SCHAB left for Europe on the 5th, by the Siberian mail. He will be greatly missed by his patients and friends: indeed many of the former are only

Mr. DONALD HARVEY is the inventor of the one-stringed violin. He has played at many entertainments in Shanghai, and has never failed to receive an encore, so pleasing has his performance proved. The marvellous tones he obtains, resemble those of a 'cello more than a violin, and he has a very happily selected repertoire, which includes many popular ballads.

He is no mean performer on the 'cello and the oboe. He has studied music under Sir Edward Elgar, and though very little known in Shanghai, has been in the East for the last five years.



MR. DONALD HARVEY



HOW SHE KEPT LENT

She was penitent, when she kept Lent ;
 Wore a sad and soulful air ;
 No social treats
 For full six weeks ;
 So she played at solitaire,
 And—was penitent, when she kept Lent !

First Week—

She is penitent
 And keeping Lent.
 All the day at home she stays,
 And sits and waits,
 And meditates
 On the evil of our ways.
 For, she's penitent
 And—keeping Lent !

Second Week—

She is penitent
 And keeping Lent.
 So she softly hums a tune ;
 And then, at night,
 Poetic, quite,
 She's seen gazing at the moon !
 Still, she's penitent
 And—keeping Lent !

Third Week—

She is penitent
 And keeping Lent.
 The season's fair ballroom belle.
 (The time's gone half,
 It makes me laugh)
 She drives out on Bubbling Well !
 Thus, she's penitent
 And—keeping Lent !

Fourth Week—

She is penitent
 And keeping Lent
 With the parlour lights turned low.
 (Forty days pass
 So slow, alas !)
 She *must* entertain her beau !
 Yet, she's penitent
 And—keeping Lent !

Fifth Week—

Not so penitent !
 But, keeping Lent !
 As she takes her daily ride.
 Her face aglow
 With mirth, you know,
 (Her *fiancé's* at her side !)
 So, she's penitent
 And—keeping Lent !

Sixth Week—

No, not penitent !
 Nor keeping Lent !
 For at last she's found her man :
 It's not too soon
 To say, in June
 They'll honeymoon in Japan !
 (If not penitent
 Then why keep Lent ?)

She was penitent, when she kept Lent :
 Wore a sad and soulful air
 Her saintly glance
 Held him a-trance !
 They'll be soon a wedded pair !
Girls—be penitent, next you keep Lent !

The Interport Rugby Football Match

THIS match, which should have been played on the Cricket Club's ground had to be played on the S. M. Police ground owing to the bad state of the former ground. Punctually at 3.15 p.m. the Tientsin skipper led his men on the field, followed by Fowler and the Shanghai team. From the Tientsin



TIENTSIN

Reading from left to right—

1ST ROW.—METHEUN, BRYSON, KILBY, NIXON

2ND ROW.—WILSON, DREW, SHAW, MINNIKEN,
DOUGLAS, BRITTON

3RD ROW.—HUGGINS, WELLS, LOCKIE, A. A.
ANOTHER, HOYLE, JACK, BESSEL

kick-off Lambe returned into touch near the half-way flag and after a line out and scrum, Shanghai dribbled down till pulled up by Minniken, who found touch with a good punt.

At this early stage it was seen that Shanghai were superior to their opponents, and the home halves were making every possible opening for their three-quarters. Sidebottom picked up quickly and passed to Barrett who beat the Tientsin backs and scored behind the posts but failed to convert from an easy position. A series of scrums ensued from the drop out, and after many passes going astray owing to the wet state of the ball, Scott

managed to score close to the touch line, Barrett converting from a most difficult angle.

Tientsin then carried the ball to their opponents 25, where from a scrum Saker secured, passed to Barrett, but Lambe could not gather Barrett's pass, and scrambling play took place in the Tientsin 25, Lambe eventually breaking through the Tientsin defence and scoring behind the posts, Scott making the major points. Within a minute of the restart the ball was again inside the Tientsin 25, and from a scrum Sidebottom gave to Barrett who drew the defence, passed to Butchart, who in turn gave to Scott, who made a grand run, quite outpacing the Tientsin three-quarters and scored by the corner flag, but Lambe failed to convert.

The Tientsin forwards then carried the ball right down and beating Ward, scored far out, but failed to majorize. After the interchange of some long punts, play



SHANGHAI

Reading from left to right—

1ST ROW.—SIDEBOTTOM, WILKINSON, SAKER

2ND ROW.—LANCASTER, WARD, SCOTT, FOWLER,
BUTCHART, BARRETT, TURNER

3RD ROW.—BEVTAGH, GIRARDET, ELSWORTH,
DAVIDSON, ALLEN, LAMB, DON-
NELLY, ELSWORTH

settled in the Shanghai 25 for some time, the home forwards eventually making a good dribble to the Tientsin 25.

After a series of line-outs Sidebottom secured from a scrum and set the home three-quarters going, Scott making a fine run and scoring between the posts; Barrett failing to convert. Immediately after the drop-out half-time was sounded. The score then stood: Shanghai nineteen points (two goals and three tries) to Tientsin three points (one try).

The second half was a repetition of the first. A good run by the home threes ended in Scott scoring far out, Barrett converting this, being followed by Butchart scoring from a good pass by Scott, Barrett again converting.

Play became very slow at this period of the game till Saker using great judgment transferred his trust to Barrett who scored but failed to convert. Then the visitors pressed, and for some time looked like scoring, Ward eventually having to touch down. The drop-out took the play to the centre where Saker started a good dribble and with Ward almost reached

the line, but one of the threes saved grandly.

Methuen got going but was well collared by Sidebottom at the centre line. After some loose play Butchart picked up and passed to Lambe who easily ran over and scored, Barrett again failing to convert.

The whistle soon going for No-side left Shanghai victorious by 4 goals, 5 tries, (35 points) to 1 try (3 points).

For the Home side Barrett, Scott, and Butchart played a grand game, but sight must not be lost of Saker, who played a grand game at half, as did Sidebottom. Of the forwards Lancaster stood out by himself and Allen was also prominent. Jack played a good game at back for the losers, but the Tientsin three-quarters did not shine owing to their halves invariably being smothered by the home pair. But the visitors must not be too severely criticised as the wet ground was very much against their chance, and it is to be hoped on their next visit the climatic conditions will be more favourable to them.

LENNOX.



THE ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE FUND

THE Committee of the Italian Earthquake Relief Fund on the 17th of February handed over to the Consul General for Italy a cheque on Rome for Lire 30,000 (at 2.97 : Tls. 10,101.01; at 73: \$13,837).



DEFINITION OF GENEROSITY

A DRAFT on the Bank of Good Nature in favour of Misfortune.

THAT quality which prompts in man a kindly feeling for his fellow-man, and, having prompted, acts.

A POLICY of protection in times of adversity, with preferential tariff for the helpless and open markets for the deserving.

To realize the pinch of hunger and yet share your crust.

THE spirit of liberality, which enlarges a man's mind by contracting his purse.

A HAND that moves in unison with the heart when distress knocks at the door for pity.

THE art of giving the right thing at the right moment to the right people in the right way.

THE best plaster for the sore cuts of misfortune.

The Adventure of the Shanghai Merchant

No. 1.—VISIT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES TO SHANGHAI

NOT more than three people in London knew that Holmes and myself were safely cabined on board the str. *Empress of Britain* on that perfect spring morning of 190—bound on a voyage round the world viâ Canada, Japan, China, and Siberia.

What led up to this extraordinary departure from my friend's fixed rule never to leave London unless absolutely obliged to do so, was nothing more than the reaction of the enforced idleness succeeding his latest great *coup*.

Nine days had elapsed since the investigations of Holmes were brought to a conclusion in the matter of the stolen drawings of the jealously guarded British airship *Nulli Secundus*; whose secret, had it worked as well in practice as in theory, would, for the time being, have abolished the possibility of warfare with England on land or sea by virtue of its ability to approach accurately under cover of night, any given point; and to annihilate every living thing within reach of its diabolical bombs.

On the morning of the tenth day it was easy to see that inactivity was having the usual effect upon Holmes. Although scarcely eleven o'clock he had skimmed over sixteen of the morning papers and two Parisian issues of the previous day; and had walked backwards and forwards at least half a league between the fire-place and the window overlooking Baker Street.

At last he had subsided into a low arm-chair with a paper-backed edition of a German work on colour photography, and in lieu of a book-mark, was slowly

tearing off the leaves and dropping them on to the floor as fast as he absorbed their contents. When I see a fellow creature doing things like this I begin to think that after all, in some respects at least, I am a superior person.

I had happened to call his attention to a paragraph in the "*Liverpool Mercury*" announcing that one of the new C.P.R. liners had crossed the Atlantic in four and a half days. He replied by pitching the book over his head and bounding to his feet with the remark "By Jupiter, Watson, let us take a flying trip round the world."

"My practice," I said breathlessly.

"There are known to be eight hundred and forty-two qualified medical men in London out of employment."

It ended as always, in the triumph of the dominant spirit; and twenty-four hours later found us on the open sea; myself on a deck-chair feeling rather disinclined for lunch and Holmes and the wireless telegraph operator with their heads together.

As far as my memoirs are concerned, beyond the usual entertaining and far-seeing observations of my companion on the journey, nothing of particular interest occurred until we were a hundred miles out from Victoria on our way to Yokohama across the Pacific; when Holmes gave away the incogniti we had so carefully preserved by an unconscious display of his talents.

A passenger, leaning on the rail near us, ventured the remark that there appeared to be every prospect of a calm trip.

"Yes, Colonel Higgs," replied Holmes, "let us hope that on this occasion the Pacific will justify its name."

"You know my name?"

"It is in the list of passengers just published on the steamer; and there are many indications that you are the only man on board who has seen prolonged military service."

"You appear to be a man of as keen observation as our friend Sher—and by Jove, yes, you are, the great Sherlock Holmes, and that is your friend Dr. Watson."

It was too late to stop the fellow; he promptly bolted for the smoking-room door with the news, with the result that the penalty of fame followed us to our final disembarkation in England. Had it not been for this incident it is probable that my Shanghai memoirs would never have been written. "What I regret most," said Holmes, "is that the news of my presence here will now inevitably be in London the day after we reach Japan. Meyer and Ivan Potoski will lose no time once they have verified the news. I shall cable to my brother Mycroft and instruct him to put the war office on their guard, immediately on landing. It is unfortunate there is no wireless installation on this part of the service."

The Japanese country did not interest Holmes to any great extent; indeed he described the faces of the inhabitants as having no more character and personality than those to be met with in a flock of sheep.

As a medical man, however, and something of a student of phrenology, I cannot say that I was able to endorse these observations.

Within an hour of his arrival at Shanghai, however, Holmes had decided to prolong his stay; the reason being that he had recognized in the dining-room of an hotel called the Astor House, where we had taken a suite of rooms, no less than four

continental government spies, whose absence from London he had observed for some time.

"In the middle of the room behind me, Watson, and a little to my left, you will notice a man taking a cigar from a tumbler which is being handed to him by the waiter."

"Come, come Holmes, how the Dickens do you know—?"

"There is a mirror behind you. That man is no less a person than Vogel of Hamburg, in whose possession you will remember we found a collection of dispatch boxes which were exact duplicates of those used by the Foreign Office, even to the scratches and chippings on the enamel. The tall man just leaving the room is Chaffonjon of Paris. As he has abandoned his dinner after fish the probability is that he has recognized me and is now on his way to his consulate or to the telegraph office to report and ask for instructions. I think, Watson, our stay in Shanghai promises to be very interesting. The weakness of the Chinese Government and the presence here of such past masters in the art of diplomatic juggling cannot be meaningless."

The first fruits of the incident on the Pacific with Colonel Higgs came to us at about half-past nine the very morning after our arrival, in the shape of a caller whose card bore the name of Mrs. Benjamin Bothroyd, "Starbeck," Bubbling Well. It appeared that our arrival had been chronicled in the "Shanghai Mercury" of the previous evening.

Holmes was just laying down his pipe when Mrs. Bothroyd was shown into the room by the Chinese attendant. She was a magnificent woman of about forty, well and tastefully dressed, and stated her business in a clear and concise way instead of in the circumlocutory manner that might have been expected from a woman in such an agitated frame of mind.

"Mr. Holmes," she began, "It is extremely fortunate for me that you happen to be in Shanghai, if you will be kind enough too assist me. My husband did not return home from the office last night at his usual time; half-past six. I have inquired at his clubs, the hotels, indeed all over the Settlement and finally at the police-station; but without finding any trace of his whereabouts. We live in a detached house a good way up the Bubbling Well Road. My husband is a man of the most regular habits and always took a jinricksaw from the Hankow Road, where the office is, as far as the Race Club and then walked the rest of the way home for the sake of the exercise. I have ascertained that he left the office at exactly six o'clock as usual and was seen by two of our acquaintances on his way home almost opposite the Country Club, which is within ten minutes' walk of our house. He never arrived, however, and he would certainly have let me know if anything had happened to keep him away even for an hour or two. We have been married now nineteen years and such a thing has never happened before. My husband makes me his confidant in all business matters and I am not aware of any reason why he should be detained anywhere."

"Has your husband seemed to be at all worried or preoccupied recently?"

"Not in the least."

"And you can think of no possible explanation. A telegram summoning him to a branch at an out-port for instance?"

"In such a case, Mr. Holmes, my husband's first thought would have been to notify me."

"Did you see Mr. Bothroyd or communicate with him during yesterday afternoon?"

"I did not see him, but I had occasion to telephone to him at about three o'clock about a matter concerning some wearing apparel which I was purchasing."

"Yes?"

"I had a travelling salesman from Peter Robinson's of Oxford Street, London; but it cannot be of the slightest interest to you in the investigation which I hope you will be kind enough to make."

"On the contrary I beg you will omit nothing that happened yesterday" said Holmes, "Your narrative so far is very interesting and as clear as I could wish."

"Well, then, the traveller explained that he had finished his rounds and wished to dispose of the samples before returning to London to save the carriage. He displayed some of the loveliest opera cloaks, silk teagies, furs and frocks, that I have ever seen. I am no fool, Mr. Holmes, and I have sufficient knowledge of these things to know that at the price he offered them to me I could be making no mistake in purchasing them. I had not such a large sum as \$500 in the house; but said that I would telephone to my husband and ask him to bring the money up with him from the office. The traveller replied that he would prefer a cheque if I did not mind. He had a few more things which he would bring along for my inspection, he said, and then went away leaving the articles on the settee in the library, where they are at this moment."

"He has not yet returned then?"

"No. But I shall probably find him at the house waiting for me when I return."

"Very good, Mrs. Bothroyd. Will you oblige me by returning home at once and waiting there for me. Is your telephone still in order?"

"No. Your asking that question is very curious. I was unable to get the exchange last night and had to go from place to place in my carriage."

When the new client had gone Holmes reached for his hat observing that it was quite an elementary problem, but better than wearing the carpet in Baker Street. After a short interview with the manager

of the hotel and ordering a carriage and a guide at the office, my companion instructed the latter to call at the best drapers' shops in the town. The first call, however, proved to be sufficient, which was at Weeks & Co. Here Holmes elicited the fact that a gentleman had called on the previous day, and after making certain purchases, ordered some ladies' garments to be sent to Kalee, a well-known and good class boarding-house, on approval for his wife whom he stated was an invalid.

"Exactly as I suspected, Watson" said Holmes. "This job is more in Lestrade's line."

Telling the guide to go to the Country Club, where the missing man was last seen, Holmes gave himself up to the enjoyment of our novel surroundings. On alighting from the carriage he started off at a rapid walk as if with no definite goal; turning off to right and left and then doubling back again. Finally he quickened his pace towards a row of new and empty houses which were standing back about two hundred feet from the road, and leapt on to the lower verandah of one of them like a bloodhound who has found his quarry. The venetian shuttered windows were unfastened and yielded to a slight pull. Holmes dashed through to the back of the building; and there on the floor of the empty room, securely bound and gagged, was Mr. Benjamin Bothroyd.

A few slashes of my friend's pocket knife sufficed to release the prisoner, who immediately began wildly shouting "the Bank, the Bank: stop the cheque!"

"The precaution is already taken" said Holmes; "You had better come at once to your wife, to whom you owe your rescue, the probable capture of your captors and the recovery of your cheque. By the way what was the amount?"

"Ten thousand taels" replied the exhausted merchant, "and may they get it."

"The case at once presented itself to me" said Holmes over Mrs. Bothroyd's excellent coffee after dinner, "as being probably a new phase of an old trick. Suitable dupes are carefully chosen and the lady is tempted to buy certain valuable finery at an absurdly low figure; ingenious and adequate excuses being put forward to give an air of likelihood to the offer. It was easily foreseen that our hostess would be extremely unlikely to have such a sum of money as \$500 in the house; and the natural thing which the rogues anticipated (for there were two of them), happened. She telephoned to her husband for the money, mentioning that the traveller would prefer a cheque. According to Mr. Bothroyd's very succinct description of this little scene the self-styled traveller mentioned that he had some more goods which he would bring for her inspection the same evening. It was then fairly easy to see that his object was that our host should be asked to bring with him a blank cheque. He may otherwise have had the amount of \$500 ready filled in at the office before he left. On his way home the victim is inveigled into an empty house and there threatened with his life and made to fill in one of his own cheques for a large amount. He is then bound and gagged securely to enable the thieves to get clear with their booty. Failing the discovery of an empty house or hut, Watson, we should have lost considerable time in inquiries after newly-occupied houses. There are two points which I should like cleared up, Mr. Bothroyd. Firstly, what was the yarn they sprung upon you to induce you to go out of your way; and, secondly, how is it they neglected to arrange for a plausible explanation of your absence to be sent to your wife?"

"I think I can satisfy you on both points, Mr. Holmes," replied Bothroyd, "With regard to the first, I was accosted

on the footpath by a well-dressed man who asked me to give him a lift on to a wheelbarrow with a poor Chinaman who was lying on the ground apparently in great pain. No sooner had he led me through the garden gate than a treacle plaster was clapped over my mouth——”

“A sticky fly-paper was used,” interjected Holmes, “I found it crumpled up in the cupboard under the staircase. Seeing a good part of it still sticking to your face I naturally wondered how they had disposed of the remainder.”

“My arms were bent back, my collar seized on each side and I was hurried, half-choking, through the window of the empty house which they had evidently forced open. As to the second point, they compelled me at the point of a revolver to write a note to my wife explaining that I was obliged to go to Woosung to meet a customer who was on board the German Mail boat; and may probably not be back until to-day. By some means they had procured a sheet of my office note-paper and a chit-book bearing the style of my firm in gilt letters on the cover.”

Not having made the acquaintance of the Shanghai house-boy Holmes may be excused if the non-delivery of this missive puzzled him more than any other point in the case. What happened was that the scoundrels had hurried back again to their rooms at Kalee as soon as they had got possession of the letter and cheque and had given the former, with Bothroyd & Co.’s chit-book to the boy with the instruction that it was to be sent to the address immediately. Taking the line of least

resistance and with his mouth wide open, the boy had simply glanced at the Chinese characters on the back of the chit-book and returned it to Bothroyd’s office in the Hankow Road. These men had in the meantime paid “Starbeck” another visit and cut the telephone wire between two insulators on the wall to prevent Mrs. Bothroyd telephoning to the office and so reducing the chances of accident. Holmes had instructed the manager of the hotel before leaving to go to the police-station and inform the Police what to look for at the banks; but the thieves had not neglected to keep a sharp look-out and the cheque was never presented. In any case the astute merchant had been one too much for them, having purposely made an alteration in the wording of the amount, knowing that the Bank would refuse to honour it without the initials of the drawer.

Holmes refused to associate himself further with the capture of these desperadoes, saying that their methods were too clumsy for his notice; and that he did not relish the idea of a hunt through fifty miles of native hovels.

“After such a pleasant evening in your company, Mr. Holmes,” said our host as we were taking leave on the door-step, “I feel it would be indelicate to approach you on the question of your professional fees.”

“Not at all” said Holmes, glancing at the patient and industrious little animal waiting between the shafts of our conveyance. “Send the equivalent of five guineas in your beastly Shanghai currency to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.”

DOYLAND CONE.



A PUZZLER

YOUNG MAN: “Why does Mr. Jinks have such a hang-dog, no-account look? Is it because he is in financial trouble?”

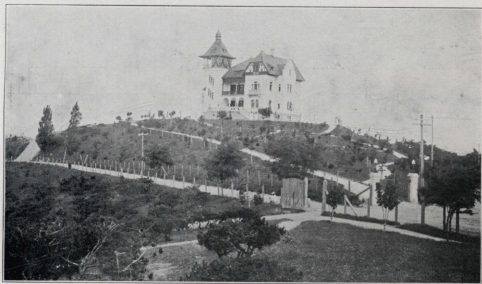
OLD MAN: “Oh, no. It is because he is the father of children of school age, and they have begun to ask him to help them with their arithmetic.”

Beautiful Homes in the Far East

"KILDONAN," CHEMULPO, KOREA

THE four illustrations of Mr. James Johnson's fine house at Chemulpo, in Korea, will no doubt surprise many of our readers. The building was commenced in 1903 and was not completed till two years later, since when Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and their children and grandchildren have used it regularly during the summer months. As will be seen from

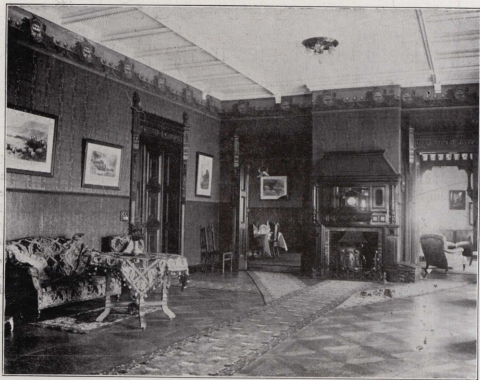
fitted throughout with electricity supplied by a private electric plant. There is a fine terrace running all round the house made of white marble which was imported from Italy and the ground floor is entirely made of Korean granite. The hall is unusually large, being over 40-ft. square, whilst the dining-room is 45-ft. square. The woodwork is all solid teak wood



"KILDONAN," CHEMULPO, KOREA

our photographs, "Kildonan" stands on a hill and commands a fine view of the surrounding country for a distance of ten miles. The grounds which cover over thirty mow of land are beautifully arranged and include a spacious vegetable garden and a large number of trees which have been planted by Mr. Eckhardt. The house is

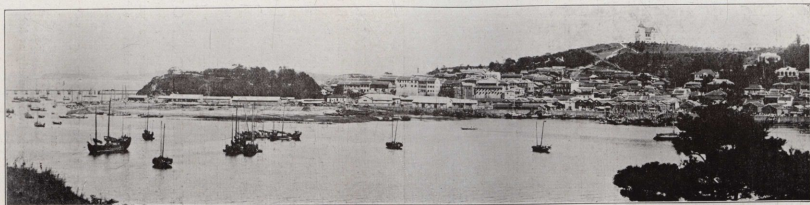
imported from Shanghai and the furniture was supplied by Hampton & Sons, London. It will, therefore, be seen that every arrangement that is conducive to comfort has been considered, and from accounts we have heard from visitors who have been privileged to visit "Kildonan," it forms an ideal residence.



THE HALL



THE DRAWING-ROOM



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHEMULPO, KOREA



THE DINING-ROOM

AN AWFUL MISTAKE

SANDY M'PERSON had made a grievous mistake. He meant to put a penny on the plate the other Sabbath morn, and, as soon as he had dropped it in, he noticed the coin was a white one. He dipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out his money. It was true; he had given half-a-crown. The rest of the service passed like a dream. After dinner he sat down to think it over, and was perplexed to know the proper course to take. "Ye see," he said to himself over his pipe, "I micht stay awa' for twenty-nine Sawbaths to mak' it up, but then I wad be peyin' seat rent an' gettin' nawthin' for't. I'm thinkin' this maun be what the meenister caa's a religious deefficulty."



NOT HIS FRIENDS NOW

SHE—But have you no friends?

HE—Not one. But I have a slight speaking acquaintance with a number of persons who used to borrow money from me when I was wealthy.



HIS LOSS HER GAIN

"So Mrs. Gadder's husband has left her."

"How do you know?"

"I see by the paper that she is living quietly at home."

EDITORIAL NOTES

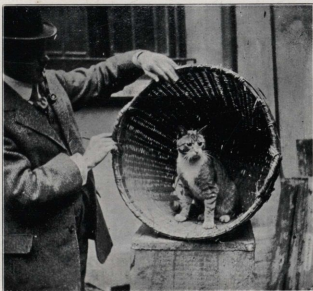
WE are extremely gratified with the success that has met the production of the *China Weekly* which apparently fills a want that really existed, as it is now bought by and read by every class of resident in Shanghai, from Chinese school boys to important *taipans*. One of the most gratifying indications of the popularity of our little paper is that very few people come to China without meeting with it somewhere on the voyage out. One gentleman related how he got one at nearly every port he stopped at and that it was read by everyone on board, all of whom expressed their appreciation of its contents. We have tried to make it as bright and interesting as possible, and as we are entirely independent, we are in a position to give "fair play to all" which is so much appreciated by every class of the community. The fact that the *China Weekly* is so widely read is proving a great help in securing reading matter, as writers never fail to appreciate a large circulation, and, of course, the same fact appeals to advertisers, and at the present time the *China Weekly* is second to no other weekly paper in China as an advertising medium.

We have had so many requests to resume our gardening notes that we have resolved to do so, and

hope that they will prove to be of use to those of our readers who possess gardens, and are not well acquainted with the Chinese gardener. The latter usually gets the credit of being exceedingly difficult to manage, more especially by those who are entirely ignorant of what ought to be done, and when it ought to be done, and if any one wants any special information we may be able to furnish it; at any rate we are willing to try and do so.



THIS month we commence a most interesting series of detective stories which are written by a well-known resident, and are all more or less localized in the Far East,



THE AUTHOR OF OUR NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES SERIES
AND HIS PET CAT ALFRED

Our Monthly Diary

JANUARY, 1909

Friday, 1.—Football Match for the Prentice-Skottowe International Cup. England v. Ireland. Won by Ireland two goals to one.

"A Royal Divorce" by the Bandmann Comedy Company at the Lyceum Theatre.

Saturday, 2—"Zaza" by the Bandmann Comedy Company at the Lyceum Theatre.

Imperial Edict issued ordering Grand Councillor Yuan Shih-kai to vacate his post and return to Honan.

Monday, 4—"The Flag Lieutenant" by the Bandmann Comedy Company at the Lyceum Theatre.

Tuesday, 5—"Mrs. Dot" by the Bandmann Comedy Company at the Lyceum Theatre. Closing Exercises of the International Institute.

Wednesday, 6—"The Scarlet Pimpernel" by the Bandmann Comedy Company at the Lyceum Theatre.

Thursday, 7—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" by the Bandmann Comedy Company at the Lyceum Theatre.

Friday 8—"Second Mrs. Tanqueray" by the Bandmann Comedy Company at the Lyceum Theatre.

Saturday, 9.—Commencement Day Exercises at St. John's University for Chinese at Jessfield.

Final Round of the Skottowe Cup Football Competition. Shanghai Recreation Club v. "A" Co. S.V.C. Won by "A" Co. one goal to nil.

Tuesday, 12.—Speech Day and Distribution of prizes at the Anglo-Chinese School.

Friday, 15.—Speech Day and Distribution of prizes at the Chinese School.

Saturday, 16.—Concert given by Mademoiselle Duboin at the French Municipal Hall.

Monday, 18.—Annual Meeting of the Shanghai Rifle Association.

Tuesday, 19.—Herr Premyslav's Concert at the Town Hall.

Municipal Elections in the French Settlement. The following new Councillors were elected:—Messrs. Paturol, Marthoud, Jourdan, Camera and Dyer. Messrs. Dowdall, Eckardt and Madier continue from last year.

Thursday, 21.—Murder of a Chinese Policeman by loafers.

Friday, 22.—Chinese New Year's Day.

Annual Football Match. Marine Engineers' Football Club v. Shanghai Football Club. Won by S. F. C. by three goals to one.

Saturday, 23.—Arrival of the Interport Rugby Team from Tientsin in the str. *Kaifeng*.

Monday, 25.—Annual Scottish Concert at the Lyceum Theatre.

Herr Premyslav's Concert at the Masonic Hall.

Interport Rugby Football Match. Shanghai v. Tientsin. Won by Shanghai 35 points to 3.

Dinner given at the German Club to the Tientsin Rugby Team by the Shanghai Team.

Tuesday, 26.—Organ Recital at the Cathedral by Mr. R. C. Pullen.

Torchlight Procession of the German Co. S. V. C. in honour of the birthday of the German Emperor.

Result of the Municipal Elections in the International Settlement.

Mr. W. D. Little.....	290 votes
" D. Landale.....	286 "
" W. A. C. Platt.....	285 "
" H. A. J. Macray.....	284 "
" H. de Gray.....	280 "
" O. Meuser.....	276 "
" J. Prentice.....	266 "
" F. C. Heffer.....	249 "
" T. E. Trueman.....	235 "

322 ,, and
4 irregular.

Wednesday, 27.—Departure of the Tientsin Rugby Football Team.

Fiftieth birthday of the German Emperor. Reception at the German Consulate and Banquet at the Club Concordia.

Thursday, 28.—News received of the death in Scotland of Mr. James Hall, late of Shanghai.

Smoking Concert given at the Club Concordia by the Marine Engineers' Football Club. Presentation of the Cup won by the Shanghai Football Club.

Herr Premyslav's Farewell Concert at the Masonic Hall.

Friday, 29.—News received of the death of J. A. Leonard at Rochester, U.S.A. Emperor of China reported to have small-pox.

Saturday, 30.—Senior Consul requested by Taotai to prohibit Chinese girls from acting in a Theatre.

First Chapter of a "Shadow-land Conference" published in the "N.C. Daily News."



Photo

"CORNER" (POLICE V. "A" COMPANY, S.V.C.)

W. Howell



Photo

THE OFFICE OF THE OPIUM CONFERENCE AT THE PALACE HOTEL

Dennison & Sullivan

The Opening of the Opium Conference



HE "Stupendous Task," as Sir Edward Grey has called the work undertaken by the International Opium Commission, started on February 1st, when the opening ceremony was performed by H.E. the Viceroy Tuan Fang who had been appointed by Imperial Rescript to open the conference. His Excellency was driven to the Palace Hotel, where all the sessions were held, escorted by Sikh troopers and a detachment of mounted native police and arrived shortly before the hour appointed for the opening ceremony, to which only the Delegates, the Viceroy's suite and a few representatives of the Press were admitted.

His Excellency read a speech from a Chinese manuscript, which was afterwards translated into English by Taotai Wan. The translation appeared in full in the daily newspapers and contained, amongst many interesting particulars, the fact that since the publication of the first Imperial Edict in 1906 prohibiting the cultivation and use of opium throughout the Empire within the period of ten years, that the area where the poppy has been cultivated in the Kiangnan portion of Kiangsü province, has been now reduced by eighty per cent, while it is on record that from the six provinces of Shansi, Yünnan, Fukien, Anhui, Honan, and Heilungkiang, or Northern Manchuria, memorials have been represented to the Throne reporting that the cultivation of the poppy will be entirely stopped by the winter of the present year in the above provinces.

As the main idea of the movement is to prohibit the cultivation of the poppy, the sale of the drug and the consumption thereof, this would seem to be rather a good beginning and lends support to the belief that the cultivation of the deadly drug may be suppressed entirely within the next two years, and that the importation of the foreign drug will stop as a natural sequence.

When His Excellency ceased speaking, Monsieur Ratard proposed that the official language should be French, and was supported by M. Kleimenow. The Viceroy took his immediate departure leaving the question of language in abeyance, and after his departure the first session was held *in camera*. Bishop Brent was elected Chairman, Mr. F. W. Carey of the Imperial Maritime Customs was appointed Secretary, and Monsieur Leon de Giéter as Assistant Secretary.

Bishop Brent on being elected Chairman thanked the meeting on behalf of his government and colleagues for this distinction. As he interpreted the position of chairman, he is a momentary leader, and a leader is but the foremost companion. He was well aware of his limitations but he would strive to deal impartially with the various questions that might arise. With their aid and support he dared assume the heavy responsibility involved in the privilege that they had conferred upon him.

The opium question was an extremely difficult one and the first thing they should do, he thought, was to frankly recognize

that fact. It was a great problem which could only be solved by their facing facts squarely. They must love courage and it seemed to him that two principal features of courage are sincerity and thoroughness. All great problems go through two distinct stages. The first stage was what might be termed the emotional stage; it was based largely upon sentiment and ideals that were concealed in the inner self, sometimes more independent of facts than was warranted. In the problem before them they had been passing for a long period through the emotional stage, which found expression in agitation. They had this. Now he believed that they were at least midway in the second or scientific stage, when men dealt with ascertained facts and on the basis of ascertained facts reached certain conclusions of a practical character that would enable those upon whom the responsibility rested to arrive at some final conclusion. The first steps towards that International Commission were taken by his government and the negotiations had covered a considerable period of time. At first it was thought wise to restrict that Commission of Inquiry to those nations which were actively interested in the opium question. But the scope had been considerably widened. Countries that had not the problem in its more acute form had been by mutual consent included by the Powers interested so that they were in a real sense an International Commission. Almost at the last moment two countries without a serious opium problem of their own were included by their expressed desire. Last summer it was decided by the American Commission to study every phase of the opium question in their own territory. So that, presumably in that International Commission, as they were desirous to ascertain all facts that would enable them to come to some satisfactory conclusion, they should agree in the desire to receive such information as was presented

regarding the various aspects of the question in all the countries represented on the Commission.

It devolved upon him to pronounce with emphasis that was a Commission, and as those who were informed, as all of them must be in matters that pertained to International affairs of that kind, a Commission was not a Conference. The idea of a Conference was suggested, but it seemed wise to choose this particular form of action rather than a Conference, because for the present at any rate they were not sufficiently well informed and not sufficiently unanimous in their attitude to have a Conference with any great hope of immediate success. Further, this Commission was a temporary Commission as distinguished from some of the permanent Commissions already in existence, and the source of its origin was to be found in the articles of the Second Hague Conference, which provided for such International Commissions where points of difference on kindred matters arose between the Powers. So that in all their deliberations they were to confine themselves to facts that would enable them to reach certain unanimous resolutions, and perhaps some recommendations of a practical, broad, and wise character in connection with these resolutions. But it would be extremely wise to rule out of their deliberations what might be termed useless historical questions, beneath which a great deal of controversy lay hidden and which would tend to fog the issue. The one way to reach a satisfactory solution of a grave problem was to simplify as far as possible the elements of that problem and no great question had ever been satisfactorily settled until men had come to a realization of the fact that purely side issues and controversial matters which did not touch the main question must be set aside and ignored. They might be of interest, but they were of no practical



Photo

THE DINNER OF THE OPIUM CONFERENCE AT THE PALACE HOTEL

Denniston & Sullivan

importance, and indeed were impediments in the actual working out of the main question.

He felt that he was speaking not merely for himself and his colleagues, but for that entirely distinguished assembly when he said that they were to do such work as would bring the utmost credit to their respective countries and the utmost benefit possible to mankind. They must study that question in its every aspect—moral, economical, and commercial, diplomatic also if they would—and they must study it as he had already said with those two phases of courage which would bring them to a happy conclusion of their labours—with sincerity and thoroughness.

The speaker concluded by announcing the International Opium Commission as organized and ready for business.

The following is the text of the first Imperial Edict against opium referred to in the Viceroy's opening speech:—

Sept. 20, 1906 (Kuanghsu 32/8/3.).

"Ever since the relaxation of the prohibition of opium smoking the evil has spread abroad over the Empire in all directions. The smokers waste their time and property, ruin their health and impoverish their families. The condition of poverty and weakness which has been growing during past decades may really be traced to this. In a word the habit is one which arouses indignation. At present the court is earnestly engaged in planning to make the state strong, and it becomes of urgent importance to warn all our people to rouse themselves and get rid of this long-standing evil, and turn to paths of health and happiness.

"We hereby command that the evil habit of using opium, whether foreign or native, be entirely eradicated within ten years. As to what measures shall be taken to prohibit the smoking of opium and the cultivation of the poppy, We direct the Council of State to draw up and submit to Us appropriate regulations dealing with the same."

The "North-China Daily News" thus commented on the opening of the Conference:—

"There was no lack of interest yesterday in the opening of the Opium Commission, but the stage management of the ceremony was hardly commensurate with the importance of the occasion. For this feature it may be possible to urge two excuses; first, that China is still officially in mourning, secondly, that she was not the originator of the proposal for the summoning of the Commission. It is true that Viceroy Tuan Fang had been delegated by the Chinese Government to declare the Commission open, and that he came attended by his Provincial Treasurer, Jui Cheng, and the host of officials and attendants that shadow every high dignitary of the Empire. But no invitations to attend the opening ceremony had been issued to the Settlement authorities, and there was little beyond the complimentary references in the Viceroy's speech to indicate that China appreciated the action of foreign Governments in sending Commissions to Shanghai for the purpose of assisting her in a difficult national question. It is to be hoped, however, that yesterday's unpretentious and matter-of-fact ceremony will be followed by a session of an equally practical character. If auguries count in such circumstances, the deliberations of the Commission should not prove dull, for two surprises were sprung upon it during the morning. In the first place H.E. Tuan Fang elected to depart from precedent so far as to discuss questions of policy in his speech of welcome, and to make certain strong recommendations to a body of men who are meeting with the sole object of evolving, after mature deliberation, policies to be recommended to the Chinese and other Governments. Secondly, the assembly was still further disconcerted by an unexpected

request for the recognition of French as the language of the Commission or at least as an alternative to English.

"For the first time the serious attention of various Governments has been given to the opium question, mainly through the action of the Chinese Government. This in turn, it may be pointed out, while the encouragement of foreign anti-opium propagandists is not forgotten, was brought about by one enlightened official, Tang Shao-yi, who showed himself a determined adversary of the opium habit in the earliest days of his official life, nearly twenty years ago."

In the "Shanghai Mercury" of the same day there appeared the following historical notice of the Opium question:—

"The meeting of the Opium Conference in Shanghai serves as an admirable test of the change in opinion which has come over the main actors in the greatest of moral questions since the days when Sir Thomas Wade met Li Hung-chang at Chefoo and discussed *ad nauseam* what should be done with opium because a British official had been done to death on the southern border. To-day it would seem as if the moral had almost conquered the material side of the question. But it is not really so. The moral has become the material rather than overcome it.

"If we turn back for a few moments to 1875 and look up the debates in the House of Commons at that time we shall at once see that the numbers which then took part in the division would in all probability now be reversed. Roughly, the question at issue was whether or no England should withdraw from the opium trade with China. Most of the speakers on both sides have long since vanished from active politics or gone over to another than the parliamentary majority.

On the affirmative side we find Mr. M. Stewart, Mr. Pease, Mr. R. Gurney, Sir J.

Kennaway, and Mr. Noel. Their main arguments were that—

'1.—The moral and physical effect of opium on the Chinese is fearful, and many are being destroyed by it.

'2.—The growth of opium is bad for India, much capital and large tracts of land being devoted to its use.

'3.—The Chinese have always protested against the import of opium and once went to war to stop it.

'4.—If England were to attempt to force her opium on any European nation as she has done on China, the nations of Europe would interfere to prevent her.

'5.—England is lowered in the eyes of the world by her encouragement of this iniquitous traffic.

'6.—What is asked is that the Indian Government should raise their revenue from opium in a different way; that they should cease to be producers of opium, and lay a heavy duty on its exportation.

The negative was supported by Sir G. Campbell, Mr. Laing, Sir G. Balfour, Mr. Beach, and Lord C. Hamilton, who argued that—

'1.—Opium, like beer, whisky, tobacco, and other stimulants does no harm when taken in moderation. The Chinese have smoked it for centuries and thrive on it; whether imported from India or not, they will have it.

'2.—If England in a fit of philanthropy stops the opium trade, she must make up out of her own pocket the £6,000,000 which it brings to the Indian revenue.

'3.—The Chinese have never shown a sincere desire to prevent the consumption of opium. Their anxiety to stop its importation is owing to the wish to promote its cultivation amongst themselves, and not to a desire for any moral improvement.

'4.—It is totally impossible that our Indian revenue should be sacrificed for the benefit of the Chinese.

'5.—Opium is one of the things which, as a fit subject for taxation, enable us to serve God and Mammon at the same time.

'6.—The Bengal system of monopoly works better and yields a larger profit than the Bombay system of excise and import duty.

"The result of the division was Ayes, 57, Noes, 94.

"There is no need to examine either the arguments themselves or the steps which have led us to the present position. There are some manifest weaknesses on both sides, and as usual, the moralist harps on abuse while the practical man argues use. It would be highly interesting to know how many of the fifty-seven were teetotalers, as otherwise they laid themselves open to the taunt of being anxious for the moral welfare of distant Chinese and callous to that of themselves and the people at their doors."

The "Shanghai Times" was short and swift on the occurrence of the day. It says:—

"It is safe to say that never in the history of Shanghai has there been held a meet-

ing to which such great importance was attached as that of the Opium Commission whose sessions open this morning. The Chinese Government has shown its appreciation of the significance of the Commission by appointing His Excellency Viceroy Tuan Fang as High Commissioner to open the sessions. No more appropriate choice could have been made by his Government than Viceroy Tuan Fang, for in addition to his being the Viceroy of the province in which Shanghai is located he has also been one of the foremost officials of the Empire in strictly enforcing the letter and spirit of the Imperial Edicts against opium. Owing to his energy and zeal this Province of Kiangsu has been one of the foremost in its active suppression of the use of opium and of the cultivation of the poppy. The Viceroy will be able to give an accurate and well-balanced Report to his Government of the steps taken by the Commission during its deliberations."



IT DAWNED ON HIM

HE was a smart young commercial traveller selling the very best patent gaslight that is made, namely, Welsbach Incandescent. So confident was he of the value of the fitting that he would put one on to your gasbrackets, let you try it for several days, and on his next visit remove it if you were not satisfied. And the price of the miracle was six dollars. He had left a fitting on this understanding at a certain hotel, and on his second call quite expected to "do a trade." The landlord grudgingly admitted that the light was all it ought to be. "I'll give you three dollars for it," he said. Argument seemed vain. "Well, let me have a glass of beer," said the traveller, whilst the deal was yet undecided. The landlord gave the beverage, and the traveller inquired, "How much?" "Ten cents," said the publican. "I'll give you five cents," retorted the other, calmly. Mine host gazed at him earnestly, then brought six dollars from his pocket and handed it over. The light had dawned on him.

Well-known Residents in Shanghai

OUR portrait of Captain Whittle gives him a somewhat severe expression which is by no means habitual to the genial original of the photograph, who is one of Shanghai's best known and most respected residents. In the old days when



CAPTAIN J. WHITTLE.

Chefoo was an only seaside resort, many people who travelled to and fro used to cheerfully miss a steamer in order to have the pleasure of travelling by the one commanded by him. He is affectionately

referred to by the name of "Uncle" in the great Hong of Taikoo, with which he has had a most honourable connection for many years; and during his long residence in China he has gained the sincere respect of all who know him intimately. A legal luminary in Shanghai has often been heard to say that his opinions and evidence are second to none on the China Coast. His intimate knowledge of the country is hardly to be wondered at when one learns that he has known Shanghai ever since the Rebellion of 1862. His seventy-four years have seen many changes. His hair has become snowy white, and his shoulders are a little bowed, but time has failed to dim great his clear eyes, nor has it affected the energy and acumen, which he has unsparingly shown whilst in the service of the great coasting line of which we are so justly proud.

He says that he is going on the 9th of April to the old country to see the fells and dales of his youth, and hopes to return in a year's time. There will be many who miss the hearty welcome and hospitality they were so sure of getting at "Del Monte," from both him and Mrs. Whittle and many will be the good wishes they and their youngest daughter will carry with them to the old country, where we hope they will have a pleasant holiday, and return safely to Shanghai where they are always assured of a kind and warm welcome.

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

February 1864.

Defeat at Ching-day

WE remained at Le-yang a week and then started for Ching-day a city much smaller than Eshing or Le-yang. I was taken sick the day before starting but would not stop behind as it was only a heavy cold, and I thought it would be all right before we got there. In two days I was unable to rise from my bed as it had settled on my bowels and dysentery set in, in no time I was reduced to a shadow and it was too late now to talk about returning. Everybody was busily engaged getting ready to attack the city and I was entirely forgotten in the hurry. They landed their guns and commenced breaching the city wall and as soon as it was reported practical the second regiment received orders to storm it. Away they went with a yell until they came within 20 yards of the breach. Here all stopped, as the sight of the rebels' spears nearly frightened the lives out of them. Their officers went on into the breach and got shot down like dogs, and their worthy Canton-tailed soldiers lay on the ground looking on and laughing at any little prod of a spear an officer might get. The consequence was defeat with no officers killed, and Gordon and four others were wounded.

That night the rebels came in to the Fifth Regiment Camp and bamboozed the soldiers, taking away their guns and accoutrements. Major Chapman rushed from his boat and began to use his revolver, and some soldiers coming to his assistance they drove the rebels out of the camp

losing forty muskets, but not one man of the regiment was killed whilst the officers killed five of the rebels. We now commenced retiring and put all the guns in the boats, starting just at daylight. The rebels followed us down the bank waving the First Regiment's flag which they had captured the day previous. We went back to Le-yang and here received news that the Imperial Army had been beaten off from Chanchoufoo, and our communications were cut off from Quinsan. Gordon only stopped one hour at Le-yang then taking the Fourth and Sixth Regiments went to see what was the matter. The Light Artillery followed him as soon as possible. I was too sick to go so they took me on shore and brought me to Su Wang's Palace, where I received every attendance from the First Regiment's officers, more especially Captain Campbell who could not have done more to me if I had been a brother. I was not long in creeping about and when we received orders to join Gordon and a month afterwards I was all right.

When Gordon left us to go to Woo See he found out that the mandarins around Chanchoufoo had let the rebels break through their lines to the number of 10,000, who were plundering the country in every direction. Gordon followed them up closely and when he got them together he sent the Fourth Regiment under Colonel W. C. Howard and the newly recruited Rebel Regiment under Colonel Rhode at once to relieve Chang Shu, Gordon accompanying the force in his boat.

The following interesting notes have been supplied by Colonel W. C. Howard who took part in this engagement:—

Arriving near Woo Su, a fortified village the force landed. It was decided that Rhode knowing the road, should take the lead to the rebel stronghold about two miles inland. Rhode on arriving within 800 yards of the line of the Rebel stockades, bore off to his right with the idea of getting to the rear and turning the rebel flanks before this movement could be carried out, the Taipings came from behind their trenches endeavouring to cut Rhode off. This Hi Yang rebel regiment seeing their danger of falling into the rebel hands made a hasty flight, throwing away their guns and accoutrements, some of them stripping themselves naked as they ran along to flee from the rebels. The Fourth Regiment coming up in single file along a narrow path with ditches on either side, seeing Rhode's plight endeavoured to cover his retreat. Colonel Howard received a hasty pencilled note from Colonel Rhode requesting the Fourth Regiment to stand by him, as his regiment was in full retreat, and the rebel cavalry were after them moving them down as they ran along. Seeing the rebels were trying to flank us, the Fourth Regiment began to retire in good order, till some of Rhode's men rushed through our ranks to the rear causing a panic in the Fourth Regiment, which turned tail and began to run. The foreign officer and myself made every effort to stop them at the commencement of the stampede. I took a sword from a native lieutenant, and tried to beat them back, but in the rush I was knocked down. Scrambling up again I found a mounted rebel close to me. He made a cut at me, and the point of his sword grazed down my back. Severing the leather straps of my field-glasses, I fired at him, with my revolver, and seeing other mounted rebels close by, I cleared the creek narrowing the road of escape, and managed to get out of their reach. The Imperial camp on the bank of a large creek, seeing the soldiers running in full retreat towards it, opened fire on the rebels with their 121st field Howitzers. The men left of the Fourth Regiment on nearing the camp

turned round and opened fire on the rebels that had followed them up, driving them back.

General Gordon who was laid up in his boat with his wounded leg, was much annoyed at the loss of so many officers and men.

The Second and Third Regiments were ordered up from Hi-yang. After a two weeks delay, they turned up, another attack was planned, Colonel Morton, Third Regiment, taking the most prominent position for storming the centre of the rebel stronghold. The Second Regiment under Colonel Williams was ordered to hold the left flank and the Fourth Regiment under Colonel Howard, the right flank.

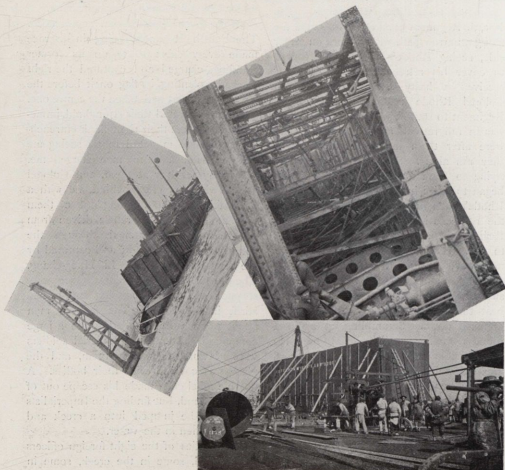
At the given signal the fun commenced. The Fourth Regiment being in disgrace made every effort to regain its former standing, charged and captured the right stockade, planting its flag on it before the Third Regiment had taken the centre one. The rebels vacated their stronghold, immediately they lost their right flank entrenchments. Some mounted rebels seeing me some yards ahead of my men charged me. I fired my revolver at them, and Colonel Rhode who was close behind me with a rifle, taking aim and killing one of them they made off. The rebels driven from their stronghold marched through the country were hemmed in and captured by the Imperialists under Li Hung-chang. The old men and boys about 5,000 were stripped of all their clothing and turned adrift in the fields. The fighting men about 5,000, were huddled up in a large compound. About fifty Imperial soldiers were at work, beheading them, and the place was covered with their bodies. A notable rebel chief made his escape out of the compound, but finding the Imperialists after him, he jumped into a creek and was shot when in the water.

The bodies of the eight foreign officers were found, some in the creek, some in the paddy fields, and all were more or less cut opened and mutilated. Graves were dug and the bodies buried, and the force then marched on to Chang-chin.

Interesting Salvage Operations on the Whangpo

THE photos which we reproduce in this number showing the str. *Hanping* immediately after she was raised, will no doubt interest our readers; the salvage operations engaged the attention of experts and the shipping community in Shanghai for a considerable time.

It will be remembered that the str. *Hanping*, when coming up-river on the 28th October with a cargo of pig-iron and rails, collided with H.M.S. *Flora* and sunk in deep water in the upper reach of this harbour on the Pootung side.



INSIDE ONE OF THE COFFERDAMS

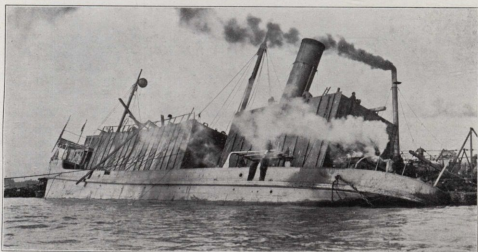
ONE OF THE COFFERDAMS UNDER CONSTRUCTION

PUMPING OPERATION PROCEEDING

Pumping Operations on the "Hanping"



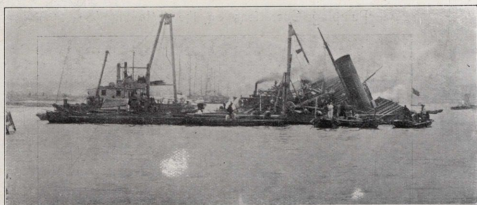
BOW VIEW



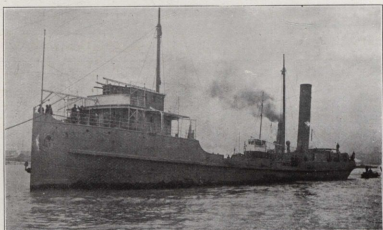
STERN VIEW



PORT SIDE VIEW



"HANPING" FLOATING



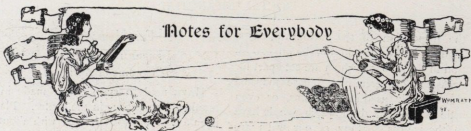
"HANPING" READY FOR DOCKING

The salvage operations were in the hands of The Shanghai Dock & Engineering Co., Ltd., and the means adopted to raise the vessel are shown in the



"HANPING" IN DOCK

photographs, where two cofferdams will be seen rising above deck—one amidships and the other at after end. These cofferdams enclose the hatches (or open spaces) in the deck and—while the vessel was submerged—extended above water level, thereby forming with the hull, part of a watertight body which, when the damage in the hull was temporarily patched up and water pumped out, would enable the vessel to float.



Curiosities of Sight

It is a fact not generally perceived by the majority of persons that if we run our eyes along the side of a room, or along the horizon, the eyeballs do not follow the movement of the head with a smooth, uniform motion, but keep in line by means of a series of quick, short, almost imperceptible jerks. At first one may not think that is so, but, careful experiment will prove that it is. If the eyes are fixed on a moving object, then the motion of the eyeballs in following the object is uniform; but when it is the head that moves, while the objects looked at remain fixed, the eyeballs perform in the manner just described. It is not necessary in order to observe this phenomenon that visible objects should be before the eyes. Let the eyes be shut, the fingers pressed lightly on the closed lids, and the head then turned from side to side. The little jerks with which the eyeballs follow the motion of the head will be distinctly perceived.

Among the

CURIOUS SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

that have been made in the effort to discover the meaning of this peculiarity of the eyes is one in which a turn-table, large enough for a man to sit comfortably upon, plays a principal part. When the table is turned with a regular motion, the person sitting upon it, having closed his eyes, feels his eyeballs jerking as they follow the revolution of his head; but as the table continues to turn the jerking gradually ceases, and at the same time the person imagines that the revolution is becoming slower, until at last, when the eyeballs no longer twitch, the table seems to him to

have stopped turning. If then, the table is suddenly made to turn faster, the jerking sensation is renewed; and if, on the contrary, it is made to turn more slowly, the same sensation is experienced. But now the person imagines that he is being revolved in a direction opposite to that of the actual motion. Still more extraordinary is

THE EFFECT PRODUCED

by continuing the revolution at a uniform rate after the person has lost the sense of rotation, and then causing him to bow his head upon his breast so that its motion is round an axis running from the chin to the back of the head. The instant this experiment is tried the person feels as if his head was turning round both of the axes at the same time, and the sensation is described as both curious and alarming. Some physiologists believe that we possess a special sense relating to the rotary motion of the body, and they think that the organ of this sense is in the labyrinth of the ear. To this organ they attribute our powers of equilibrium, so that if it is seriously disturbed we reel and totter.



For House Owners.

THE HANGING OF PICTURES.

In hanging pictures it is well to avoid too much uniformity. Give the picture the best possible position as to light, and, above all things, do not hang it too high. Pictures must sometimes be skied in galleries, but they never need undergo this humiliating treatment in the drawing-room. The middle of the picture should be on a level with, or a trifle above, the eye that looks upon it. In a beautiful room great variety may be displayed in

the disposition of the various pictures. Family pictures should not be on exposition in those rooms which are set apart for occasions of ceremony. These may be appropriately used in bedrooms, or even little studios, or dens which people have to themselves. Many of our walls are very trying to pictures, and it not infrequently happens that a really beautiful engraving or water colour loses its charm because of an ineffective and discordant background. One may receive hints and suggestions as to the proper hanging of pictures by an occasional visit to studios or galleries where frequently the tones of the walls are effectively treated so as to bring out the best points of the picture. No long ago a woman of taste hit upon the plan of hanging a bare white wall with a drapery laid on smoothly of rich-toned olive plush. Against this her pictures and engravings stood out in greatly added beauty. Blue denim makes a cool and effective background for some pictures.



For Chaperons.

THE UP-TO-DATE DUENNA.

It has been remarked that chaperons were "in" again this season. They had to be taught their place, and were, for that reason, shelved for a year or so. Now they have been reinstated, with corrected ideas as to their duties. The "boy and girl" dances of a season or two since placed the young ones of both sexes in such conditions of perfect independence that chaperonage became a nuisance, and the now accepted form of it is to be as little in evidence as possible. The up-to-date duenna is careful to refrain from intruding upon her charge, and the old idea of remaining in a certain spot throughout the evening at a ball, so as to be readily found by the girls she is chaperoning, is now regarded as *très vieux jeu* by the chaperon of the moment. No. She has to efface herself, either at a card-table or elsewhere, and all that is asked of her is to be ready at the close of the evening to convey her so-called charges to their home or their hotel.

For Housekeepers

SUPREME D'ABRICOTS

(Supreme of Apricots)

HAVE ready a sponge-cake made in a mould with a space in the centre. Place it on a dish and soak it well with about a quarter of a bottle of Marsala and one tea-cupful of apricot syrup. Tinned fruit does excellently well for this, though fresh, of course, may be used. Whip one pint of cream till stiff, flavour it to taste with vanilla and castor sugar. Put a layer of halves of apricots in the centre of the sponge-ring, then a little whipped cream, and a little more fruit, and so on till it is nicely piled up above the ring. Each layer of fruit should be dusted with castor sugar.

Put the rest of the cream in a forcing-bag which has a "rose" pipe in it, force some of the cream over and around the apricots, and in any pretty design on the cakes. Decorate it with pistachio-nuts and angelica cut in fancy shapes, and arrange a few good-shaped pieces of apricot round the edge of the cake.



For Ladies

WOMEN AND WHITE HANDS

IF the skin be naturally white, very little care is required to preserve it. A good soap, aided by a pinch or two of oatmeal, may be used as a thorough cleansing twice a day, and once a week they should be rubbed all over with a slice of lemon. If these exquisitely white hands are inclined to chap, camphor ice may be applied at night, and white gloves worn to increase the softening effect. Holes should always be cut in the palms of the gloves to allow ventilation. For distressingly red hands, equal parts of glycerine, lemon juice, and rosewater may be applied nightly under gloves. Daily applications of lemon-juice are sure to produce a whitening effect. Tight sleeves and tight finger rings are a frequent source of red hands, and the only remedy for this is to remove the irritating cause.



Our Young Folks' Corner



An Unexpected Surprise

"WHY, you are Madame Patti!"

This was said to the great singer herself by a lonely child.

The child's mother had gone to a concert where the gifted *prima donna* was to sing, and had left her little girl in a room of the great hotel, quite alone.

Both this renowned "queen of song" and the lady with the child were staying at the same hotel. The stormy weather which prevented Madame Patti from keeping her engagement did not, however, keep the girl's mother from braving the storm.

It does not appear how Madame Patti came to know that a lonesome bairn was weeping out her grief under the same roof all because of her. But somehow it came

to her knowledge, and, without any ceremony, she made her way to the room where the troubled maiden was.

The kindly heart of the celebrated singer soon drew from the girl the story of her distress. Not in the least aware who the visitor was, the child sobbed: "But I do want to hear her."

That was enough for the famous lady, whom kings and queens were wont to listen to with the keenest delight. "Let me sing to you, darling," she said. And thereupon she sang a simple lullaby to the child.

The little one's tear-brightened eyes gleamed with joy as she listened, till at last she broke out in an ecstasy: "Why, you are Madame Patti!"



The Earwig

EARWIGS, though they are not devoid of good qualities, must be reckoned as destructive insects, doing much harm in gardens by the injury they cause to flowers and fruit. Could we credit all the stories about them we might believe that, not content with injuring man's property, they even attack himself, as they are supposed to enter the ears of sleeping persons and penetrate the brain. This story, which has apparently no foundation in fact, has existed in all times, and in all countries. In Britain there are several kinds of earwigs, some larger and some smaller than the common earwig, but they are rarely seen. The largest of the European species, nearly twice the size of the common one, lives amongst the stones on the sea-shore and on the banks of the rivers, feeding on insects and other invertebrate animals.



Our Portrait Gallery

SNAP-SHOT BY AN AMATEUR OF CLAUDE AND
DOUGLAS MATHER PRYCE

Suppose

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head,
 Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose are red?
 And wouldn't it be better
 To treat it as a joke,
 And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
 And not *your* head, that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down,
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
 And wouldn't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine indoors
 When there is none without?

Your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
 And wouldn't it be nicer
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once?



Arthur and the Rabbit

"I'M a brave hunter," said Arthur, shouldering his new gun. "I'm afraid of nothing, and I'm going to shoot a lion." And he went out on the common and hid himself in a furze bush. "I'm a brave bunny," said the little rabbit. "I'm afraid of nothing, and I'm going into the garden to eat lettuces." And he crept under the furze bush in which Arthur was lying. "What is that rustling?" said Arthur, starting. "Can it be a lion?" And he scrambled hastily out of the bush. "What is that noise?" said the rabbit, pricking up his ears. "Can it be the gardener?" And he scampered away to his burrow.

The Proud Cock

ONE day a fox carried off one of the best cocks. The household was roused, and all came running out. The cock said to the fox "Tell them you can't wait." The fox opened his mouth to tell them, and dropped the cock, and away it flew, so Mister Fox got nothing.



Photo

The Burr Photo Co.

MR. AND MRS. C. W. DE BERIGNY'S CHILDREN
 CLAIRE, FRANÇOIS CONSTANCE, AND DENIS

Clever Gretchen

THE following little anecdote comes from an English resident in a German household where English only is spoken at table:—Gretchen—"Mother, in the milk-pail was a dead mouse." Mother—"Well, hast thou it thereout taken?" Gretchen—"No; I have the cat therein thrown."

Conundrums

WHY is Mr. Pullen unlike a man with influenza?

Because one knows his stops, and the other stops his nose.

WHAT word of five letters spells the same backward as forward?—Level.

WHO had the greatest appetite that was ever heard of?—The man who bolted a door, threw up a window, and then sat down and swallowed a whole story.

Quaint Sayings

"HERE, Jim, take these two cakes, and give the smaller one to your brother."

James examined the cakes carefully, appeared undecided, and finally took an heroic bite out of one of them, which he passed over to his brother, with the remark:—

"There, Tommy, I've made you a smaller one; they were both the same size."

STRANGER: "Why were you fighting with that boy?"

URCHIN: "'Cause I knew I could lick 'im."

LANCE (aged five—waking up)—Oh, it was a lovely dream! I was at a beautiful party, and there were lots of little boys, and I dreamt——

OSWALD (aged four, anxiously)—Was I there, Lance? (Lance shakes his head.) Boohoo! Boohoo!

"MR. GREEN," said little Tommy at the tea table, "my sister Edith thinks you are the nicest and cleverest young man she has ever met." "Now, Tommy," said mamma, severely, "you mustn't repeat things you hear your sister say in that way." "Oh, but," said Tommy, "Edith promised me a penny if I told Mr. Green."

A LITTLE girl disputing with her uncle about the relative durability of modern houses and ancient ones, she being in favour of the most venerable architecture, clinched the matter by triumphantly demanding: "Well, uncle, just show me a modern house that has stood as long as some of the ancient ones, if you can!"



A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN AT KILDONAN OF MR. AND MRS. HOERTEL'S CHILDREN PLAYING WITH THEIR DOG

The Case of the Bubbling Well Burglaries

No. 2.—VISIT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES TO SHANGHAI

“WITH the little interests of a far-off place like this” I remarked to Holmes, “it is surprising that men of the type of some we have met continue to live here year after year.” Holmes replied that the next best thing to being nobody in London was to be somebody anywhere. However, notwithstanding these somewhat caustic comments there is no doubt that Holmes found the busy little Metropolis intensely interesting. It was a place after his heart; teeming with all shades of crime. The ever fluctuating state of the currency reduced even the level headed merchants to a huge vortex of gamblers, as was evidenced by the number of bullion brokers to be seen dashing about the business area. It is curious that the merchant may defer “settling” his £50,000 on the chance of a rise in the value of silver; but he must not hear of his clerk putting a modest \$5 on the black or the red at the local Monte Carlo; amusingly arbitrary as is the difference in principle.

The original idea of making our excursion a pure vacation had been quite dissipated. Holmes’ active brain and the unfortunate disclosure of his identity had combined to render our stay in the Far East anything but a loaf. As far as I was concerned the collection of a number of native drugs for future experiment and investigation kept me fully employed during the day; and as Holmes had speedily become the social lion of the moment we soon found that our time was fully occupied.

Holmes furnished enough material every day for a dozen pages of interesting matter by the mere casual application of his talents in our daily routine. I arose one morning to find that my companion had been already astir. It appeared that he had gone to the Shanghai Race Club. The Spring meeting was just about to be held; though what appealed to Holmes at that particular institution it is difficult to say. It could not have been the class of man that one usually associates with race-courses; for the Shanghai course was a mothers’ meeting compared to Epsom. Neither could it have been a hope that he would be able to apply his deductive methods to the China pony and pick out all the winners. In this connection, by the bye, I have often wondered if the punting public ever pause to think how very small their chances are of winning in the long-run. We will say that ten men walk on to the course with \$100 each in their pockets, and for the sake of easy calculation that they put the whole of their money into the pari-mutuel every time. After the first race there will be only \$900 to be divided between them, the pari-mutuel having taken its 10 per cent. After the tenth race there will be only a little over \$387; the pari-mutuel having absorbed nearly \$613. But I am wandering very much away from my story.

After writing a short letter to my wife I strolled over to the post-office to post it in time for the Siberian mail and on returning found Holmes awaiting me to join him at breakfast.

"Really Watson," he began, "you would get much more out of life by rising earlier; it was simply glorious on the Race Course this morning. You did not leave your bed until twenty-five minutes after seven; and with the exception of writing a brief note to your wife a visit to the post-office is all you have accomplished."

"Have you already analysed the local street mud?" I asked.

"Oh no! You left the local mail list on the blotting pad in the reading-room, which informed you that the mail for Europe would close at 8.45. Your unmistakable flourish on the blotting paper, which was hardly dry, showed me that you had been the last to use the desk; and you certainly had no time for a long letter."

"But how can you possibly state the exact time I got out of bed?"

"My dear Watson, so many years of acquaintance with you and your habits must count for something. The very first thing you do on rising is to light your spirit lamp. You then get into your bath, and by the time you are through with your ablutions your shaving water is just on the boil. You then pour it into your jug and shave. Your bath-room thermometer gave me the temperature to which this had cooled; and given the temperature of the room, the calculation is a simple one."

The incident which I am about to relate owed its solution to a suspicion which Holmes had formed through the application of his keen and unrelaxed insight into every single thing that came under his notice.

We were dining one evening at the house of a retired solicitor, a Mr. John Ridsdale. After dinner, Holmes, who had been requested to bring his violin with him, was asked to play a piece. One of the Miss Ridsdales, it appeared, was an accomplished musician, for she sat down fearlessly at the piano with a complicated piece of

Sarasate's which Holmes had handed to her for accompaniment. We were to be disappointed however, for no sooner had this young lady given Holmes the A than there was a report like the crack of a rifle and Holmes' A string was gone. Holmes could only express his sorrow at having no spare strings in his case; but immediately interested the company with some of his anecdotes and experiences. So much so indeed that music was entirely forgotten until we came to take our leave.

I did not attach any importance to the incident at the time; but events will show how blind we really are and what a lot escapes us although spread out before our very eyes like a tableau, would we but develop our thoughts to work more deeply in conjunction with those organs.

For some days the newspapers had been graphic in their accounts of a series of burglaries that had been committed in the vicinity of the Bubbling Well Road. Houses had been broken into and safes rifled in a most scientific manner. So cleverly had these robberies been made that all suspicion against the Chinese was disposed of. Amongst other places the office of the Race Club had been entered and the door of the safe literally blown off with a high explosive; every crack and cranny in doors, windows and fire-place being carefully pasted up with paper so that very little of the sound of the report would escape.

But I was not prepared for the surprise which awaited me when I got down to breakfast two days after our visit to the Ridsdales. Holmes handed me a copy of the "North-China Daily News" with his finger on the heading: "Another daring burglary, Mr. J. Ridsdale's house broken into." The report went on to give an account of how the small safe, built into the wall and made by Millwood, had been practically treated with contempt by this

clever scoundrel in spite of the fact that it was lined with boiler-plate and had a door of steel and iron; with a wrought-iron grill-door inside.

"We will just trot along to the Ridsdales after breakfast Watson; and see if we can be of any assistance to them," said Holmes.

Holmes had to go alone, however, as I had an appointment at the Nursing Home at ten, to witness part of an interesting operation to be performed by Dr. Jackwell. This consisted of the removal of a malignant growth in the peritoneum of a young policeman, by means of radium.

I had no sooner returned to our private sitting-room at the Astor House and was asking Holmes what success he had had, than the local head of the police, Lieut.-Col. Howe de Deuce was announced.

"Mr. Holmes" he said, I hear you have been at the Ridsdales this morning. I should be awfully obliged if you could give us some hint that would put us on the track of this impudent modern burglar. Beyond the fact that he seems to be well acquainted with the houses he visits we have been able to discover nothing. I have had all the bridges watched and also the street ends leading from the Bubbling Well Road, all night long for the past fortnight; and every suspicious-looking character shadowed; but without result. May I ask if you have formed any opinion of the case?"

"I believe the man is at this moment being arrested" replied Holmes. You will find his address on the front page of the "North-China Daily News." I shall be

delighted to furnish you with such evidence as will secure you a conviction, if indeed your men have not already found sufficient in the form of 'swag' at this beauty's house."

Howe de Deuce's monocle and bottom jaw dropped in sheer astonishment at this theatrical piece of information. "I er—hope you have got the right man?" he stammered. "Not a ghost of a doubt of it" said Holmes. "Join us at tiffin and I will tell you all about him."

"This man is advertising himself in the morning paper as 'William Jasper, piano tuner; ten years with Brinswood & Collmead.' We were dining with the Ridsdales on Tuesday evening; and for the second time this week I found a piano that had been recently tuned by a man who had not the faintest elementary notion of the work. Believe me Colonel Deuce, I had to break a fiddle string in one case, in order to escape playing to an instrument which would have shattered my nerves in two minutes solar time, so 'wavy' were the notes. When your newspaper announced that these two houses had been burgled the connection between the piano tuner and the scientific cracksman at once suggested itself. I found seven thumb impressions on the polish of the 'bottom door' of the piano at Ridsdales this morning, which were duplicated exactly by some on the door of the broken safe. You are welcome to these which I have prepared. I cannot think why such an up-to-date artist neglected to work in gloves.

DOYLAND CONE.



SUMMING UP

A CHINAMAN thus describes a trial in our courts: "One man is silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

PICTORIAL PAGES

FROM OTHER PARTS OF CHINA

THE following snap-shots of Sport and Pastimes during the past season have been sent to us from Tientsin:—

SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN AT THE CAMERON SPORTS



Photo

Le Munyon

BAYONET FIGHTING. AFTER EXCITING CONTEST THE CAMERONS WON THE TWO FIRST PRIZES, AND A GERMAN "TOMMIE" SECOND. THE JAPANESE WERE VERY QUICK AND CLEVER



Photo

Le Munyon

NORTH CHINA SPORTS CLUB RELAY TEAM WHO WON AT THE CAMERON SPORTS
From Left to Right: K. M. BRYSON, H. E. REDMOND, R. H. CHANDLESS, W. KILBY AND K. RESSELL



Photo by Le Munyon

THE GERMAN TEAM PULLING OVER THE JAPANESE WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY "RUN AWAY" WITH THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS' TEAM TO THE GREAT SURPRISE OF EVERYONE. TEAMS HAD TO BE AN AVERAGE WEIGHT OF 140-LB.

Photo by Le Munyon

TOSSING THE CABOR,
SERGEANT ROBERTSON DOES WELL.

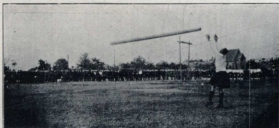
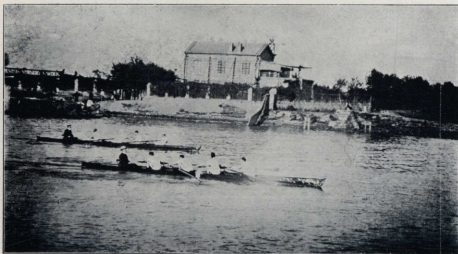


Photo by Le Munyon

THE PRIZES GUARDED BY
TWO. "TOMMIES"

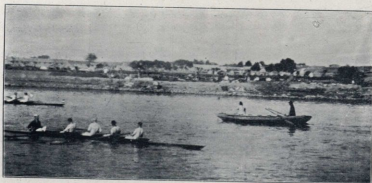
SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN AT THE REGATTA



Photo

Le Munyon

THE HEAVY FOURS, WON BY MR. RODING'S FOUR AFTER THEY HAD LED ALMOST TO THE WINNING POST

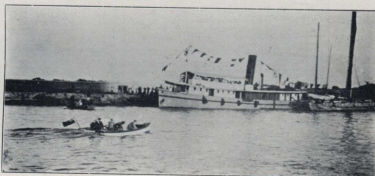


Photo

Le Munnyon

FINISH OF THE FINAL INTERNATIONAL FOURS—ENGLAND BEAT SCOTLAND EASILY.

THE SCOTCH TEAM WERE OFFICERS OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS



Photo

MOTOR-BOAT RACE

Le Munnyon



Photo

Le Munnyon

THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL FOURS—IRELAND AND SCOTLAND. THE

IRISH, NEXT TO THE LAUNCH, HAD A GOOD LEAD WHEN NO. 2

BROKE HIS CHOCK, AND THE RACE WAS GIVEN UP





Photo by Le Munyon

DEPARTURE OF
TIME-EXPIRED
TROOPS AT TIEN-
TSIN. THE BAND
OF THE CAMERONS
PLAYING "AULD
LANG SYNE."

Photo by Le Munyon

ADMIRAL LAM-
TON INSPECTING THE
"GUARD OF HON-
OUR" AT RAILWAY
STATION. CAPTAIN
CAMPBELL AND
GENERAL WATER-
HOUSE BEHIND. LIEUT.
METHUEN IS HOLD-
ING THE REGIMEN-
TAL COLOURS.

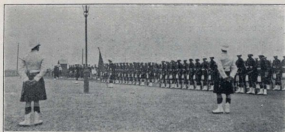


Photo by Le Munyon

A GROUP OF HIGHLANDERS

GUARD OF HONOUR RETURNING
TO BARRACKS





WINE AND



WALNUTS



Too Late

Scene: Drawing room in a Bubbling Well villa.

Dramatis personæ: A couple of young ladies, bosom friends.

"My dearest Nelly, I could not rest until I had come and made an effort to dispel the gloomy thoughts, which, to judge from your letter of yesterday, threatened to develop into suicidal mania. 'Tis true Alfred has jilted you—the wretch—still, try to act like a sensible girl, and look out for another to take his place."

"Your advice comes too late, darling."

"Good gracious, Nelly, you surely haven't taken poison?"

"Well, n—n—no, but the fact is, I—I became engaged again yesterday."



One of a Thousand

"MR. DESKER," remarked the head of the firm of Getmuch and Givelittle, the other day to his head clerk, "I think you might give that junior clerk five dollars more a month. He is one of a thousand. Why, I noticed this morning, when those volunteers went by with their bands playing that boy was the only one in the office who didn't leave his desk and rush to the window."

Therefore on the very next pay-night, the heart of the junior was touched with an additional sum, but the manager being a conscientious individual thought it well to tell the lad of the special act which had touched the heart and purse-strings of Mr. Getmuch.

"Volunteers," reiterated the boy, when the manager had finished his narrative. "Did some volunteers go by?"

"Yes," responded the manager, "didn't you hear the bands and the shouting and tramping?"

"No, sir," replied the youngster, somewhat dolefully. "I'm very deaf, you know."



Overheard one morning in the Tramcar

PASSENGER who has hurriedly boarded the car: "I say, Conductor, I want to go to Bubbling Well, is this my car?"

CONDUCTOR: "This no belong your car, Master, this car belong Shanghai Tramway Company."

PASSENGER: "Yes, yes, but I mean, is this car for Bubbling Well?"

CONDUCTOR: "No, this car belong for passengerman."



He Gave the Reason.

UNCLE SILAS, an inveterate horse-dealer, was one day called upon by an amateur in search of "something fast."

"There," said Uncle S., pointing to an animal in a meadow below the house, "there, sir, is a mare yonder who would trot her mile in three minutes were it not for one thing."

"Indeed!" said the amateur.

"Yes," continued Uncle S.; "she was four years old last spring, is in good condition, looks well, and is a first-rate mare, and she could go a mile in three minutes were it not for one thing!"

"What is it?" was the query.

"That mare," resumed Uncle S., "is in every way a good mare; she trots square and fair, and yet there is one thing only why she can't go a mile in three minutes."

"What in the name of thunder is it, then?" cried the amateur, impatiently.

"The distance is too great for the time," was the old man's reply.

A Gifted Telephone

AMONG the blessings following in the train of foreign devils in China is the telephone. One such instrument was being installed in a building in Peking. Among the bystanders was a Chinese official. He was asked if he would like to try it. A Chinaman was called up at the other end, and the two put in connection. Great was the amazement of the dignified Oriental as he listened and he exclaimed excitedly, "Why, this machine was only put into the wall yesterday and it can talk Chinese already!"



Hard on the Choir

A WOMAN member of a Shanghai church had gone to her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbours.

"Do you know," she said, "that the man in the pew behind ours destroys all my devotional feelings when he tries to sing? Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?"

"Well," answered the pastor reflectively, "I feel a little delicacy on that score, especially as I should have to give a reason. But I tell you what I might do—I might ask him to join the choir!"



Heard at an A. D. C. Rehearsal

WHAT a very thin voice that girl has!

Thin? Why, it's so thin she ought to sing all her music in a skeleton key.



He Didn't Mind

BIGGS: "That man Dobbs is going around telling lies about you."

BOGGS: "I don't mind that, but if he begins to tell the truth I'll break his neck."



The Reason

HARRY: "Blanche says she has insuperable reasons for remaining single."

HORACE: "Yes, I know what they are."

HARRY: "Then she has told you?"

HORACE: "No; but I have seen her."

Ordered!

A VILLAGE doctor meeting a prominent member of the church who boasted of his teetotalism, resolved to put him to the test.

So he ordered him into an hotel, and ordered two glasses of whisky.

After they had drunk it, and two or three more at the doctor's expense, the doctor, thinking he had him, asked:

"How does this square with your teetotal pretensions, John?"

"Weel, sir," answered John with a quiet smile, "there's nobody can say anything to me for drinking this anyway, for I can just say it was ordered for me by my doctor!"



A Sailor at See

A SHARP-WITTED youth who had recently entered the service as a sailor was sent aloft to see if he could discern a light. After being up in the rigging for a few minutes he suddenly cried out, "Captain! captain! I see a light." "You do; what light do you see?" "Please, sir, I see *day-light*." He was quickly ordered to descend to the deck.



A Dear Friend

I HEAR yer frien' Tamson's marriet again. Ay, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three waddin' presents an' twa wreaths.



A Final Decision

MISS SINGER—"I wonder if that rich uncle of mine remembered me when he made his will? I used to sing to him."

MR. LAW—"He must have; he hasn't left you anything."



A Give-Away

THE LEADING MAN—"It's hard for a person to forget the past."

THE INGENUE—"That's so. I've often noticed that you side-step involuntarily when a bouquet is suddenly thrown at you!"



Garden Notes



MARCH

THIS is rather a treacherous month as regards weather, several fine and even hot days are experienced in the early part of the month as a rule, and this may induce some gardeners to think that the winter is over, but it is never safe to unhouse sago palms, aloes and other fairly hardy plants until after the third week; snow storms having occurred as late as this; it is also rather a wet month, though in 1902 the dry weather lasted from October to the end of March and everything looked very parched for want of rain; there was no water in most of the creeks or ditches, and a great many plants suffered from the prolonged drought, this was followed by almost continuous rain in April, but the season was not a healthy one for the residents.

Hyacinths and Tulips come into bloom and require attention; each flower should be tied to a small stick, and they will last a fortnight or so provided they are not spoilt by too much rain.

Primroses, Polyanthus, these are also well forward, and continue in bloom for some weeks.

Sweet Peas if sown early in March, will sprout readily, flowering in June, unfortunately they do not last very long, and like a good many other plants, if highly manured, they go off much quicker under the sun's rays; they also quickly lose their delicious scent; if not allowed to run to seed, they will continue longer in flower.

Cherry and Plum Trees are in full blossom about the middle of the month or earlier if weather is open; all the shrubs



Photo

D. MacGregor

A SNAP-SHOT OF ORCHIDS IN THE MUNICIPAL CONSERVATORY

are also in full bud, but this also depends upon the weather; in 1903, 1904, and 1906 there were unusually late spring and everything was a fortnight or three weeks later than usual.

Bananas can be released from their straw covers towards the end of the month.

Frames.—If these are cleared of the hardier plants, unscrew the lids and put them under cover, after being washed down; all tubs and flower stands should have a coat of paint and other things generally smartened up.

Every advantage should be taken of fine bright days to give all the plants as much fresh air as possible, standing the pots in the open air and returning them at night; this will entail considerable labour on the gardeners, but it is preferable to allowing them to sit still and discuss the price of cash and rice. March is also a good month to look over trees and shrubs, cutting away the dead wood and long ragged sprays; this work should be continued after the trees begin to bud as before they come into leaf, it is impossible, especially in such trees as tallows, to detect all the dead wood, which if not removed is continually being blown down, and makes a garden look very untidy, besides spoiling the appearance of the trees; it is advisable to purchase a standard tree pruner with a long handle to reach from eight to twelve feet (see Sutton's catalogue of garden implements No. 74) as it is impossible to reach some small branches with the ordinary step-ladder.

This is also a good month in which to move shrubs and young trees, all such work being completed by the end of the month, all lawns should be weeded and rolled.

Camelias.—Hangchow wild camelias look very well in shrubberies, and should be procured if possible; they should not be planted in very exposed situations.

Young trees should be collected in March or April and be planted in a reserve garden in clumps if space admits: not too close to each other—they will then be ready to be moved into permanent places in following year.

A visit to the various tree nurseries that have been planted by the Municipal Council will show what kinds are most suitable, and how they should be grown: as an immense quantity are required for the public roads, etc., and time is not of any importance, most of these trees have been raised from seed, but the ordinary person who only requires a few at a time would do better to purchase young trees a few years old.

Paulonia.—Another handsome tree, a native of Japan, growing to a large size and bearing in the spring light lilac flowers.

Soap Trees.—These are known as above, from the fact that the seeds are used by the Chinese for soap: they grow to a large size and have very sharp thorns on the stem, which should be carefully removed, up to a good height, as they are very dangerous: the thorn if hard, should be burnt, not thrown carelessly away as they have been known to pierce the feet of the coolies.

Transplanting.—This operation should be conducted under the personal supervision of the owner, if left to the native they will cut the roots too close to lessen the weight to be carried: transplanting had better not be done in dry or in very frosty weather. A difference of opinion exists as to whether trees should be moved before or after the winter: both have been successful, the balance of opinion bring in favour of before the winter, but if left till after the cold weather, March should be the latest and before the sap begins to mount. Young saplings can be moved as soon as they shed their leaves in the autumn, and this allows more time in the spring for other operations: young newly-planted

trees should be protected with stakes and straw, if the stems are sufficiently big they can be bound round for about four feet with straw ropes to keep off the frost.

The actual moving of the tree itself depends so much upon its size that some judgment has to be brought to bear as to the method of moving it: speaking broadly any tree which has a stem thicker than a man's arm does not bear moving well, as the tendency of trees in Shanghai is to throw out very long roots near the surface, which have to be cut off, unless they are specially grown in a nursery for transplanting purposes, when they can be annually shifted: when digging out the trees as large a ball should be left as possible: the new position it has to occupy should be dug down about three feet and part of the hole filled in with good compost or old stable manure: the earth should be rammed round the ball as soon as it is properly placed, and water should be given daily if the weather is dry: whenever it is possible, plant trees on raised ground, as otherwise the roots soon get down to the wet soil and many trees are injured by getting into water. Care also should be exercised not to plant trees where they shade flower beds, many gardens and lawns are ruined

through their close proximity to trees, which although ornamental do not allow flowers of grass to thrive under their branches: the roots of large trees work up into the best soil, and rob it of all its virtues, completely matting it with their roots.

Never plant a tree with the borers in it, a satisfactory result will never be obtained from such a specimen, good straight young trees can always be got, and will amply repay a little extra trouble in their selection.

If it is desired to move a large fir, magnolia or any good trees of that description, dig a trench three or four feet deep and about four feet from the stem all round the tree in the summer, cutting some of the roots: then fill in the earth again and leave the tree till March, when the trench can then be re-opened and the tree dug up: by this means a lot of young roots will have formed in the ball and will not be disturbed when the final move is made.

All trees, but especially young ashes and tallows, should be staked for the first two or three years. The weight of the head leaves, or exposure to wind, causes the young saplings to bend down; tallow trees are much given to growing up crooked from want of proper attention while young.



AN ESSAY ON GIRLS

By A BOY

"THERE are two sorts of children, boys and girls, and of the two boys are the best. Girls cause all the rows and quarrels. They think they are wonderful if they can get a bird's feather stuck in their hat. They are proud and vain and are always gossiping and making mischief. I simply hate them. They boast of what they can do: this, that, and the other and a fat lot it is when it comes to the put. If there were no girls and women in the world, it would be a very peaceful place. They love to sit and rest. Girls do vary from day to day. On washing days they think they are nearly killed. They would rather gossip half a day than walk half a mile. It's no good, they are a bad race and deceitful. If your wife sells anything she keeps a shilling back. Girls like to wear rings and think they are ladies. They bob their hair on the top like mountains and wears a fringe to make us boys think they are pretty, but ain't they just deceived. The young men have a hard job to find a good and hardworking wife in these days. Girls are cowards and I never knew one to face danger. Boys are also strong and useful while girls are timid, frightened weak little creatures. I would not be a girl for £10."

A Page of Chinkiang Photos

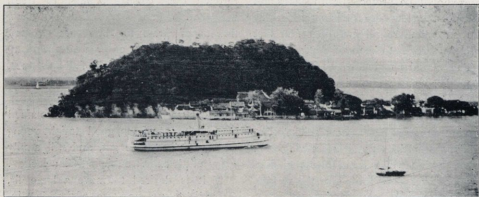


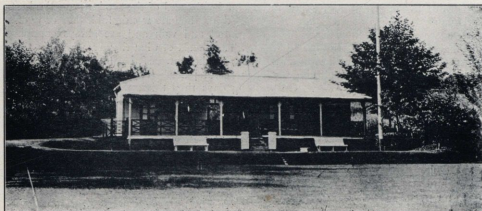
Photo S.S. "MEILEE" PASSING BETWEEN SILVER ISLAND AND CHINKIANG T. W. Bowers



Photo

GOLDEN ISLAND, CHINKIANG

T. W. Bowers



Photo

VICTORIA PARK PAVILION, CHINKIANG

T. W. Bowers

Chinese Religious Procession

WE give in this number several pictures of the last time-honoured Chinese religious procession held in Hongkong a couple of years ago as it wended its way through the principal thoroughfares of that Colony, taking over



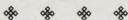
trouble to the Police owing to the large number of bad characters who came from Canton to view it, availing themselves of the cheap fare offered by the river steamers. The climax came some fifteen years ago when so much blood was shed that the military had to be called out to quell the disturbance. After this the Hongkong Government had strictly forbidden these

two hours to pass a given point. At one time these processions were an annual feature organized by the Temple in Hollywood Road—a veritable landmark in Hongkong—and were a constant source of



processions until two years ago when on the petition of all the native guilds in Hongkong alleging that in order to cease

the annual recurrence of the plague the gods required to be propitiated by a procession, permission was at last given and the Chinese got up an extra gorgeous affair with two dragons, a gold and a silver one. However the plague is as virulent as ever.



S. M. S. "Leopard," Austro-Hungarian Cruiser

LIST OF OFFICERS

Captain Baron M. G. Meyern-Hohenberg.

Lieutenant T. Kubelka.

„ Baron W. Marschall.

„ A. Spiess v. Braccioforte.

„ K. Luppis.

Surgeon Dr. D. Bozóky.

Chief-Engineer W. de Lombardo.

Paymaster V. Kristan.

Lieutenant R. Vio.

„ R. Maxon de Rövid.

Lieutenant H. Ockermüller.

Sub-Lieutenant R. Schlacht.

„ V. Budisavljević v. Priedor

„ K. Cerri.

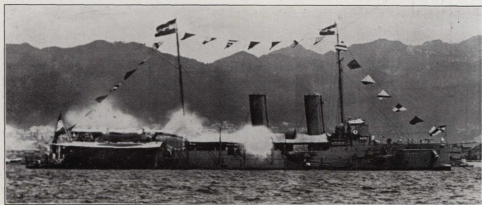
„ O. v. Zopa.

„ T. Toncich.

„ F. Katziantschitz.

„ H. Fleck v. Falkhausen.

„ O. Kasseroller.



SPRING IN FOHKIEN

By A. Moy

LABURNUM's golden glory,
The cooing of the dove,
The red, red leaves of the guava trees,
And the bright blue sky above.
The bearded corn is waving
In swathes of tarnished gold,
Until the blue-clad peasantry
Shall claim it for the fold ;
The banks are bright with flowers,
Shamrock and celandine,
With spiky purple thistle's bloom
And matted eglantine ;
The sun is warmly blazing,
The breeze is fresh and sweet,
And the pathway's side is broidery
With violets at our feet.
There's a pimpernel of blue
As deep as my Love's een,
And the bitter breath of the pine's clean
scent
Is borne to the senses keen ;
The lilac's purple sheaves,
On the heaving uplands red,
Are the eyes of a million flow'rs
Whose blood on the soil is shed ;
Below the little brook
Dark brown and clear flows by,
Its banks are ferns and greenery,
Its deepest breath a sigh.

The hills bow to the lake,
And mirror their image there,
As they dreaming pass their days
away,
To the crooning of the weir,
A wheeling shadow swings,
The hawks are in the sky,
But the lark on ground or air sings on
"Tis spring and the hawks pass by ;
And here and there a thicket,
Bamboo and palm and pine
Will whisper of ten thousand loves,
Guarded and gone long syne,
Out on the sea afar
Where many marvels be ;
The russet sails of the junks fare on
To the land of Arcady ;
And sun-kissed smiling islands,
Purpled in mist float far,
With a glint of white from shining
sands,
Where the boats and the fishermen are ;
The land is rich in sorcery ;
The earth is grey and old ;
And Spring's a wild-eyed wanton witch
Who has covered all with gold.
How fare ye then in England ?
Is the rain still cold and drear ?
For it's oh ! to be in China
Now that April's here.

(All Rights Reserved.)

Shanghai Volunteer Corps

Annual Training—1909

ANNUAL TRAINING.—The Annual Training will commence, for Mounted Units, on Monday, the 8th March, and for Dismounted Units, on Saturday, 20th March, and will terminate, for all units, on the 24th April.

COMMANDANT'S PARADES.—There will be Commandant's Parades on the 20th and 27th March, the 3rd and 17th April. Time and place will be notified in Corps Orders.

INSPECTION PARADE.—The Annual Inspection will be made on 24th April.

the Portuguese Company in the British Consular Compound, and the Chinese Company on the Recreation Ground.

Should weather interfere with outdoor work the "No Parade" Flag will be hoisted at the S.V.C. Headquarters, the P. & O. Flagstaff, the Customs' Signal Station, Pootung, the Hongkew Fire Signal Station, and the Race Club, when units will parade as follows:—Light Horse and M.I. at the Riding School, Artillery at the Gunshed, Maxims and Infantry Battalion at the Town Hall.



Photo

A GROUP OF MOUNTED VOLUNTEERS

D. Salow

CHURCH PARADE.—The Annual Church Parade will take place on the 25th April, the second Sunday after Easter.

PARADES.—Units will parade daily under the orders of their Commanders, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

PLACE OF PARADE.—The Light Horse will parade on the Polo Ground, the Artillery at the Gunshed, the Maxim Company in the Town Hall, the Mounted Infantry at the Widow's Monument, "A" Company on the ground in front of the Golf Club, "B," the German and Japanese Companies on the Bund Foreshore, the Customs Company in the Shanghai Public School Compound, the American Company in the Town Hall,

BATTALION PARADES. — On Tuesdays the Infantry Battalion will parade on the Recreation Ground, at 5.45 p.m., for battalion drill under the Corps Adjutant: subaltern officers to attend; and on Fridays at the same time and place under the O.C. Infantry Battalion, when all Officers will attend. *Dress: Drill Order.*

TOWN HALL. — The Town Hall is reserved exclusively for the Light Horse on Wednesday at 5.30 p.m.

EVENING DRILLS.—There will be evening drills in the Town Hall on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9 p.m., when one of the Orderly Room staff will attend: on these days there will, in addition, be

practice for 3rd class shots at the miniature range in the Gymnasium. *Dress: Officers and Instructors, Drill Order; remainder, plain clothes.* Other evening drills will be under unit arrangements.

BUGLERS.—Buglers and Trumpeters will parade for practice at 5.30 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays in the Town Hall, and on Wednesdays in the Gymnasium.

SIGNALLERS.—Signallers will parade daily at 5.30 p.m., under the orders of the Sergeant in Charge.

RIDING SCHOOL.—Light Horse: Wednesdays and Fridays. Mounted Infantry: Mondays and Thursdays. Artillery: Tuesdays and Fridays at 9 p.m.

CAMPS.—The Rifle Range is reserved for the Light Horse Camp, and the Riding School for that of the Maxim Co., M. I., "A" Co., German and American Companies from the 8th to 12th April inclusive.

DRILLS.—Two evening drills count as one afternoon drill, two afternoon drills as one parade.

NOTES

In order to make the Annual Training more systematic and instructive, it is hoped that the following hints may be useful as a guide to Unit Commanders, in addition to actual drills.

Efforts should be directed mainly towards developing Individuality and Decentralisation, especially during the Annual Training. The course may well be summarised under the following five main heads, so far as may be applicable to local conditions:—

- 1.—Fire Discipline.
- 2.—Protection on the march.
- 3.—Protection halted.
- 4.—Field Works.
- 5.—The Unit in action in attack or in defence.

Each of these may be further subdivided as under:—

1.—Fire Discipline.

First Stage: In Sections. Musketry Drills: adjusting sights; power and tactical value of the rifle. Fire the prime factor in war; and the increased effect of fire when directed with tactical skill.

Second Stage: The Company as a Unit; chain of Command: tactical application of fire.

2.—Protection on the march.

First Stage: Individual training of men as scouts and skirmishers; judging distance; passing back all information. Observation without reporting is useless.

Second Stage: Practical training of the Company in Advanced, Rear, and Flank Guards, as far as local conditions may require.

3.—Protection halted (i.e., outposts, etc.)

First Stage: Individual training of the men in their duties as sentries, patrols, etc. The duties of Outposts are Reconnaissance and Resistance.

Second Stage: Practical training of the Company by simple local schemes.

4.—Field Works.

First Stage: Individual training in use of simple tools, use of cover, hasty construction of obstacles and barricades, penetration of the bullet, hasty demolitions.

Second Stage: Practical training of the Company by simple local schemes, combined with subjects under other heads.

5.—The Unit in Action.

First Stage: Drill, elementary fighting formations, skirmishing, signals, use of the bayonet, street-fighting.

Second Stage: Attack and defence of small areas or positions, and the general combination of all heads.

Should Unit Commanders desire assistance in any particular portion of their Training I hope they will communicate with me.

A. A. S. BARNES, Major,
Commandant S.V.C.

Shanghai, 1st March, 1909.

Standing Order No. 53.

Standard of Individual Efficiency

Light Horse

DRILL.—During the year—

Mounted - - - - - 16

Mounted drill for 2-year efficient or more may be decreased at the discretion of O.C. Light Horse.

Dismounted—

Recruits - - - - - 6

1-year efficient - - - - - 4

2-year efficient or more - - - 2

C.O.'s Parades, one of which must be the Inspection, unless special leave of absence is obtained - - - 3

Be certified by the O.C. the Squadron as possessing a competent knowledge of the Carbine and Firing Exercises.

N.B.—Recruits are required to go through Riding School and be dismissed by the Sergeant-Major before their drills begin to count.

MUSKETRY.—Whatever course may from time to time be ordered.

Artillery

DRILL.—During the year—

Gun drills - - - - - 6

Foot parades - - - - - 6

C.O.'s parades, *vide* before - - 3

Since last Inspection, gun practices 3

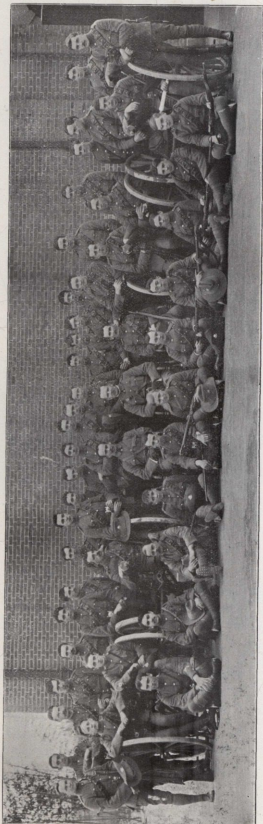
Be certified by the O.C. the Battery as possessing a competent knowledge of Rifle and Firing Exercises.

Efficients of the previous year who attend eight drills and three parades during the Training may count drills attended during the off-season as Gun Drills or Foot Parades as required.

GUNNERY.—To be certified by the O.C. the Battery as possessing a knowledge of the rudiments of theoretical gunnery and of the ammunition used in the Battery.

MUSKETRY.—Whatever course may from time to time be ordered for the Infantry.

DRIVERS to be tested during the training in such a manner as the Commandant may appoint.



SOME MAXIM GUNNERS

INFANTRY

Mounted Infantry

DRILL.—During the year—	
Mounted drills - - - - -	10
Dismounted drills - - - - -	6
Remainder of course as for Infantry.	

**"A," "B," Customs, Japanese, American,
Portuguese and Chinese Companies**

Company drills - - - - -	12
C.O.'s parades, <i>vide</i> before - -	3
Field training parades - - - - -	2

Be certified by the O.C. the Company as possessing a complete knowledge (a) Rifle and (b) Firing Exercises.

DRILL.—In case of men joining from the Army, Navy, or Auxiliary Forces with satisfactory Discharge Certificates and men who have been returned three times as first-class Efficients in the S. V. C., the number of Company drills is reduced to eight.

German Company.

Men joining from the German Army:—

DRILL.—During the year—	
1st year—Company drills -	} 8
2nd year— "	
3rd year— "	
C.O.'s parades, <i>vide</i> before -	3
After 3 years—Company drills	6
C.O.'s parades, <i>vide</i> before -	2

Be certified by the O.C. the Company as possessing a competent knowledge of (a) Rifle and (b) Firing Exercises.

MUSKETRY.—Whatever course may be from time to time ordered.

Men joining without previous Army Service:—

DRILL.—During the year—	
1st year—Company drills - - -	- 16
C.O.'s parades—as before -	3
2nd year—Company drills - - -	- 12
C.O.'s parades—as before -	3
3rd year—Company drills - - -	- 10
C.O.'s parades—as before -	3
4th and subsequent year—Company drills - - - - -	- 6
C.O.'s parades—as before -	2

Be certified by the O.C. the Company as possessing a competent knowledge of (a) Rifle and (b) Firing Exercises.

MUSKETRY.—Whatever course may be from time to time ordered.

Maxim Company

DRILL.—During the year—

	1st 3 years	3-year Efficients.
Gun drills - - - - -	10	6
Company drills - - - - -	8	6
C.O.'s parades - - - - -	2	2
Gun practises - - - - -	2	2

Be certified by the O.C. the Company as possessing a complete knowledge (a) Rifle and (b) Firing Exercises.

In case of men joining from the Army, Navy, or Auxiliary Forces with satisfactory Discharge Certificates and men who have been returned three times as first-class Efficients in the S.V.C., the number of Company drills is reduced to six.

GUNNERY.—Be certified by the O.C. the Company as possessing a fair knowledge of the rudiments of theoretical gunnery as regards the Maxim Gun.

MUSKETRY.—Parts I and II of the Annual Musketry Course.



FAMOUS DISPATCHES

NAPIER'S famous dispatch from India announced his victory in one word, "Peccavi," which is, by interpretation, "I have Scinde." Very much of the same kind was General de Bourmont's message to the French War Minister in 1830, when the Dey of Algiers escaped him after being taken. "Perdidi" Diem—"I have lost a Dey."

SYBIL'S REVENGE

AN EPISODE OF THE FAR EAST

By A. W. O. S.

THE P. & O. launch drew slowly alongside the jetty, crowded with people eagerly on the look out for friends or relations back from home. A girl standing alone on the upper deck of the launch eagerly searched the mass of upturned faces on the jetty. Her glance wandered from the jetty and its crowd to the Bund with its cool trees and grass and its strange mixture of Eastern and Western civilizations. So this was Shanghai at last. Shanghai, the letters which had been her greatest pleasure for three long years had been full of it.

"Well, Miss Grey, what do you think of it all? Not a bad-looking place is it?" The voice, that of one of her fellow travellers, brought her back to the present with a rush.

"You are going to an hotel I think you said. Shall I send the Astor House man to you? He will look after your luggage and everything. Well, good-bye, my friends are waiting for me and I'd better be getting ashore. Sure I can't do anything more for you," he turned back to say. "No? then good-bye again." What on earth was a young and pretty girl, most obviously a lady, and such a thoroughly nice one too, doing in Shanghai by herself, he wondered as he made his way on to the jetty. The problem, however, was quickly forgotten amidst the eager questions of his friends.

Left alone, Sybil Grey once more scanned the jetty to make sure that the man she so loved and longed to see was not there. It would spoil all the scene

through which it had been her habit to live during all these weeks of travel should they accidentally meet now. No, it was all right, he was not there. Half regretfully she turned away to make the necessary arrangements about her luggage. This done she got into a rickshaw and her human horse started off at a brisk pace for the hotel.

For a time she watched him anxiously as he skilfully threaded his way in and out of the mass of traffic of all kinds, smart carriages and motor-cars, the latest products of the West side by side with Chinese wheel-barrows and rickshaws so typical of the East.

But in spite of the interest of the East Sybil soon ceased to notice her surroundings, as for the hundredth time she thought over her plans. She would have tiffin (as she had learned to call lunch on the voyage) directly she reached the hotel and had taken a room. Two rooms of course! She must have a private sitting room as pretty as possible for the longed-for meeting. Directly after tiffin she would go to her room, unpack her trunks and don one of the prettiest of her new gowns. Then and not till then (or he might arrive before everything was quite ready) she would write him a note containing just these words on the Hotel paper. "I am here, your own Sybil."

What a surprise for him who thought her thousands of miles away. Then when he came she would tell him the joyful news about the legacy, how it would smoothe away all obstacles to their

marriage. It was a lovely plan. How glad she was she had come and could tell him about it herself and see his joy instead of tamely writing from home and waiting all those months for him to answer and tell her to come to him. But here was the hotel and she must awake to reality.

A good many people glanced at the girl as she entered the crowded dining-hall and took her seat at one of the small tables. She looked so young, so fresh, and so radiantly happy. On entering Sybil had noticed that the table behind her was empty. A moment afterwards she heard the voice she had come ten thousand miles to hear. She half turned, but oh! what was that voice saying?

"Darling, our first meal alone together." What did it mean? She couldn't have mistaken that voice and tone. There it was again, low but clear. "Let me fill your glass, dearest, you must drink to our future happiness." No, there was no mistake, it was *his* voice and it had shattered her happiness and her lovely plan with one utterance. It *was* a stupid plan then after all. She had known her friends at home would call it so and therefore had not told them; they had thought she was in France until they got her cable from Port Said. Well, they should never know how stupid it had been. Pride must help her. A movement at the next table. He was going. She pulled her veil down hastily and then glanced at the mirror on the opposite side of the room. Yes, there he was. If there had been a lurking hope in her heart that it was all a mistake and her plan still a possibility, it was gone now. She needn't have feared recognition, he was far too interested in the girl with him. How pretty she was! Yet Sybil herself was pretty—"even more than pretty" he had often said. Well, they were gone, and now what should she do? She must act, must do something to stave off this dread-

ful feeling of loneliness stealing over her. She had better go into the reading-room and think out some line of action. Anything to avoid being alone. As long as she was with people pride would help her, but alone—it was too terrible to think of.

Suddenly the remembrance of an advertisement for a governess she had seen in the paper brought on board the previous evening flashed through her mind. She would go and find the paper, drive to the address and ask the people to take her. The salary would not matter as she had the legacy, but she must have a home of some sort. The fact of being alone in Shanghai would be against her—of course, but she could give numbers of home references. At any rate it was no use to think of the difficulties, she must do something and this seemed the best. She glanced at the clock and decided she would go at once.

An hour later she returned to the hotel to fetch her belongings. Mrs. Belton, the lady who had advertised, was at her wit's end for a governess, and charmed by Sybil's manner, had decided to take the risk and engage her for a month.

Late that night Sybil was seated in a charmingly furnished bedroom with wide verandah looking on to a large garden. Now she could no longer put off the time for feeling and thought. Ever since that fateful tiffin (was it only tiffin time that same day? It already seemed to her that she always knows it,) she had rushed from one action to another, unpacking, helping Mrs. Belton, talking to her new pupils. But now the inmates of the house were all asleep, there was nothing further she could do to put off the dreaded realization. She must face the facts.

* * * *

Six months later Sybil was at a ball given by the Volunteer regiments of Shanghai. During these months she had never

once seen the man for whose sake she had come to the East. And this not because she had tried to avoid him. For after the first few weeks of acute pain and loneliness, the work of healing had commenced, and she had begun to think that she had really loved an imaginary man, one certainly very different from the real man who had so hurt and deceived her. This thought having once taken possession of her mind, the longing for revenge very quickly followed. This revenge she thought would be best achieved by demonstrating to her faithless lover how much others valued what he had rejected so carelessly. Certainly this ball would have been a rather good opportunity, Sybil reflected, as she stood on the steps of the raised dais at the end of the room.

Quite a crowd of men surrounded her, begging for dances and her programme had been full before she entered the room. Ah! why wasn't he here? That Sybil had not seen her faithless lover was not surprising since he had been away from Shanghai during the greater part of the six months and had returned only a week before the night of the dance.

During that week he had heard the praises of Mrs. Belton's new governess sung on all sides. She seemed to be a universal favourite with the men at any rate. He himself was feeling very sore and angry with the whole feminine sex,

as he had only left Shanghai a month when the girl for whom he had forsaken Sybil, had written breaking off her engagement. And Sybil herself, what had become of her? He could not imagine. All his letters to her had been returned unopened. He felt quite aggrieved, just when he was ready to be penitent and ask her to forgive his temporary disloyalty, there was this mystery and she seemed to have deserted him.

Sybil was still standing on the steps, surrounded by several of her men friends, when she heard a voice behind her.

"Miss Grey, may I introduce—?" She turned at the sound of her name and looked straight into the face of her old lover. Well, it had come, the desired moment, without any time for preparation she must make the most of it. Her eyes had dropped in confusion for a second; then she raised them and looked coldly and firmly at the newcomer.

"Thank you, the introduction is unnecessary, we have met before, but I do not care to renew the acquaintance."

The words fell amidst a dead silence and were distinctly heard, for Sybil's admirers had noticed something strange and had stopped their chat to listen. The man stood quite still for a moment almost as if he had not heard, then turned and walked away.

Sybil's revenge was accomplished.



A FAR-FETCHED CONCLUSION

A BOATMAN at Salcombe in Devonshire saw the word "Unique" and thought it would make a good name for a new boat that he was getting. His chum said to him "What do you call this, Bill?" "Why, U-Ni-Kee" he said. "Well, what do it mean?" "Why, you silly, that's the feminine of unicorn."

THE PAPER HUNT RACES

THE Paper Hunt Races this year were a great advancement on former years as regards the number of starters, and the interest displayed in them. Indeed, if we except the fact that less money changed hands than during the regular Race Meetings they were almost equal in every other respect to those

\$109.20 for *Yarmouth* in the "Pleasant Quarters" Cup. Quite a large number of jockeys took an active part in the racing for the first time, and the biggest field was in Hark Forrard Stakes when twenty-two ponies started, which is surely a record for the Paper Hunt Races. A great many spectators were present including



Photo

THE "JORROCKS" CUP—MR. LAURENCE ON DEFIANCE

W. Howell

interesting gatherings. The weather was fine and the course in excellent condition, but a stiff breeze met the riders in the home straight. The honours were wonderfully well divided, as no owner except Mr. Saxo Borussia won more than two races, and Mr. Burkill was the only jockey who came in first more than once. *Cotswold* who was the favourite for the Grand National came a cropper at the Grand Stand jump, and thus raised the dividend for those who had backed the winner *Chehalis* the second favourite. There were no starting dividends, the largest being

many of the fair sex. The stewards are to be heartily congratulated on the general arrangements which left nothing to be desired.



Photo

"TALLY HO" CUP—MR. A. CRIGHTON ON WORCESTER

W. Howell

Stewards:—Messrs. A. W. Burkill, Master;
C. D. Bruce, R. I. Fearon, D. W.
Crawford, D. Landale, F. Ellis and
S. W. Pratt.

Secretary:—Mr. A. W. Olsen.

1.—The Tunsin Plate

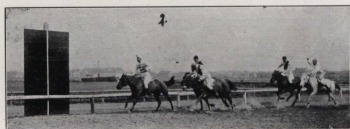
Mr. Saxo-Borussia's black <i>Theseus</i> , Mr. Moller	156—1
Mr. H. McGhee's ches. <i>Tennessee</i> , Mr. Gegg	159—2
Mr. H. S. Lindsay's brown <i>Angus</i> , Owner	152—3

4.—The Club Challenge Cup

Mr. C. R. Burkill's grey <i>Chehalis</i> , Owner	156—1
Mr. N. W. Hickling's grey <i>Maybury</i> , Mr. Spalse.....	156—2
Mr. W. Scott's grey <i>Maremma</i> , Mr. Laurence	156—3

5.—The "Pleasant Quarters" Cup

Mr. S. B. Hatfield's skew <i>Yarmouth</i> , Owner	157—1
Mr. David Landale's grey <i>Mongol King</i> , Mr. J. A. Hayes	157—2
Mr. G. D. Coutt's brown <i>Tip Top</i> , Mr. Laurence	157—3



Photo

W. Howell

1.—START OF THE TUNSIN PLATE

2.—FINISH OF TUNSIN PLATE—MR. MOLLER ON THESUS

2.—The "Jorlocks" Cup

Mr. G. D. Coutt's dun <i>Defiance</i> , Mr. Laurance	157—1
Mr. C. R. Burkill's grey <i>Huntsman</i> , Mr. C. R. Burkill.....	157—2
Mr. S. B. Hatfield's skew <i>Yarmouth</i> , Mr. Hatfield	157—3

3.—The "Tally Ho" Cup

Mr. C. R. Bennett's grey <i>Worcester</i> , Mr. A. C. Crighton	164—1
Messrs. W. E. Leveson and K. J. McEuen's grey <i>Buckingham</i> , Mr. Springfield	154—2
Mr. Geo. Dallas' skew <i>Umpqua</i> , Mr. C. R. Burkill	154—3

6.—The "Hung Jao" Plate

Mr. W. R. Lemarchand's grey <i>Pianola</i> , Mr. Alderton	154—1
Messrs. G. J. Ievers and E. H. Murphy's grey <i>Temeraire</i> , Mr. Ievers.....	154—2
Mr. W. B. Billingham's grey <i>Speedwell</i> , Mr. Laurence	134—3

7.—The Old Paper Hunter's Cup

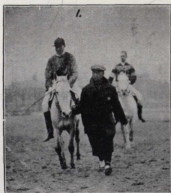
Mr. H. E. Morris' bl. <i>Coalfield</i> , Mr. C. R. Burkill	157—1
Mr. M. O. Springfield's cr. <i>La France Rose</i> , Mr. Springfield	157—2
Mr. David Landale's bay <i>Zetland</i> , Mr. J. A. Hays	157—3

8.—The Hark Forrad Stakes

Mr. T. E. Dunn's gr. <i>Sicawei</i> Chief,	
Mr. Railton	154—1
Mr. S. B. Hatfield's b. <i>Northern King</i> ,	
Owner	154—2
Messrs. Toeg and Speelman's ches. <i>Tay</i> ,	
Mr. J. A. Hays	154—3

9.—The Beef Stakes

Mr. Saxo-Borussia's <i>Jupiter</i> , Mr. Middle-	
ton	180—1
Mr. Lemarchand's gr. <i>Marbles</i> , Owner	180—2
Mr. David Landale's gr. <i>Mongol King</i> ,	
Mr. Hickling	180—3



Photo



W. Howell

- 1.—CLUB CHALLENGE CUP—MR. BURKILL ON CHEHALIS
2.—“PLEASANT QUARTERS” CUP—MR. HAYES UP

THE SHELL

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

Silent in the belted breech,
Peering thro' the rifled reach,
Waiting, while I scan the sea,
For a word to set me free.

As my eager eyes I strain,
Heaves in view a ship of Spain.
Hark! the wild alarums ring,
As the men to quarters spring;

Then the word of sharp command,
On the lanyard rests a hand,
“Fire!” From out the rifled core,
On the cannon's breath I soar.

Twice five hundred pounds of steel,
Where on high the eagles reel,
For my mark the nearing foe,
Messenger of death I go!

Hark! the shriek of unleashed hell!
’Tis the speech of shell to shell:
Brother, shall I kill or spare?
“Mark the faces blanching there!”

Brother, shall I strike or swerve?
“Death to them that death deserve!”
Mark the vessel onward come!
Mark the thirteen inch strike home.

Crash! I feel the steel clad ship
Split and stagger, rend and rip;
Then a shriek and then a hush,
As the dark'ning waters rush

Thro' the torn and gaping side
Of the foeman's hope and pride.
To the bottom of the sea
Go a thousand lives with me!

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

Marine Engineers' Fancy Dress Ball

AS the "China Weekly" which contained the following report of the Marine Engineers' Institute Fancy Dress Ball was sold out long before the demand for it was supplied, we reprint it in "Social Shanghai" along with an excellent photograph taken by Messrs. Denniston & Sullivan:—

"The thirty third series of dances given by the Marine Engineers' Institute terminated with a Fancy Dress Ball last Tuesday, and was attended with the usual success. The Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flags from the various steamers supplemented by a profusion of foliage, palms and plants, and the badge of the members, a propellor, was also utilized with excellent effect. Mr. Gavin Wallace the President was unfortunately not able to be present, but Mr. D. M. Griffiths was here and there and everywhere, and Mr. J. M. Robb as M.C. contributed much valuable service. Before the close of the Ball, Mr. Brodie Clarke who has spoken at nearly all the thirty-three final dances of each season, addressed a few happily-chosen words, which were suitably replied to by Mr. Robb.

"The gowns this year were exceedingly varied. One of the most distinctive was that of Mrs. Vine who appeared as The Duchess of Devonshire, in black velvet and a big black hat, another noticeable gown being an Incroyable, in white wig and gown and long pink coat, and the usual pretty hat of black velvet. Miss Moutrie looked very chic as The Girl of the Regiment, in a pretty pale blue costume faced with dark

red and gold, Miss Merrilees made a charming Dancing Girl, and Mrs. Shekury in white muslin and blue ribbons represented Bashful Fifteen. Had there been a prize given, Mrs. Thatcher would have taken it with a Scarecrow dress she had donned, which even had big tufts of real straw attached to it here and there, besides the usual ragged apparel. Several of the best characters I have already mentioned amongst the list of guests at the German Ball. Miss Mann in a becoming white wig and a black velvet Incroyable gown inscribed with good-luck wishes for 1909 looked exceedingly well, and the Empress Dowager was also noticeable. Miss Loam as Miss Willoughby of Quality Street looked well in a pretty pale blue gown trimmed with posies of violets, and Mrs. A. F. When looked charming as a French Doll in pale blue muslin. Miss J. Goodfellow as a Lampshade looked very artistic, and Miss Morrison in a smart black and red costume with very abbreviated skirts represented a pack of cards. Eight youths and maidens were all arrayed in the pretty black and white dresses of the "Follies" and very picturesque they looked. Mrs. Newman looked charming in a well-made Highland costume, another effective Scottish dress being worn by Miss McTavish, Mrs. McFarlane's gown was covered with big green grasshoppers, and Miss D. Roth represented "Insects." Mrs. Bowen appeared as a demure Quakeress, and Mrs. Dutton as Marguerite. Mrs. Richards was a very fetching looking Jack Tar and Mrs. Erskine came as "Night." Amongst

the gentlemen Mr. J. M. Robb as Uncle Tom was one of the best, and Mr. J. R. Johansen made an excellent clown. Dr. Devlin as Bill Taft was good and W. Lunt was noticeable as a Jester. Mr. T. H. Drakeford came as Dick Turpin, and Mr. Grey was an R. E. Non. Com. whilst Mr. Goetchel came as Jack Tar, Mr. K. W. Kargully made a fine "Wheelbarrow Coolie" and Mr. Jonas a picturesque Spanish Mountaineer. Mr. W. J. Brown came as Shylock, and Mr. H. M. Marshall made an excellent Negro Waiter. Mr. Stewart came as a well-developed baby girl, and Mr. K. Watson as a Cardinal, Mr. Nazer appeared as a girl, one side of his face and dress being white, whilst the other was black. Mr. Buyers indicated that he was a Cosmopolitan by decorating his evening dress with Flags of all Nations, Mr. Slowe looked most realistic as a Chinaman, and Mr. Haye made a capital Sikh."

Other noticeable characters were those adopted by the following ladies and gentlemen:—

Miss Hutchison - - - Pierrette
 „ Amy Boyd - - - Little American Girl
 Mrs. Matthews - - - Waiting Maid, 1800
 Miss Bloch - - - Rokkosa
 „ F. Bloch - - - Gypsy
 „ Campbell - - - "The Winds"
 Mrs. J. J. Petersen - - - Merry Widow
 Miss Wilkerson - - - Scottish Fishwife
 „ Gittens - - - "Poudre"
 „ Dove - - - Spanish Dancer
 „ Robinson - - - Puritan Maid
 „ R. Ellis - - - French Maid
 Mrs. Macfarlane - - - Grass-hopper
 „ Grey - - - Druidess
 „ Weinstock - - - Rough rider
 „ Hunt - - - Violets
 „ Horrocks - - - Lancashire Lass
 „ Robb - - - Sweet Seventeen
 „ Martin - - - Country Lass

Miss L. Goodfellow - Marguerite
 „ Ashley - - - Incroyable
 „ Mamie Ashley - Rainbow
 „ Heard - - - Parsee Lady
 „ Robertson - - - Jack Tar
 Mrs. L. Scott - - - Pierrette
 „ Colomb - - - Belle of Paris
 Miss L. Roth - - - Jockey
 Mrs. Arnott - - - Dutch Girl
 „ W. H. Jackson - Carnival
 Miss F. A. Richard - Lady of 16th century
 „ Hertzberg - - - Spanish dancer
 Mrs. Dutton - - - Marguerite
 „ Heard - - - Sweet Bess

* * *

C. H. Erskine - - - Quartermaster
 A. Sharp - - - "The Plumber"
 K. M. Campbell - - - Russian Consul
 G. W. Mitchell - - - Red Cavalier
 L. Blum - - - Marquis, Louis XVI.
 De Rose - - - "Incroyable"
 J. W. Petersen - - - Baron Popoff
 W. S. Campbell - - - Aberdeen Jew
 J. Morrison - - - Monkey Brand
 A. L. Temlett - - - Girl of the Prairie
 W. J. Reid - - - Summer
 W. Paterson - - - Jack Tar
 E. R. Reid - - - "In Ye Goode Olde
 Summer Tyme."
 W. W. Thacher - - - Coming Summer
 J. Morrison - - - Highland Laddie
 A. F. Wheen - - - Irregular Corps
 Trooper
 A. E. Lucas - - - Rat
 J. M. Robb - - - Uncle Tom
 J. Grant - - - Mandarin
 J. Macfarlane - - - Bosun's Mate
 F. Ellis - - - Purity
 J. C. Beckhoff - - - M. Fox Hounds
 J. Ross - - - Parisian Tough
 P. Weinstock - - - Rough rider
 Martin - - - Uncle Tom's keeper
 C. B. Greenburg - - - Cow boy
 W. D. B. Miller - - - Pierrot
 A. W. Leach - - - Russian Prince



Photo

THE MARINE ENGINEERS' FANCY DRESS BALL, 1909

Denniston & Sullivan



GROUP OF THE GUESTS WHO ATTENDED THE DANCE GIVEN BY CAPTAIN AND MRS. LUNT AT THE PALACE HOTEL

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

BY BELLE HEATHER

The Paper Hunt Races

I AM sending you a number of casual snapshots taken at the Paper Hunt Races which took place on the 6th of March. I have already told you that riding is very much favoured as a pastime in Shanghai and that Paper Hunting is the most popular of sports amongst those who are lucky enough to be able to afford to pay for the



fine animals owned by members of the Paper Hunt Club. They can jump like cats, and have no end of pluck, and the last remark may also be applied to many of the riders. I have frequently counted as many as eighty ponies coming in at the finish of a Paper Hunt, which is invariably



necessary *gee-gee*. Riders who take part are not permitted to ride horses, as ponies only are allowable, and every year the standard of Paper Hunt ponies improves, and at the present there are some very



of a *ding-dong* character, that is, every rider is trying to reach the red flags at the

finish, before the man and pony behind him. At the end of the season the Paper Hunt Races take place on the Race Course under similar conditions to those of the regular semi-annual Race Meetings.



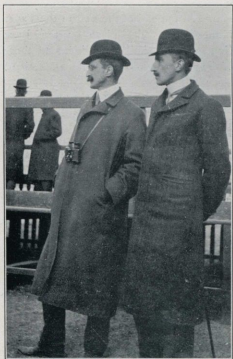
TWO WELL-KNOWN LEGAL LUMINARIES



This year they assumed quite an unusual importance. The entries and consequently the fields were larger in number, and most of the ponies that took part appeared to be in excellent form. Although the

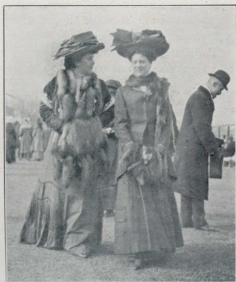
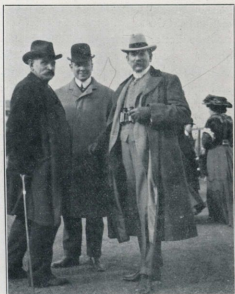


weather was rather cloudy there were any amount of spectators present including nearly all residents of any importance several of whom appear in our photographs,



COLONEL R. F. WALTERS AND A RUSSIAN
NAVY OFFICER





Too Much Government

"You can have too much Government. Every new law makes something an offence that wasn't an offence before. Every Act of Parliament means some fresh restriction in your actions, some curtailment of your liberty."

The above paragraph, culled from a home paper, ought to make those Shanghai Ratepayers who are agitating for new Municipal Rules and Regulations pause to think. "Let well alone" is a good proverb that oftener than not pans out correctly. The stolid British way of running matters may be irksome to the enterprising portion of our American community, still it appears to answer all right, and saves an infinite amount of friction, which is something in its favour.



Municipal Matters

MANY old Shanghai residents are being made to realize the inevitable old law that renders it impossible to go forward without leaving something behind, and not a few pangs of regret have been felt for the good old easy-going days of yore. The last Ratepayers' Meeting was a very certain indication of the progress that is being made in Shanghai as it continued for three afternoons instead of terminating at the end of one, and the big Town Hall was crowded with Ratepayers and others who displayed a great interest in what took place, as most of them remained till the meetings closed. The principal part of the debating was taken by lawyers, but besides them we have about half a dozen excellent speakers who are either merchants or clergymen. This year the latter did not take any part, but there were some brilliant speeches made by several merchants which were listened to with much interest for two reasons. The speakers seldom talk except when they have

something to say that is worth listening to, and they nearly all speak well, and distinctly. On the other hand the lawyers may be better orators, but they do not always appear to be so well acquainted with the subject they are talking about, and appeal to human nature where the others deal with facts. However, they lent variety to the meeting and managed to keep the big audience in their places for three or four hours at a stretch, which speaks eloquently for their eloquence.



Shanghai Orators

I COULD not help thinking as I listened to Mr. Leslie Cubitt and Mr. E. S. Little that both ought to have been lawyers instead of merchants. They seldom referred to notes of any kind and stated the facts they wanted to convey to their listeners in clear concise language. Mr. A. McLeod who usually fights for the good of the community instead of railing at the ills that afflict us, has a magnificent speaking voice that vibrated throughout the great Hall, and which would prove a most valuable asset to many a political speaker at Home. Another merchant who speaks fluently is Mr. Hutchison. His favourite theme is either the spending or saving of dollars, and he makes most droll and facetious speeches on extravagant finance which never fails to amuse the audience, besides acting as eye openers to lazy Ratepayers who do not trouble to inquire into such things for themselves. He and Mr. Drummond invariably manage to remind us that the source of financial success lies not in possession, but in disbursement.



The Yangkingpang

MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS, who made a very clever speech in favour of culverting the Yangkingpang Creek, apparently assumed that as wisdom is better than

weapons of war in conquering an enemy, so is ridicule useful in debate, but I cannot say his tactics were either good or successful, as both Mr. Landale, the Chairman, and Mr. F. Anderson took exception to them, and also to Mr. Wilkinson's method of championing the Yangkingpang Creek question. Mr. Morgan Phillips said but little in reply, whilst Mr. Wilkinson made one of the most brilliant speeches of the meeting. In his first speech he caused much amusement by the clever way in which he juggled with the sums of money at the disposal of the Municipal Council, and he may or may not have deluded several confiding Ratepayers into the belief that the Municipal exchequer was simply overflowing with dollars, waiting to be spent on making a grand Boulevard of the Yangkingpang Creek. However, this idea was effectually frustrated by the plural votes of absentee landlords whose votes attained a majority of over a hundred instead of the twenty-four of a majority reached when individual votes were counted, and so the great Yangkingpang Question was shelved for the present.



Electric Lamps

EVERYBODY was unanimous concerning the Resolution dealing with extension of the Settlement, but unfortunately the Chinese do not, or will not see eye to eye with the foreigners in this matter, so it is likely to entail a good deal more bother than the mere passing of a Resolution at a Ratepayers' Meeting. A Resolution giving the Electrical Department of the Municipal Council power to sell lamps that are guaranteed to be better and more economical than the present mixed supply was carried unquestionably by a show of hands, yet valuable time was wasted by someone demanding a poll, which, of course, proved futile. I have been told since the meeting

that even some electrical firms who sell lamps were in favour of it as it is likely to put a stop to some firms flooding the market with the cheap useless lamps which are now annoying so many people who use electricity.



An Innovation

THE question of putting an end to gambling houses outside the Settlement was most interesting from an outsider's point of view. It was almost unanimously resolved that a termination of the aforesaid houses would be for the general good of the community. I noticed only three Ratepayers who put up their hands contrariwise, but I suppose a good many Ratepayers would have liked to follow suit but lacked the moral, some folks might call it *immoral*, courage. One naturally concludes that such places must get the personal support of a good many of our Ratepayers, otherwise they could not continue to flourish as they do, so one naturally marvels at the surprising minority of its supporters.



Nanking Road

IF I had happened to be gifted with the power of speaking in public I should have liked to put in a plea for having the Nanking Road fully paved. Perhaps if Mr. Drummond had the experience I and a lady friend had whilst coming from the theatre the other night, he would see the immediate necessity of the expense. It is not a happy feeling to be sitting behind a young fresh horse and find that the wheel of the carriage you are sitting in has been suddenly wrenched off by the tramway line. It was simply good luck and the timely aid of two passers-by that saved a bad accident, and in the midst of all the excitement I found myself wishing that Mr. Drummond had

been there to see it. Now that it is settled that we are not to have the French Boulevard, and the alternative route by Peking Road still remains problematical, the paving of the Nanking Road may possibly prove a necessity after a few more people get maimed or killed.



Town Councillors

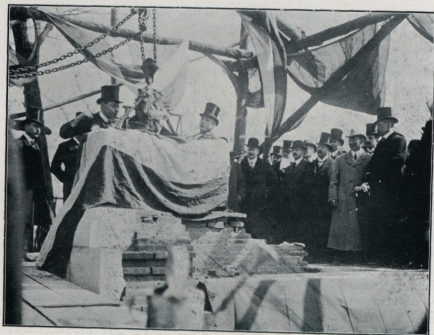
AN unnecessary fuss was made about the qualifications required to render a Ratepayer eligible to act on the Council. Considering the difficulty at present experienced in getting nine men with sufficient public spirit to act, I cannot see why a fuss should be made in the matter. The position does not seem to be so tremendously attractive that people are likely to tumble over each other to attain it, as there does not seem to be much advantage in giving up a large part of one's time to municipal matters and then being heckled about extravagant expenditure, or things done which ought not to have been done, or left undone that ought to

have been done. I suppose the law of compensation comes in somewhere, but for my part I would like something more definite in the way of reward than the Municipal Councillors appear to receive now.



Ratepayers

As for the Ratepayers the less said about them the better. They go to sleep half the year and attempt to help the Council just when the spirit of controversy moves them to do so. I fear a great many take after those people who expect to get butter without churning, and sit up and growl when their expectations are not realized. However, there is no doubt that interest in municipal matters has been on the increase, the only difficulty being that it never lasts long enough to be of any real benefit. The first touch of hot weather will quench all enthusiasm and the Council will again be left to fend themselves and the Ratepayers to the best of their ability.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW SHANGHAI CLUB
SIR PELHAM WARREN PERFORMED THE CEREMONY AND MR. PLATT, WHO IS THE PRESIDENT
OF THE CLUB, MADE AN ELOQUENT SPEECH



Photo

THE WASHINGTON BALL GIVEN BY THE AMERICAN CO. S.V.C.

Denniston & Sullivan

Social Notes

As variety is said to be the spice of life we cannot complain in Shanghai this season of monotony, as we have never before been so well supplied with entertainment. We have had many excellent concerts, notably those supplied by the Deutsche Konzert Verein, and the dances given this season have been more numerous but less extravagant than before. The Marine Engineers' Institute and the Customs' Club both terminated a most successful season with a Fancy Dress Ball, and the American Company of the S. V. C. gave a Ball on the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, which vied with the Caledonian Ball, at which over 1,400 guests were present. The Irish Society gave a most successful concert, supper, and impromptu dance at the Palace Hotel, and the St. George's Society has so far done nothing towards the jollity of nations, but will no doubt do something later in the year to justify its existence and sustain England's reputation for enterprise and hospitality. The Mercantile Marine Officers' Association gave a most enjoyable series of dances at the Masonic Hall which were much missed when they terminated last month, and the Deluge Company gave a very pleasant dance at which over 200 guests were present. "B" Company of the S. V. C. entertained their lady friends with a capital dinner and concert at the Palace Hotel, and the Masonic Club gave an entertainment after the successful pattern of the Annual Lancastrian Soirée, which includes dancing interspersed with songs.

✱
We have had several brief but most enjoyable visits from Mr. Premslav, the famous

violinist, and Madame Thue has contributed two classical concerts, whilst the Withers' Concert Company gave music lovers in Shanghai a great deal of pleasure with three concerts they gave in the Town Hall.

✱
THE Chamber Concert Society has given several very successful concerts in the Kaiser's Hall of the Club Concordia and Mr. Pullen and Mr. Hall have both given very enjoyable Organ Récitals. But no musical performance has attracted such large audiences as Herr Buck and the Town Band did when they played each Sunday afternoon, during the winter season.

✱
AN occasional concert has been given in the Cathedral Schools, and the American Woman's Club has exhibited a great deal of enterprise, and developed much unknown talent, besides contributing interesting lectures. The American Association has organized several very successful receptions and dinner-parties of a public character.

✱
THE Bandmann Opera Company has paid us one or two brief visits, but the most important event in this long list of social events has been a visit from the Ward Company, who, during a visit of over a month's duration, have done much towards lightening the burden of life, and our pockets, by putting on a long series of seductive plays, that attracted nearly the whole of the foreign population to go and see them. Never before have we had such an alluring number of plays or had the pleasure of seeing in rapid succession the performance of such a talented company as the members of the Ward Company

has proved to be. Miss Grace Palotta has carried all our hearts by storm with her charming personations, whilst Miss Rose Musgrove has surprised us exceedingly by the wide range her talent covers. From grave to gay, from drama to comedy, she is at home in all. Mr. Ward is, of course, the backbone more or less of nearly all the plays, and has made every one marvel at the wonderful versatility of the parts he takes, but that seems to apply to every member of the Company who must all have worked dreadfully hard to attain such unqualified success with so many plays. The hardest worker of all must be Mr. Reginald Wykeham, who is stage manager and actor as well, and fills the dual position with much honour to himself and his Company. Miss Celia Ghiloni, Mr.

read this, will they kindly take note that Shanghai likes the best of talent and is always willing to pay to see it. And we have to thank cinematograph shows for helping us to wile away the long winter evenings, whilst the Juvenile A.D.C. have given several very successful matinée performances.



THE weekly concerts instituted so successfully by the late Rev. H. M. Trickett are a great source of pleasure to many, and we have had quite a large number of smoking concerts. The "Tinted Venus," given by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bell, on two different occasions, for charitable purposes, made us laugh a great deal, and the A.D.C. have put on several plays, including



Photo

THE "DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" PERFORMED BY THE A.D.C. IN THE LYCEUM THEATRE IN FEBRUARY 1909

Dennistoun & Sullivan

Robert Greig, Mr. Arthur Eldred, Mr. Wernham S. Ryott, Mr. H. H. Wallace, all contribute in a remarkable degree to the success attained by this, the most talented Company that has ever visited Shanghai. Much regret has been expressed because their engagements will not allow them to return to us for eighteen long months. Should any theatrical managers who purpose coming to the Far East

"Quality Street" and Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple," of which we show a photograph. The German and French Amateur Dramatic Clubs have both produced laughable comedies, which attracted a great many people, and the Union Church Literary Guild has contributed constantly throughout the season to our entertainment by giving interesting lectures, social evenings, concerts, etc.

THE German Club has given quite a large number of very enjoyable dinners, and the Masked Ball given by the enterprising members of this Club was the most notable function of this season.

the time, matters might have been more serious than they were.

The outbreak, which commenced in one of the upstairs rooms of the Post Office, was fanned by a strong wind; the fire quickly



Photo

Denniston & Sullivan

BANQUET AT THE CLUB CONCORDIA IN HONOUR OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR
KAISER WILHELM II

Hankow

JAPANESE POST-OFFICE DESTROYED BY FIRE

March 6, 1909.

DURING the early hours on Saturday at 1 a.m. news was transferred with celerity that the Japanese Post Office was on fire. It was a matter of a very short space of time before a great multitude, many of whom had turned out from their supineness, were on the scene.

The building, which is situated in a prominent position in the French Concession, is surrounded by other premises, the French Municipal building, Capt. G. Mutter's house and Dr. Aird's house, the latter two of which narrowly escaped being burned, as the flames were leaping high in the air. It was only through the strenuous efforts of those busily engaged in extinguishing the fire that the outbreak was confined to the one house. As there was an extremely strong wind blowing at

spread, and before any water was obtainable the building and servants' quarters were a mass of flames. A most interesting spectacle which drew the attention of everybody was the extreme rapidity with which the fire spread. It was roughly fifteen minutes before the whole place was a roaring furnace. The occupants of the Post Office had just sufficient time to seek refuge, many of them were in danger of their lives.

At this stage the second floor seemed to be on the point of collapsing, as the beams were gradually eaten away by the fire, till at last, with a deafening sound, the flooring came down. Tongues of fire were belching forth out of every garret for a distance of about thirty feet.

Slowly and by degrees the roof was giving way, chimneys were swaying to and fro and warning spectators to keep clear. By degrees bits of tiles fell, until all the

supports of the roofing were demolished, and with a tremendous crash the roof gave way, with flames leaping into the air followed by great numbers of sparks which were blown into the immediate vicinity and could be detected for many miles around. As soon as the roof collapsed the fire was practically under control.

During the fall of the roof it struck against a stout wall which was erected round the Post Office completely demolishing it, and scattered across the road, narrowly hitting some of the on-lookers.

(Secretary and Treasurer); Lieut. F. J. Raven, Messrs. J. A. Thomas and W. D. Whittemore, who was responsible for the floor; H. O'Brien, E. Kempffer, C. L. Seitz (in charge of the supper arrangements) and Mr. J. M. Darrah (in charge of the decorations).



It is with deepest regret we announce the death of Dr. Paulun, who passed away after a brief illness on the 5th of March. Never before in the annals of Shanghai has



Photo

Dennistow & Sullivan

A FEW OF MANY BEAUTIFUL WREATHS SENT BY SORROWING FRIENDS TO DR. PAULUN'S FUNERAL

All mail matters and official documents were saved, but unfortunately the staff lost their entire effects. The building was insured for Tls. 11,000 and the contents for Tls. 3,000.



THE American Company of the S.V.C. gave a grand Ball in the Town Hall on the anniversary of George Washington's birthday. Over a thousand guests were present and the brilliant success attained was due to the untiring efforts of a carefully selected committee including Hon. C. A. Denby (Chairman); Captain S. A. Ransom (Vice-Chairman); H. H. Watkins

so much sorrow been exhibited for the loss of a resident. Dr. Paulun did an incalculable amount of good in a quiet unostentatious way, and took interest in many local institutions. He was one of the members of the Committee of the Club Concordia, a governor of the General Hospital and a member of the Committee of the German School. He was decorated by the Emperor of Germany with the order of the Red Eagle, 4th class. He was also decorated by the King of Portugal with the Knight Commandership of the most ancient order of St. James.

It is proposed to purchase the Tung Chu Hospital with the money now being subscribed towards a Memorial to commemorate the name of Dr. Paulun in Shanghai.

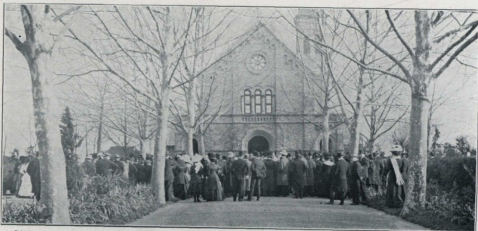


Miss JUDY was "At Home" in the Lecture Room of the Union Church Hall on Monday, 26th instant, and had arranged a short programme of vocal music for the entertainment of her friends. The first

difficult than amateurs generally choose to portray.

The caste is as follows:—

Mrs. Dudgeon Miss Ellice
 Dick Dudgeon (Her
 son) Mr. E. G. O. Pinx
 Christopher Dud-
 geon (Her son).... Mr. I. A. Burnley
 Essie (Her niece).... Miss Clare Lyall
 William Dudgeon ... Mr. F. Lightfoot
 Mrs. William Dud-
 geon Miss Marie Barlow



Photo

Dennison & Sullivan

A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN AT THE CREMATORIUM ON THE DAY OF DR. PAULUN'S FUNERAL

part consisted of songs sung by the Misses Emens, Little, Taylor and Hutchison. The second part was "The Life of a Rose" a cycle of seven songs by Liza Lehmann. The two first songs were sung by Miss Emens, the next two by Miss Rawsthorne, and the three last by Miss Warn. All the above-mentioned vocalists are pupils of Miss Judy and reflect great credit on her teaching.



THE "Devil's Disciple" was given by the A.D.C. in February last. Our photograph will give some idea of the elaborate details which were required in carrying out Bernard Shaw's play. No pains were spared to attain a success, there is no doubt that our clever amateurs all did exceedingly well with their parts, which were more

Titus Dudgeon Mr. Henry Percival
 Mrs. Titus Dudgeon Miss Ruth Edgcombe
 Anthony Anderson
 (Presbyterian Min-
 ister at Webster-
 bridge) Mr A. C. Torr
 Judith Anderson (His
 wife) Miss Kitty Bolton
 Lawyer Hawkins Mr. A. C. Twist
 General Burgoyne.... „ C. H. Philpott
 Major Swindon „ John Wetherell
 The Sergeant „ G. Orbie
 1st Officer „ H. E. N. Piet
 2nd „ „ O. Springtime
 3rd „ „ Paul Tremayne
 Brudenell the Chap-
 lain „ J. Robb
 The Beadle „ H. Breary
 The Executioner „ Billington
 Townsfolk and Children of Websterbridge.

THE German A.D.C. gave a very good rendering of the Comedy "Jugendfreunde" at the Lyceum Theatre. All the parts were well played, and everything "went" well from start to finish. There was a good swing about it all, and it was well staged and all the dresses quite up-to-date. The provincial bride was a second "Connie Ediss" yet never overdid the "commonness" of the part, and taken all round it was a decided success.



A QUIET but pretty wedding took place at St. Andrew's Church, Broadway, on January 5th, between Mr. Frederick James Drakeford, manager of the Hanbury Institute, and Miss Florence Ruby Martin of Walhalla, Victoria, Australia. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Samuel F. Drakeford—father of the bridegroom—looked very charming in a handsome *crêpe de chine* dress trimmed with Guipure lace, chiffon, and sprays of orange blossom. Mr. C. M. Manners was best man, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. H. M. Trickett. After the ceremony a reception was given at the residence of Mr. Louis H. Drakeford, brother of the bridegroom. A dinner at the Social Shanghai Tea Rooms, at the invitation of the best man, terminated a very pleasant function; the newly-wedded couple afterwards proceeding up the river on the *Loong-wo* for their honeymoon trip.



Mrs. SWAIN received the ladies of the American Woman's Club at a reception given in honour of Mrs. Thayer and Lady Wolseley. The reception took place in the private parlours of the Palace Hotel, and Mrs. Swain was assisted in her duties as hostess by Mrs. Lunt, the President of the Club, and Mrs. Fearn, the Hon. Secretary. Mrs. Hykes, Miss Emens and Miss Lunt presided at the refreshment tables, and Mrs. Connell sang two very

appreciated songs which were accompanied by Miss Jansen. Amongst those present were Madame Ratard, Mrs. McNully, wife of the American Consul at Nanking, Mrs. A. Basset, Mrs. Hinckley, Mrs. J. White, Mrs. Seaman, Mrs. Moorehead, Miss Westbrook, Mrs. Bottenheim, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Darroch, and Mrs. H. Potts.



THE production of the Yeoman of the Guards by the A.D.C. on the 17th, 20th, and 21st is being look forward to with much pleasure by a large number of people in Shanghai, as it is long since a musical play has been undertaken by local talent. No pains are being spared by Mr. Haye and Mr. Pullen who are responsible for the production and which we anticipate will score a record success for the A.D.C.



MR. AND MRS. F. J. DRAKEFORD



THE ALL-JAPAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM



DINNER GIVEN IN HONOUR OF VISIT OF SHANGHAI RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB TEAM TO JAPAN



THE SHANGHAI RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH THIS YEAR VISITED KOBE



A SNAPSHOT OF THE NATIVE CRAFTS IN THE RIVER



Photo

AFTER THE GOLF CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

Safare

Our picture is from a photograph taken immediately after the Golf Championship was completed, the winner being J. B. Ferrier and Captain Barrett runner-up.

Well-known Residents in Shanghai

ONE of the busiest and most energetic men in Shanghai is Mr. A. W. U. Pope, who holds the responsible position of General Agent to the Shanghai-Nanking Railway. He was born in 1858, and distinguished himself in many ways after he joined the Indian Government Civil and Military Transport Service (Railway and Field Transport combined) in 1877, he was transferred to the Revenue Establishment, State Railways on the merging of that Service into the Railways. He served in Bengal, Rajputana, Bombay, Scinde, Punjab, Madras, and Burma for twenty-eight years, rising to be the first man



MR. ARTHUR WILLIAM UGLOW POPE, C.I.E.

in his department under the Indian Government in 1905, when he was Traffic Manager and Acting Manager of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway, Lucknow, from which line he went on furlough, due to illness, and was from furlough lent to the British

and Chinese Corporation for employment on Chinese railways, on which he is now employed.

He was the first railway officer over the North-West Frontier in India, conducting the transport of the Army Corps into New Chamman by means of the Rope Railway, and gun-slide on both sides of the Hindu Koosh Ranges, through which now the double rail tunnel, two miles long, is made leading direct to Khandahar.

He accompanied and took charge of the railway arrangements in the United Provinces for the journeys of their Royal Highnesses the late Prince Edward of Wales, and the present Prince and Princess of Wales during their tour in India.

He was made a Companion of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire in January 1906, during the Viceregalty of Lord Curzon, for distinguished political and civil, and railway services. Writing of him at the time of his decoration the Indian papers said:—

“No traveller in difficulties, no parties wishing to shoot or enter into any scheme of sport ever appealed to him for help in vain. No time was too early, too late, no effort too great for him to make to help people forward, and make the railway a popular and useful servant of the public.

“Besides being an excellent traffic manager, ever mindful of the convenience and comfort of the general travelling public, and taking a special interest in the question of the amchoration of lower class travelling and cognate matters, Mr. Pope is a keen volunteer officer, and as

lieutenant-colonel and commandant of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway Volunteer Rifles, has done much to increase the efficiency and strength of that corps, which until recently formed part of the Oudh Volunteer Rifles.

"The present constitution of the Railway Corps is twelve officers, fifty-one non-commissioned officers, and 403 volunteers, besides forty-four reservists, while the total number of European and Eurasian employees on the line was 576. All the members of the corps were returned as 'efficient,' which was most creditable.

"It only remains to add that Mr. Pope always has taken an active part in the proceedings of the Indian Railway Traffic Association, or Conference, as it was formally called; and will doubtless have the best congratulations of all railway men, as he has ours."

Since his arrival in Shanghai Mr. Pope has made many friends. He has a very genial manner and is the fortunate possessor of original ideas, which he is always willing to exploit for the benefit of others. He it was who decorated Sir Pelham Warren's house so beautifully when the St. George's Society gave a function on Empire Day last year, and he has stepped in and saved awkward situations occurring on many occasions, such as when he gave a most interesting lecture at two days' notice, instead of some lecturer who failed the Union Church Literary Guild. He can serve the Indian Government for five years more or may retire on a pension this August, in which case he will leave China as well. Mr. Pope, in addition to the C.I.E., holds the Volunteer decoration (V.D.)



AFTER HE GOT HER

"GEORGE," she said, and there were what a novelist would call tears in her voice as she spoke, "I don't believe you love me any longer."

"Evelyn," he said, "don't be foolish."

"There!" she exclaimed. "There's evidence of the truth of what I said. 'Don't be foolish!' Did you ever speak to me in that way before we were married?"

"No, my dear; I did not," he admitted.

"Then," she said, reproachfully, "my slightest wish was law; then you never sat around like a dummy, smoking a cigar and reading a paper when I was in the room; then you seemed anxious to please me, and were ever on the watch to do some little favour for me."

"It is true," he admitted.

"You were never lazy then," she went on. "You were full of life and spirits; you were energetic."

"Quite true," he said.

"If you loved me now as much as you did then," she persisted, "you would strive as valiantly as ever."

"My dear," he said, in that calm, dispassionate tone that makes the average wife want to get a poker or a broom, "did you ever see a boy trying to get an apple or a cherry that was a little out of his reach?"

"Certainly," she answered; "but——"

"He keeps jumping and jumping until he gets it, doesn't he?"

"Of course."

"But does he continue jumping after he has got it?"

"Certainly not. There's no need of it!"

"Well," he said, as he turned to his paper again, "you're my cherry; and I don't see any reason why I should keep on jumping any more than the boy."

She didn't say anything; but she thought and thought, and the more she thought the more undecided she became as to whether she ought to be angry or not.

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

BY BELLE HEATHER

The Case of the "Alhambra"

ALL kinds of queer complications occur in the governing of Shanghai owing to its cosmopolitan composition.

The case of the "Alhambra" is one of the most complicated, and is being followed with deep interest by both Chinese and foreign residents.

It has been well known that the extensive gambling carried on at the "Alhambra" has contributed to the ruin of many during the few years it has been in existence, and several attempts have been made to put an end to it by the Municipal authorities. The good intentions of the latter have invariably been frustrated by the support given to it by one of the Consuls, and so far the "Alhambra" has gone on and prospered. A recent raid, made by the principal members of the Police, created quite a stir, and still further interest was taken in the matter when the Municipal road leading to the "Alhambra" was blockaded, and no-one but authorized persons allowed to use it. What the ultimate outcome of this step may be remains to be seen. One hears rumours of all manner of queer proceedings on the part of Spanish representatives, which are quite incredible, as, surely no country can afford to champion such a place in direct opposition to the authorities of law and order. If they do it seems to me they are liable to get the worst of the contest as Colonel Bruce is not likely to be frightened off by the bombastic tactics of the opposing force. From what I can gather the active supporters of the "Alhambra" are mainly

Continental and American. As a matter of fact, no Britisher, with a good name to lose, could possibly afford to give active support to such a place, and as everyone knows, nothing ever really prospers in Shanghai that is carried on in opposition to British opinion, so I fear the "Alhambra," as a gambling resort, is doomed.



Drastic Measures Necessary

THE Municipal Authorities may, perhaps, find themselves in the same plight as one Von Rohren, a very kindly man, who, on one occasion, was called upon to be present at the execution of a Jewish criminal. The condemned man hung the required number of minutes, and was taken down from the gallows, when the physician was supposed to confirm his death. But it appeared that they had forgotten to cut off the Jew's long thick beard, thanks to which, although the noose had deprived the man of consciousness, it had not killed him. "Imagine yourself in my position," said Rohren; "the doctor told me the Jew would come back to life in five minutes. What was I to do? To hang him a second time I held to be impossible, and yet I had to execute the death sentence." "But what did you do, then?" I asked, and received the memorable answer: "I had him buried quickly before he regained consciousness."

If the "Alhambra" is to be effectually squashed it seems to me either it, or its promoters, will have to be completely finished like the Jew in question.

Our Only Hansom

WHEN Mrs. T. A. Clark brought a hansom with her from Australia a few years ago it caused quite a sensation. Its appearance lent a homelike air to the general traffic that was fully appreciated by most Britishers, but more especially by Londoners, and as it is the only vehicle of the kind in the Settlement, I thought it was



MRS. T. A. CLARK'S HANSOM

worthy of being put on record in the pages of "Social Shanghai," and so took the snapshot of it which is reproduced. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are going home on leave next month, and will be very much missed, as they have both proved to be a valuable asset to the social life of Shanghai.



A Mysterious Visitor

As Professor Zeno has been mentioned in most of the papers and has come before the public in other ways, I thought I should like to see for myself this mysterious visitor who answers questions without either seeing or hearing them, and I may as well confess at once that I was as much mystified as everyone else, when he replied to three questions I wrote down, at his request, on an odd scrap of paper. So much was I struck with the result that I

immediately asked both him and his wife to dinner, hoping that a closer acquaintance might help me to arrive at some kind of clue, but, alas, I am as far from a solution as ever. I may say that I found Professor Zeno and his wife very quiet and unassuming, and exceedingly interesting as they have visited many parts of the universe. Neither of them made any pretence that the future could be foretold by Professor Zeno. As far as I can make out he simply sums up one's idiosyncrasies and arrives at a result which he conveys to you in due course. He did not take long to arrive at the weak point in my disposition and special mentioned it as an obstacle to my success. If I cared to repeat it, I know it would give nearly everyone who knows me well an opportunity of saying "I told you so," as I have been lectured unmercifully on the subject. He said he could not foretell the future, except in regard to how it was likely to be affected by the disposition



Photo

Dennison & Sullivan

MR. CARL ZENO

of the subject. He never once mentioned domestic matters or any kindred subjects, that, as a rule, interest women, but spoke all the time of business, which was, to say the least, a remarkable coincidence. Of course, I do not know what he has told others, but simply state my own

otherwise and expect all kinds of weird impossible results, that is their lookout.

No-one is compelled to go and consult Professor Zeno. Everyone goes to him voluntarily, and, I presume, the money paid to him is the property of the payee. One at least gets something more tangible for their money than if one invested it in Langkats, when these variable shares fell in value, or put five dollars on a pony that failed to win a place.



A Mistaken Conclusion

IMMEDIATELY after "Social Shanghai" was published last month, I was surprised when no less than three people asked me "Who wrote the notes about the Rate-payers' meeting for me?" I must own to feeling a little indignant as the notes were signed with my name, and the three people in question all appeared to think that part of them had been written by a man, and when they prefaced the remark by intimating in a polite way that the notes were better than usual, I felt like a Suffragette on the warpath, and would, I am sure, have been able to make some very effective tub-thumping speeches on the subject of "Man's inflated idea of himself." It reminded me of the story of a tall muscular lady who rowed two puny Eastern princes, on the river at Oxford. When the trip was over they bowed low, and the elder of them said to her, "We thank you, madam. You are so good that perhaps in heaven you may become a man."



American Wit

THE above is much on the par with another incident. On two different occasions recently when I unwittingly indulged in *repartee* whilst several Americans were present, I have been told that my remark was "smart enough to be American," I am now seriously thinking of going to America to have my wits properly



Photo

Dennison & Sullivan

MRS. CARL ZENO

experience and my opinion on the subject. Personally I am perfectly satisfied with what I got in return for my five dollars. It has given me something new to talk and write about, which is something to be thankful for, in a place like Shanghai, where we are all more or less tired of the sameness that prevades the everyday routine of life. Of course the superstition that is built on ignorance always expects a great deal more than can possibly be given, but one has only to use one's reasoning powers to arrive at the conclusion that Professor Zeno has made a minute study of human nature, and is making use of his knowledge. That, in my opinion, is merely what his business amounts to, and if people choose to think

sharpened, as it must be a delightful feeling to be able to turn on clever and brilliant remarks just when one likes to do so.

The intellect becomes so terribly flat in Shanghai, that it seems to me it is impossible to say anything clever except by a fluke. I am sure if I tried to be intentionally clever I should reach a climax similar to one recounted by the Duke of Beaufort who tells of a ridiculous incident that happened whilst he was on a visit at a shooting box on a well-known Scottish moor. There was a new butler, whose over-anxiety caused him to make several slips. The climax was reached, however, when he presented a dish to the duke with the nervous inquiry, "Cold grace, your grouse?"



Two Well-known Shanghaianders

MR. J. T. TWENTYMAM paid Shanghai a brief visit recently, and at his departure many old friends gathered at the jetty to bid him *bon voyage*. Our snapshot photo shows him on the deck of the *Bremen* en route for home by the German Mail. We also reproduce another snapshot taken at the same time of Captain

Warwick and Captain Lowe, two of our oldest and best known residents. The former was on his way home for good, and also had many well-wishers to say good-bye to him. Captain John Warwick, late of C. N. steamer *Anping*, left Shanghai on April 17th to enjoy a well-earned rest at home. He came to China early in



CAPTAIN JOHN WARWICK AND CAPTAIN LOWE

1875 as chief officer of the steamer *Helen Batters*. He was a universal favourite with all who travelled with him and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see his passengers enjoy themselves while on board. Having had a serious illness a few years ago, he had to go home for treatment but returned, to the joy of all his friends. Though sorry to leave he felt another change would be for his good, so left us for other lands; but we hope to see him back at some future time more jovial than ever.

On April 21st he was married to a charming lady at Hongkong and carried with him the congratulations and good wishes of his numerous friends in Shanghai.



THE GERMAN MAIL TENDER "BREMEN" LEAVING SHANGHAI WITH MR. TWENTYMAM ON BOARD EN ROUTE FOR HOME

A Cosmopolitan Function

ON Tuesday, April 13th, Mrs. Pecorini gave a very successful reception to the officers of the Italian cruiser *Puglia* and among the guests were included: Mr. and Mrs. Michie, Mr. and Mrs. McGrath, Mr. and Mrs. Rousse-Lacordaire, Mr. and Mrs. Ros, Dr. Livio Silva, Mr. and Madame Tesmar, Mr. and Mrs. Vamder Veen, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Wolff, Mr. and Mrs. Berigny, Mr. and Mrs. Joannot, Mr. Bandi, Mr. Kenmer, Mr. and Mrs. Denby, Mr. and Mrs. von Zeppelin, Mr. and Mrs. Portier, Mr. Monaco, Mrs. Shorrock, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, Mrs. Allen and the Misses Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Faraone, Mr. Bassamo, Mr. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Denegri, Miss Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. Dopfeld, Dr. and Mrs. Fresson, Mr. and Mrs. Holter, Mr. and Madame Henriot, Mr. and Mrs. Herlofsen, Mrs. Rolker, also Mrs. Ryan of the *Astria*.

Another Link Gone

ANOTHER old link with Shanghai's past has been severed in the retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Pond to the Homeland. Mr. Pond has known Shanghai for over fifty years and was the faithful servant of the Council for thirty-eight years, while Mrs. Pond was amongst the first lady residents in the Settlement and it is probable that several tokens of esteem will be sent Home to them. Mr. Pond was always an enthusiastic sport and at one time was very successful as a jockey and trainer, he was a steward of the Race Club and up to the last took a keen interest in all that pertained to the turf.

In recognition of his service in this respect the Race Club are preparing a presentation and with it will go the good wishes of all who knew him.



A VERY interesting personality is Madame Sophie Miczkiewicz, who is now in Shanghai practising as a masseuse. She was present all through the siege of Port Arthur where she had a most exciting time. Once she was struck on the side of her head with a splinter from a shell, and



Photo

Denniston & Sullivan

MADAME SOPHIE MICZKIEWICZ

another time the horse which she was driving was shot. She describes all this in a most interesting and convincing manner, but at the same time very simply. Her many medals show, in a small way how she has distinguished herself.



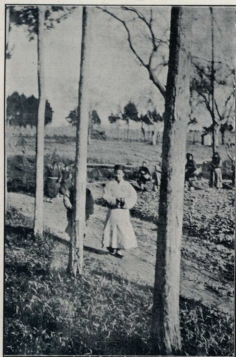
THE HOUSEBOAT



MR. PECORINI AND HIS DOGS



THREE COUNTRY NATIVES



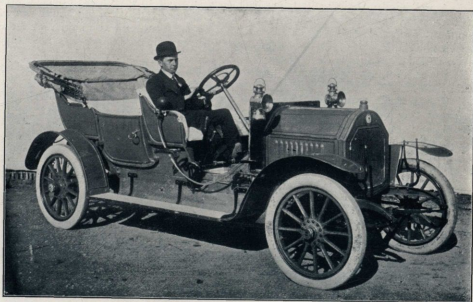
A PRETTY SCENE

Snapshots taken by Mrs. Pecorini on an up-country trip

THE "YELLOW PERIL"

QUITE a large muster of persons assembled at the Horse Bazaar last Friday afternoon, to see the home-coming of that well-known, but mis-named, motor-car the "Yellow Peril," for it had been spread abroad during the day that a twelve-hour continuous run was to be made to test the consumption of petrol without a stop. A short description of the car is therefore of interest. The makers are the Berliet Co., famous in France for their locomotives. The car has four cylinders of 80 millimetres bore and 120 mm. stroke of 15 horse-power, high-tension magneto ignition, plate clutch, gate change speed gear, propeller shaft, four speeds, weighing without passengers 16 cwt., and is capable of as low a speed of two miles an hour, on top speed accelerating up to sixty miles an hour on the top speed gear. To ensure that the proposed conditions

were carried out, the Automobile Club of China agreed to officially observe the performance throughout the twelve hours, and to grant a certificate as a record. After the emptied tank had been filled with petrol, the quantity being recorded, the first observer noted the start exactly at nine minutes past six o'clock, the car gliding out in the capable hands of Mr. G. Gordon Black. The run was not without incident for a puncture occurred before many miles had been reeled off, this, however, was promptly remedied by attaching one of the two Stepney wheels carried as an emergency, and the car was soon set going, for the engine was not stopped during the change. To keep a car going for twelve hours necessitates traversing all our roads more than once, and the "Yellow Peril" driver now knows more of Shanghai roads than the average resident. Round



and round the Rubicon, the Bubbling Well, the Point, Avenue Paul Brunat, Siccawei, Jessfield, Gordon, Connaught, Edinburgh, all these and many more had to be taken to fill in time. Observers came and went, but the poor driver had no rest. Round and round, up and down, here and there, the wheel could not be relinquished, for was not the drive through traffic entailing ever a watchful eye for the irresponsible rickshaw. No risks were taken, but it was easy to see the capacity of the driver. A capable driver does not allow himself to get into a tight corner, neither does he apply his brakes suddenly, he spares his tyres. A lesson is awaiting the passenger who watches the driver of the "Yellow Peril" approach a vehicle and the manner of gradually drawing away when his path is clear, no jerks or jarring of clutch, the tyres have therefore a longer lifetime. No exciting incident occurred during the run,

though a sheep, which had broken its tether, suddenly ran across the track in Connaught Road and was within an inch of placing sheep's-brain on the footboard. At last the hour approached and after a little manœuvring to reach Bubbling Well, six minutes remained to bring the car to its rest. The two miles were reeled off at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and the "Yellow Peril" sailing in drew up on the stroke, i.e., at 6.9, exactly twelve hours from the start. The mileage recorded was 212 miles, while the petrol consumed amounted to eleven American gallons, making a consumption of twenty-four miles to the English gallon, which is an excellent return for a 4-cylinder car of this power; this, of course, being due to the economical carburetter for which the Berliet is noted. It was a most successful run, and reflects credit on all who are concerned in the car; and certainly Messrs. Keylock and Black were not disappointed.



ENTERTAINING THE SERVANTS.

A well-known Society entertainer had been engaged to give a performance at a country-house, the seat of the local squire. The hostess had "risen," and was of snobbish instincts. She left instructions that the entertainer was to dine with the servants. The butler, who knew better, apologised; but the entertainer was not easily disconcerted.

"Well, now, my good friends," said he, after he had dined, "I will give you my little show!"

The servants were delighted, and though there was no piano the entertainer managed very well without it. At ten o'clock a message came asking Mr.—if he would kindly come into the drawing-room. He went, and found the company waiting.

"We are quite ready, Mr.—," said the hostess.

"Ready for what?" he asked.

"Why, for your entertainment, to be sure," was the answer.

"But I have given it already," explained the entertainer; "and my engagement was for one performance only!"

"Given it! Where? When?"

"Downstairs, an hour ago!"

"But this is nonsense!" exclaimed the hostess.

"It seemed to me somewhat extraordinary," was the steady reply; "but it has always been my privilege to dine with the company I am asked to entertain. I took it you had arranged a little treat for the servants."

Then he left to catch his train.

The Quiet Hour

He Can Who Thinks He Can

"I PROMISED my God I would do it." In September, 1862, when Lincoln issued his preliminary Emancipation proclamation, the sublimest act of the nineteenth century, he made this entry in his diary: "I promised my God I would do it." Does anyone doubt that such a mighty resolution added power to this marvellous man, or that it nerved him to accomplish what he had undertaken? Neither ridicule, nor caricature, neither dread of enemies nor desertion of friends, could shake his indomitable faith in his ability to lead the nation through the greatest struggle in its history.

Napoleon, Bismark, and all the other great achievers had colossal faith in themselves. It doubled, trebled, or even quadrupled the ordinary power of these men. In no other way can we account for the achievements of Luther, Wesley, or Savonarola.

After William Pitt was dismissed from office, he said to the Duke of Devonshire: "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." "For eleven weeks," says Bancroft, "England was without a Minister. At length the King and aristocracy recognised Pitt's ascendancy, and yielded to him the reins."

It was his unbounded confidence in his ability that compelled the recognition and led to the supremacy in England of Benjamin Disraeli, the once despised Jew. He did not quail or lose heart when the hisses and jeers of the British Parliament rang in his ears. He sat down amid the jeering members, saying, "You will yet

hear me." He felt within him the confidence of power that made him Prime Minister of England, and turned sneers and hisses into admiration and applause.

Much of President Roosevelt's success has been due to his colossal self-confidence. He believes in Roosevelt, as Napoleon believed in Napoleon. There is nothing timid or half-hearted about the great President. He goes at everything with that gigantic assurance, with that tremendous confidence, which half wins the battle before he begins. It is astonishing how the world makes way for a determined soul, and how obstacles get out of the way of a determined man who believes in himself. There is no philosophy by which a man can do a thing when he thinks he can't. What can defeat a strong man who believes in himself, and cannot be ridiculed down, talked down, or written down? Poverty cannot dishearten him, misfortune deter him, or hardship turn him a hair's-breadth from his course. Whatever comes he keeps his eyes on the goal, and pushes ahead.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF FAILURE

How long would it take a young man to become successful who puts himself into an atmosphere of failure, and remains in it until he is soaked to saturation with the idea? How long would it take a man who depreciates himself, talks of failure, walks like a failure, and dresses like a failure, who is always complaining of the insurmountable difficulties in his way, and whose every step is on the road to failure—how long would it take him to arrive at the success goal? Would anyone believe in him, or expect him to win?

The majority of failures begin to deteriorate by doubting or depreciating themselves—or by losing confidence in their own ability. The moment you harbour doubt and begin to lose faith in yourself, you capitulate to the enemy. Every time you acknowledge weakness, inefficiency, or lack of ability, you lose confidence, and that is to determine the very foundation of all achievement.

So long as you carry round a failure atmosphere, and radiate doubt and discouragement, you will be a failure. Turn about face, cut off all the currents of failure thoughts—of discouraged thoughts. Boldly face your goal with a stout heart and a determined endeavour, and you will find that things will change for you; but you must see a new world before you can live in it. It is to what you see, to what you believe, to what you struggle incessantly to attain, that you will approximate.

The great trouble with so many of us, is that we do not believe enough in ourselves. We do not realise our power. Man was made to hold up his head, and carry himself like a conqueror, not like a slave—as a success and not as a failure—to assert his God-given birthright. Self-depreciation is a crime.

Be sure that your success will never rise higher than your confidence in yourself. The greatest artist in the world could not paint the face of a Madonna with a model of depravity in his mind. You cannot succeed while doubting yourself, or thinking thoughts of failure.

Cling to success thoughts. Fill your mind with cheerful, optimistic pictures—pictures of achievement. This will scatter the spectres of doubt and fear, and send a power through you which will transform you into an achiever.

No matter how poor or hemmed in you may be, stoutly deny the power of adversity or poverty to keep you down.

Constantly assert your superiority to your environment.

Believe in yourself; believe that you are to dominate your surroundings.

Resolve that you will be the master and not the slave of circumstances.

This very assertion of superiority—this assumption of power—this affirmation of your ability to succeed—the attitude that claims success as an inalienable birthright—will strengthen the whole man and give added power to the combination of faculties which doubt, fear, and lack of confidence undermine.



BELIEF IN ONESELF

SELF-CONFIDENCE marshals all one's faculties and twists their united strength into one mighty achievement cable. It carries conviction. It makes other people believe in us. What has not been accomplished through its miraculous power? What triumphs in invention, in art, in discovery have been wrought through its magic?

What does not civilisation owe to the invincible self-faith of its inventors, its discoverers, its railroad-builders, its mine-developers, and city builders? It has won a thousand victories in science and in war which were deemed impossible by faint-hearted doubters.

An unwavering faith in oneself destroys the greatest enemies of achievement—fear, doubt and vacillation. It removes the thousand and one obstacles which surrounds us—which impedes the progress of a weak man or woman. Faith in one's mission—in the conviction that the Creator has given us power to realise our life call, as it is written in our blood and stamped on our brain-cells—is the secret of all power.

The quarter single-talent man, supported by great self-confidence, will achieve more

than a ten-talent man who does not believe in himself. The mind does not act with vigour in the presence of doubt.

A wavering doubt makes a wavering execution. There must be certainty, confidence, and assurance, or there can be no efficiency. An uneducated man who believes in himself, and who has faith that he can do the thing he undertakes, often puts to shame the man whose over-culture and wider outlook has sometimes bred increased sensitiveness and a lessening of self-confidence, whose decision has weakened by constant weighing of conflicting theories, and whose prejudices are always open to conviction.

Poverty and failure are self-invited. The disaster people often dread comes to

them. Worry and anxiety weaken their force of mind, and so blunt their creative and productive faculties that they are unable to exercise them properly.

Fear of failure or lack of faith in one's ability, is one of the potent causes of failure. Many people of splendid powers have attained only mediocre success, and some total failures, because they set bounds to their achievements, beyond which they did not allow themselves to think they could pass. They put limitations to their ability, they cast stumbling blocks in their way, by aiming only at mediocrity or predicting failure for themselves, talking their wares down instead of up, disparaging their business and belittling their powers.



Photo

D. Macgregor

"GOD'S ACRE"

ABOUT GOLF

ONE of the most interesting and curious compliments ever paid on the links was once paid to Mr. Balfour when he was Chief Secretary. Two army officers were playing in front of him, and courteously intimated that they should like Mr. Balfour to pass on, or "go through," as golfers say, lest they should hinder him in his game. Mr. Balfour accepted the polite offer, and just as he was level with the military party a sharp word of command rang out from a colonel's caddie, who happened to be a Lucknow veteran. "Attention! Eyes front! Shoulder Arms! Present Arms!" and the men saluted accordingly, making use of their employers' driving clubs in place of rifles. Mr. Balfour evidently pleased, returned the salute. It is told at North Berwick to this day how a native caddie once beat the Prime Minister of England in a matter of argument. It does not imply skill so much as a mixture of skill and luck, but it is one of the pet ambitions of the old golfer some time or another to play a hole in one, that is to say to strike his ball from the teeing ground so that it will trickle into the distant hole without any further assistance from the player. Champions sometimes live and die without ever accomplishing this feat. When it is performed it is the custom to make presents in cash and kind to all and sundry, and particularly to the attendant caddie.

Mr. Balfour is most particular golfer as to his caddies, and he almost insists that his man should be entirely and openly sympathetic with him in his game, and never forgets a caddie who has carried for him. One day at North Berwick when about to start in a foursome, he recognised

that one of his opponents' boys had once served in a like capacity for him, and he bestowed upon the club carrier a friendly glance and nod. Such a proud caddie then! He turned aside to one of his companions and audibly remarked, "Ye see hoo we Conservatives ken ane anither!"



How to Become Proficient

HAS not a good deal of nonsense been written lately about the presumed decadence of amateur golf, based upon the pronounced failure of the amateurs to hold their own with the professionals at the recent championship meeting at St. Andrews? The true facts of the case are that the professionals, under stress of increased numbers, have improved, and not that the skill of the amateurs has declined. A very famous professional said at the St. Andrews meeting to an amateur who was remarking on Braid's skill at playing out of bunkers, "Yes, you see he is one of those who often spend the whole of a day in practising how to play out of a bunker." It is the same old story with which we have long ago become familiar in the billiard world. The amateur, playing for pleasure, plays a game, and has no stomach nor inclination for the tedious and solitary process of building up his knowledge by the countless repetitions of a difficult stroke. To the professional, however, who would be a champion, it is quite another matter: to succeed he must prove himself a genius, and must possess and display that "infinite capacity for taking pains" without which, especially in these days, no man can expect to make his profession or business a profitable one to himself.

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

WE now got orders to evacuate Le Yang and advanced on Chanchowfoo. The mandarins were around this city for three months. They had breached the city in three places, but had been unable to storm it. There was a Frenchman here who shaved his head and conformed to all Chinese customs, such as kneeling to superiors and knocking the head on the ground, eating rice and pork, and in reward for all this they gave him charge of two stockades or one thousand men. He had some heavy artillery and breached the wall, but it seems in turning Chinaman he lost the courage of a Frenchman, as he would not storm it, so the rebels came down his breach and took his guns. They were too heavy to carry away so they drove nails in the vents. This was how everything was when Gordon advanced to the West Gate; in two hours' time we blocked that completely up, driving all the rebels inside the city. Here we took the hull of the Fire-fly steamer that was stolen from us, and left it in charge of mandarins and shifted around between the East and South Gates. This was in April and close on the end of the month (I forget the dates exactly), however Gordon and Tapp and Rodhe were tracing a breast work in front of our outline picket and within fifty yards of the rebels; our picket had not been told that there were any of ours in front of them, this was the major of the regiment's fault, an old soldier named McMahon. As soon as our soldiers saw those men moving along the front, they fired. Tapp, poor fellow, only lived to be carried to the

boats, and died a few seconds afterwards. He was one of those natural-born soldiers, and one of Gordon's cleverest officers. His body was sent to Shanghai and there entered with military honours. This event threw a shadow over all of us which was not lessened by the death of Lieutenant Chown. He had been talking of leaving one hour before he was shot, and nothing kept him from doing so, but the fear they would call him a coward. He had got his gun in the battery as the Rebels had annoyed him with their fire, and when he was bringing it up he took a musket from one of the men and went to the end of the breast work and commenced shooting. He had not fired five rounds before he was killed. We always were famous before this for our good spirits, but these two accidents occurring at one time, and it being the last fight, made us sullen and moody. Bailey had made a breach and the mandarins tried to storm it, but were driven back with great slaughter, Bailey losing two Europeans both severely wounded. Next day came our turn. We opened fire at daylight and at 12 o'clock found the stormers advancing. Five artillery officers went with No. 4 Battery whilst three, Dunn, Baffey, and Rodhes, No. 1 Battery, Out of these, two came back, Baffey and Lamlys. The second and third regiments went first. All the officers got in the breach, but none of the soldiers would follow. They stopped on the bank looking over at the rebels, but nothing would tempt them to cross. The "retire" sounded, and we came back and reformed. I had to go and fetch off Dunn's and

Rodhes' guns. At the second attempt, the first and fifth led the way this time, but with no better success than before. The officers got on the breach but were unable to hold it, bags of powder were hoveled down on their heads with lighted fuse. The "retire" sounded for the third time. The colonels of the third regiments were killed and the colonel of the fourth regiment wounded, and scarce an officer left in any of the regiments. A third attempt was made. This time the artillery officers left our guns, took muskets, and went with the stormers. It was no use, they would not cross the bridge. We clubbed our muskets and made our way amongst our soldiers driving them before us. They went to the foot of the bridge but would not cross.

The "retire" sounded for the fourth time. Back we came, I really believe there was not a single officer there who would not give his life to be allowed to turn our guns on the cowardly soldiers. Our ammunition was very nearly done, so we had to cease fire until we were pressed. Woolley brought us a fresh supply from Shanghai, and Gordon got a lot of mandarin troops and cut an opening or trench into the creek. Bailey had brought his guns around on our side and was to make a breach for the mandarin soldiers to storm. Everything being in readiness we opened fire on our own breach and soon had it gaping as wide as ever.

Bailey had his ready by one o'clock, and we received orders to "Storm" at half-past one. Half-past one precisely, Li Futai fired a rocket signal, and away both parties rushed; the rebels did not stand any fight, but tried to force their way out of the West Gate, they failed, and were nearly all killed. So ended Changchowfu, and if all the cities had been fought half as well, Taipings would have held China before many years. The brave Hoo Wang

who fought it deserved a better fate than death by the knife. We now packed off for Quinsan, to be discharged, and receive *cumshaw* for our services. Various were the rumours about this *cumshaw*; some were getting \$6,000, some \$5,000 and no one less than \$2,000. There were nine of us remained to take service with Li Futai; all the remainder took their discharge, captains receiving \$1,000, majors, \$1,400, colonels, \$4,000, those that remained were "cut" \$100.

We agreed to serve Li Futai for three calendar months, commencing 1st, June 1864. Away we went, thinking we had commissions for life, first to Soochow, then to Su Lee Quan; here we got a new lot of men, most of them the refuse of the mandarin stockade. Such a useless lot it is impossible to imagine; however, we commenced drilling them, and marching the same time. Major Doyle was unfit for a detached command, and the consequence was, everybody followed his own inclination. Drunkenness was the order of the day and gambling at night, until the Chinese got sick of us; there was no respect shewn them, our non-coms. were made mandarins and did all they could to put us out so they could get our pay. Who could blame them? When the officers would come on parade, half-drunk, and say that "So and So" was not fit to command, etc. As soon as three months were up I asked for more pay; I knew before I asked I would not get it and as soon as it was refused I left and went to Shanghai. I heard of a force being raised in Foochow, so as the rebels retired that way, I thought it would be a good spectacle to go there and see.

I GO TO FOOCHOWFU

I got to Foochow in the latter end of October in the steamer *Volunteer*. I went to see Baron de Meritens, the Commissioner of Customs, as he was head of the

force. I engaged with him for \$200 for the first month, and an increase after the the force took the field. I went to Ningpo where they were stopping and found four Frenchmen drilling fifteen men; when I asked them if that was all the men they had, they said: "Oh, we will get more by and bye, these are for officers." I got leave to go to Shanghai and bring my things down. This took me until the middle of November. When I got back, I found the force increased, fifty men, which made a total of sixty-five. Colonel de Mercy was sick, so I took charge until such time as he got well. My guns were at the Customs House, that is distant from camp five miles. Three days after Baron de Meritens came back and I sent up for leave to go to the Settlement and look after my guns; he sent word back that he did not know me. So I went, determined to let him know me. "Bon jour, Monsieur." "Bon jour, Monsieur, you do not know me." "Oh the Baron told me you were the Officier d'Artillerie." "Yes,

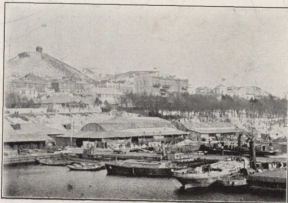
my name is Baffey, at your service. I wish to go and look after this artillerie." "Oh, certainement, Monsieur, au revoir, Monsieur," and we parted, I went to the Settlement, looked up my guns. I found two 9-pr. field-guns, two 6-pr., with more paraphernalia belonging to them than would mount two batteries.

They had no place to drill them or no men, I don't know which. I asked the Baron, and he said, "Wait." I did wait, about a week afterwards we received orders to go to Amoy, as the rebels had taken a city fifteen miles from there. H. E. the Viceroy managed to scrape up one hundred men for the occasion, out of this lot I got twenty and orders to take four guns. This would not work, so I told them so, and that unless they gave me fifty men I could only take two guns; they let me have my way, so I took two 9-prs., 300 rounds of shot, and 100 of case. This was shipped on the schooner *Vindex*, revenue cutter, and all our soldiers. Off we went, enough to frighten braver men than the rebels.



AN OLD TIMER

SAID HE—That's a very old joke about the scarcity of men at the summer resorts.
SAID SHE—Well, it may be old, but it's no joke.



Photo

VLADIVOSTOK

G. B.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

From a Shanghai Man to a Well-known Shanghai Woman

TO you, although I think you know it not, or at best realise but small measure of the truth, I owe a debt of gratitude which I can never hope to pay. Oh, you dear one, what is it you have done for me? Nay, rather, what is there you have not done? A small thing, think you, to draw from the Slough of Despond one fast imprisoned in that festering pit? To give for inertia—energy; for stultifying indifference—aspiration and hope? To render life once more fresh and sweet and full of savour? All this and much more have you done for me, and I thank you—oh, I thank you from the bottom of my heart!

When I met you first things were going hardly with me. Not in a material sense—that was well enough—but the inner life was dark—dark! And I was content. I did not wish it otherwise. “Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!” had become my creed, and, so that the hour were sweet, I cared for nought else. “Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday,” troubled me not at all. The contest—the unequal contest—that is always going on in our complex human nature had wearied me; that ceaseless war between the high and the low—between that which is God and that which is beast—it had sickened me, worn me out! The struggle seemed so futile; almost, I persuaded myself, so unnecessary. “Evil, be thou my good!” I had cried in the callousness born of self-contempt and self-disappointment, and I deliberately abandoned all striving after higher things.

And then—then—you came! Not as a friend—not then; not that even now from your point of view though friend indeed you are to me, the dearest and most cherished friend I have. Not even

as an acquaintance did you come first into my life (not that for many months), but as a stranger—a fair and gracious stranger, with wondrous power of cleansing in your eyes and healing for sick souls in the magic music of your voice.

Ah me! your voice—that voice of gold! My desire to not let life drift by as altogether a thing of nought came to me in the hour I heard it first. It was as though some swift, imperious wind swept across the wild, waste region of my soul, carrying away with it, not indeed all the rank growth that was there, but part—yes, part was rooted up, enough, at least, to leave room for better things to grow.

And soon you filled my thoughts by day—my dreams by night. You grew to be my talisman, my better self, my friend, my guardian angel! And now you are a seal upon my heart, a covering to my eyes; I see no face but yours; the whole wide world is empty save for you! The joy your presence gives me is so vast and deep it often reaches near the edge of pain, and sometimes I fear, I fear! “The great bird, Victory, has two wings: one wing is triumph; the other is suffering.” Love is like that! To-day I stand proudly with triumph—will suffering claim me to-morrow? If you should go—if I no more could see the haunting beauty of your face—(there is a part of your forehead just where the hair lies away from the left temple that I long to kiss!)—if “through all the sad to-morrows” there should be no word of yours to help me on my way, then will my life become indeed even as the outer darkness and I myself be doubly doomed!

Forgive me! I am but human and you—you are the type of woman that all men who love the highest ever seek!



Our Young Folks' Corner



The Lost Watch

ONCE a girl named Catharine Tilt was making a case for her grandfather's watch.

Catharine was about twelve years of age and her brother, Frank, was thirteen. Catharine was very happy, for she had a pony and cart and a large dog. The pony's name was Bessie.



Our Portrait Gallery
AUDREY TWENTYMAN

Although her name was Catharine most people called her Katie. Katie's grandfather was named Mr. Nobet. One day while Katie was sitting in the front garden, fixing the cloth to the watch, a man came up and asked her for a drink. Katie got and laid the watch and the cloth on the chair and went in for the water. The man saw his chance and picked up the watch and ran. Katie soon came out

with the water; but, seeing the man was not there, she threw the water on the flowers and laid the glass down. She was going to pick up the watch to finish her sewing, when what was her surprise to find it missing. Then it came like a flash to Katie's mind that the man had taken it. Off she ran, not thinking in which direction she was going, until, after she had run about half a mile, she saw that a thunderstorm was coming up. Katie got under a tree to wait until it stopped raining. When she had waited under the tree about ten minutes she heard waggon wheels in the distance. Pretty soon she saw the waggon was coming nearer, and to her joy and surprise she saw Frank and her grandfather with the pony, Bessie.

"Oh, grandpa," said Katie, "I have run all this way for your watch, and I know you liked it very much."

Then Katie told him all about it.

"Never mind, Katie, I like you a hundred times better than the watch," said her grandfather, after she had related to him all that had happened.

At that moment a man on a bicycle went past them at full speed.

"Oh, grandpa, there he goes!" cried Katie.

Katie had got into the cart, and as it was only a small one the three were rather crowded.

Frank took out the whip and whipped the poor pony as it had never been whipped before. The pony, knowing what he was supposed to do, galloped away at full speed. The thief was still in sight and he could soon see that the pony was

gaining on him. He turned down a side road and Bessie turned down it, too. Bessie was now within ten yards of him. Here a surprising thing happened. The thief had run against a stone and he pitched headlong over the handlebars.

Could Frank stop Bessie in time? If not, the cart would run over him. It all depended on Frank. Frank was a strong boy, and he used all his strength in pulling back the pony. Could he stop her? Yes; for Bessie was standing still within two feet of the thief's head. Mr. Nobet got out and picked up the thief. He was insensible, and so it was not much trouble to lay him by the side of the road. Mr. Nobet went through the man's pockets, and found his lost watch. Then the man awakened and said: "Who are you?"

"I am the man whose watch you took from that little girl," said Mr. Nobet, pointing at Katie.

The thief looked at Katie, and all came back to him.

"Well," said he, "I was very hungry and tired, and I knew I could have pawned it."

"Are you sorry you took it?" asked Mr. Nobet, with a pitiful look.

"Yes," said the thief, slowly.

"All right," said Mr. Nobet. "If you are sorry I will let you go, but never appear at my house again."

The man walked away, dragging his wheel very slowly, and he never appeared at Mr. Nobet's house again.

And so the watch was returned to its rightful owner, and Katie, Frank, and Mr. Nobet all went home feeling happy.



A Horse Story

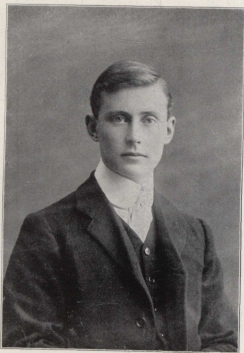
A REMARKABLE incident is reported from Penang. A horse put his tongue out at his stable companion through a hole in the side of the stall. The other animal bit the tongue, and so seriously that the stricken horse had to be shot.

A Little Billee

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City,
Who took a boat and went to sea;
But, first, with beef and captain's biscuits,
And pickled pork, they loaded she.

There was Gorging Jack and Guzzling
Jimmy,

And the youngest, he was little Billee.
Now when they'd got as far as the Equator,
They'd nothing left but one split pea.



Our Portrait Gallery

DENZIL TWENTYMAN

Says Gorging Jack to Guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungarie."
To Gorging Jack says Guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, we must eat we."

Says Gorging Jack to Guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree
There's little Bill, he is young and tender:
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

Contentment

SOME people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we speak of in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlour door. "Poor thing," said a neighbour, compassionately, "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him," said the mother; "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself wronged, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things.



THERE was once a little girl who was studying cookery. One day her father asked her if she could make a suet pudding. "Oh, yes," she replied, "you just try me." So her father bought her a bag of flour and some suet, and told her to try her best. When dinner-time came the father wished to cut the pudding. "Why, Mary," he exclaimed, "this is a funny pudding; I can't find the suet." "Go on cutting," said Mary, "and you will find it," and, behold, she had put the lump in the middle.



PEDLAR FOX

Pedlar Fox was passing,
Looking very sly,
"Pretty Mother Goose,
Won't you come and buy
Ribbons for the goslings?
Pay me with a smile;

Some Quaint Replies

How quaint, too, is the statement of the little lad that the ancient Britons stained "their bodies blue from the juice of a plant called wood obtained from the tree of nollodge of rood and evil." A little chap, told that God made the flies as well as lions and elephants, sententiously commented, "Fiddling work making flies." Or, take again the quaint and ingenuous reply of the little chap asked to describe "A little creature that wriggles about in the earth and sometimes comes to the top through a tiny hole." Up went the little hand joyously, "Well?" queried the teacher. "A worm," said the small boy. "Yes, and now think of another little creature that does the same thing." Up went the joyous hand. "Well?" asked the teacher. "Another worm," shouted Tommy in triumph.



A LITTLE boy was taken by his parents to a theatre to witness the performance of a domestic comedy, during one of the acts of which an altercation takes place between the supposed man and wife.

Having arrived home, his mother asked him to tell the guest how he liked the play.

"I liked it very well," lisped the child, looking up at his mother; "but why did that lady and gentleman quarrel in the presence of so many people? When you and papa quarrels you always shut all the doors and windows so as no one can hear you."

And if you will kindly
Let me rest awhile."
Mother Goose was wiser;
Thro' his guile she saw,
"I love ribbons, but, sir,
My children I love more."

Pointed Pars from the Press of China

CONCURRENTLY with the apparent determination to discourage students from entering educational institutions established by foreigners, it cannot be denied that the Chinese Government is giving increased attention to the subject of education, in the most comprehensive sense of the word.—*North-China Daily News.*

IN many directions satisfactory activity is noted among the Chinese. In Shanghai and here a distinctly expressed desire to improve trade—or rather, to protect it—by drastic changes has become known; in Peking we hear of official movements of promise but the great Ministries of Finance and Communications are heavily silent.—*Peking & Tientsin Times.*

THE increase that has taken place this season in the number of passengers traveling home by the Trans-Siberian Route from Shanghai is worthy of comment.—*The Union.*

HAS Shanghai paid too much for the name she has gained, for the position she has achieved, for the livelihood she has provided for so many thousands of foreigners, and so many scores of thousands of natives? We think not.—*Shanghai Mercury.*

IN England the times are out of joint. Sunday labour is not allowed except where unavoidable, consequently those employed during the week are idle on Sundays and can swell the ranks and processions of the unemployed.—*Peking & Tientsin Times.*

THE seeming disregard of the Chinese for their national treasures of art is the more conspicuous at the present time for the contrast that it offers with their eagerness to keep up appearances on all other points of contact with foreign observation.—*North-China Daily News.*

IF ever there were rulers by Divine Right, one of those rulers, in our estimation, was Theodore Roosevelt.—*Shanghai Mercury.*

ON one point alone does Peking appear to be really in earnest, the pursuit of revolutionaries; with whose existence it is haunted from Anhui to Japan, from Canton to Pootoo.—*North-China Daily News.*

THE fact is, we have for so many centuries regarded woman as a mere domestic ornament, filling her office with such eminent satisfaction, that we have not noticed her advance in the arts of trade and commerce.—*Peking & Tientsin Times.*

THE guiding principle of Peking as regards Manchuria appears to be that delay in the settlement of all disputes is her safest policy without regard to any countervailing circumstances.—*North-China Daily News.*

THE age, here as elsewhere, is the age of the "technical man," the trained, sound, knowledgeable representative.—*Peking & Tientsin Times.*

IN the case of the Tientsin-Pukou line, to which allusion has been made, it is clear that Germany has already discovered some means of advancing her own cause, in spite of an apparently adverse convention, in a manner that has not been practicable by her fellow-lenders further South.—*North-China Daily News.*



MR. W. C. HOWARD, Chief Tide-surveyor, I. M. Customs, who went home on leave last November, resigned on 1st February. He joined the Service in August 1864 so that he has been forty-five years in the Customs. He arrived at Shanghai on 3rd February, 1858 and saw some stirring times during the Taiping Rebellion, he having been an officer on the Imperialist side.—*The Union.*



FROM a recent Berlin letter we learn that the Kaiser has issued an edict forbidding officers of the Army and Navy to smoke cigars or cigarettes in the presence of women in evening dress, either at court or in hotels and restaurants, clubs, private houses or elsewhere. An old regulation is also revived by which smoking is forbidden in the court-yards and vestibules of the Imperial palace. Society women greatly appreciate the prohibition, as they have long complained of indiscriminate smoking. The question is now raised: will anybody check the growing custom of fashionable women smoking cigarettes at social functions and in restaurants?—*The China Critic.*



WE have pointed out more than once that the salvation of China depends upon honest administration, upon the integrity of every official, from the highest to the lowest; and these again are almost impossibilities so long as the present methods of paying officials are retained. The principles that we have urged over

and over again are fundamental to every form of China's prosperity, material, moral, and intellectual. An instance of the material loss accruing to China through the employment of dishonest officials has just come to our notice, and serves to point the many remarks we have made on this subject. It appears that during the sway of Chen Pi at the Board of Posts and Communications, coal delivered in Hankow from fields only three or four hundred miles away paid five dollars a ton for transportation, whilst the rate to Peking was four and a half dollars per ton. Japanese coal, from Moji, however, was all the time being delivered at rates from two to three dollars per ton. The result can be imagined. Japanese coal held the field, and Chinese coal made no sort of headway. Had this difference in transport rates been due to the fact that actual transport cost was less from Moji than from the Chinese fields the matter would have been one to deplore, but perhaps not to be remedied. It appears, however, that the excessively high rates were due to the exactions of Chen Pi. This sort of thing is intolerable, and it is quite certain that the New China will have none of it; and all concerned may be congratulated that such a state of things has been discovered and stopped. Henceforth Chinese coal will be at natural prices, and with a fair field and no favour should soon be the favourite commodity.—*The Saturday Review.*



THERE are doubtless many matters in dispute between Greece and Turkey especially concerning Crete; but the Hellenic Kingdom has wisely abstained from demanding a settlement of these questions during the new constitutional convulsions Turkey has been going through lately; and this self-abnegation will not be forgotten, at any rate by the other powers, when a final settlement is arrived at.—*The China Critic.*

THE Waiwupu had approached the foreign Ministers in connection with the withdrawal of foreign troops from North China. The German, Russian, French and the Japanese Ministers all agreed to withdraw their respective garrisons, but the British Minister refused. President Liang Ten-yen again recently approached the latter Minister on the matter, and Sir John Jordan replied on the last occasion that he would consider the question at the end of the current year when he may be satisfied with the actual state of affairs in the different provinces, and be able to see what result the establishment of the provincial assembly would have on the empire. At present he (Sir John Jordan) did not

feel inclined to consider the matter. The Waiwupu has tried by every effort to induce him to change his attitude but up to the present moment he remains as firm as ever on the subject.—*Sin Wan Pao*.



It is impossible that, with police forces recruited as they must be here, there should not be blunderers amongst the lower ranks, but if each side is prepared to recognize this fact and to put away the determination to see in every such blunder a deliberate aggressive move, there is no reason why the two forces and authorities should not exist side by side without friction and without undignified mutual recrimination.—*The Saturday Review*.



TOKIO YOKOHAMA TRAM CAR SHOWING THE LIFE GUARD, WHICH HAS EFFECTED
THE SAFETY OF MANY LIVES

"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour"

By A. MOY

UNTIL the even—when the shadows fall
And all the quiet earth is laid to rest,
Until the even—when the tired bird's call
Sinks hushed and all our earth with sleep is blest.
The tramp of weary leaden-footed hours is o'er,
The toil and travel stained have won to peace
While listless waves lap round the lazy shore
And all the sounds of sin and sorrow cease.
Above the white unchanging stars look down
With steadfast gaze upon a sleeping world,
See here the last dim lights of laggard town,
And there Earth's breast to their calm eyes unfurled.
Adown steep mountain sides the rippling streams
Make murmurous music through the hush of night
While other where in some still land of dreams
The still lake's bosom takes the starshine bright.
Around whose marge are tall trees whispering
Through feathery crowns that kiss and fall apart
And why and what the legends that they sing
Night holds enshrined within her holy heart.
The warm air holds a myriad flowers' scent
That woo the world to a still deeper sleep,
While on the wind their hearts' love freely spent
Bears balm and blessing unto those that weep
Above the lonely desert lifts the lingering moon
And turns each grain of parching sand to gold
Where still, majestic in her life-long swoon
The Sphinx looks o'er the land she loved of old.
Even on those blind inscrutable cold eyes
Something of long learnt peace there seems to rest
As though the hush of Heaven's starry skies
Had taught her, knowing all, that God knows best.
Here in the silence of th' immobile air
The mighty Pyramids their bulk upraise
And frosted o'er by light translucent, rare,
They witness, too, that Nature rests and prays.
All round the dreaming land the calm, still sea,
Throws back their glory to the watching stars,
Those stars that wing their silent beams to be
Mirrored upon her breast in silver bars.
And so they dream, the Earth and Sea and Sky,
While the sweet hours of holy night sweep on
Bringing Her peace to where the weary lie
Craving her advent and her benison.



Garden Notes



APRIL

THIS is the gardener's month and the days are scarcely long enough for all that there is to do, especially as it is generally a wet month in Shanghai and out of door work has to be stopped; every plant, shrub and tree is putting out shoots, and some of them so rapidly as almost to be seen to grow, so quickly do they spring into life; by the middle of the month all transplanting of trees and shrubs should be over, when the grass is ready for its first cutting and the lawns can be used for tennis, etc.

Cuttings should be taken of all shrubs, as well as of chrysanthemums, pointsetteas, geraniums, and if planted in beds, must be sheltered at first from the elements; laurels and shrubs which are not about to bloom should be clipped early in the month.

Syringas.—Cuttings from these strike very readily, and will be fairly good plants in the following spring, but all such slips must have some attention, such as watering and weeding; usually the Chinese gardener is content with sticking them in anyhow without removing superfluous shoots and leaves, and abandoning them to this fate; it is evident that treated thus they often fail to take root, and a whole year is consequently lost.

Wisteria is in full bloom, but unfortunately is too often spoilt by the heavy rains.

Hyacinths and Tulips are finished about the middle of the month, unless it is a late season they should be left in the ground for about a month after flowering, and should not be allowed to seed, as the

bulbs grow larger underground in consequence. A fine dry day should then be selected for lifting them, when they should be left to dry in the sun on the shelves of the greenhouse, or some equally suitable place, the leaves cut off, and when quite dry put away in a box or in a drawer till November; it is very difficult to keep the various colours apart, but it can be done if properly painted sticks, red, purple or white are used when the flower is beginning to come out; the bulbs can then be collected under the various colours and placed when dried in separate boxes; this requires some patience and watching, as the ordinary native is indifferent to such matters.

Bananas are now pushing out their leaves, some of the earlier ones will probably be damaged and black, in which case it is better to cut the leaf entirely off, and do this in fact at all times when the leaves are broken by the wind; it improves the plant as well as keeping it much tidier.

Daisies.—The large Japanese white marguerites are in splendid order and cuttings may now be taken from them; these plants grow to an immense size, often measuring eight to ten feet in circumference.

Calla Lilies are also in perfection; they require some bamboo supports and plenty of watering; the pots are soon filled with roots and they can be separated in the autumn with ease; if sheltered from the sun in May, they will remain green much longer, but if too much exposed, the

leaves soon turn yellow and the plant ceases to flower earlier than it would otherwise do.

Lilies of the Valley grow very well in Shanghai, but should not be too much exposed to the sun, they should be planted where they need not be disturbed, and once established the roots spread very rapidly; they require a great deal of manuring when appearing above ground; as these flowers are in great request by all sorts and conditions of men (and women) few blossoms remain on the plants to be honestly picked.

Gladiolus should be planted early in the month, and the bulbs laid in a row, about one foot apart; a line of these fronted by Japanese or other lilies look very handsome, as long as they last.

Geraniums, Heliotrope and most of the seedlings can be bedded out and can be arranged according to the taste of the proprietor.

Pansies are in full bloom during the whole of April, and if the seed has been good, a bed of these flowers is most effective.

Primroses and Polyanthus.—The common yellow species is easily raised from seed in the autumn or from old shoots; if bedded out they require some protection from the frost; in this respect they seem less hardy than the same plant in England, which of course grows anywhere.

Dahlias.—Plant out the bulbs if the weather is fairly dry.

Nasturtiums.—Both dwarf and climbing kinds are in profusion and will flower almost anywhere; they are very easy to grow and always look bright.

Cosmos (called by some people Japanese daisies).—Seedlings will begin to show themselves towards the end of the month, and can be planted out when two or three inches high; they grow to about five feet and are very untidy plants, being very

brittle and unless tied to strong stakes are easily blown down; they, however, continue to blossom freely although lying on the ground and partly broken in half; the plants should be topped when about eighteen inches high, which will make them stronger and more bushy; if planted in a clump or in a corner they will look very well; they require plenty of sun, and flower in October; once started in a garden they will sow themselves each year.



AERIDES QUINQUEVULNERUM
A RARE ORCHID

Zinnias begin to show above ground if sown in the open about end of March or beginning of April; they also require as much sun as possible and continue to flower for several weeks.

Silene is also a good bedding annual as it is very hardy and can be planted before the cold weather; its small rose-coloured blossoms show up very well when scarcely anything else is in flower; it can be planted at the same time and in the same bed as hyacinths and tulips.

Orchids are also troublesome plants to grow and require special treatment, there are a few fair specimens exhibited at the Flower Show, such as Staghamas, but otherwise they are rather poor specimens.

The following are the principal flowers exhibited:—

Abutilon, jessamine, asters, larkspur, begonias, lobelia, cornflowers, lilies, chrysanthemums, mimulas, coreopsis, hasturtiums, canterbury bells, pelargoniums, columbine, poppies, companulas, peas, calceolarias, petunias, clematis, pansies, daisies, phlox, euphorbia peonies, fuchsias, sweet williams, fox gloves,

stock, geraniums forget-me-nots, syringas, honeysuckle, heliotrope, Iris, and ixias.

Paths Require almost incessant weeding (especially after and during rain: when other out-door work is impossible the gardener should be made to weed: he takes to this form of "work" more readily than anything else, and prefers to pick out the weeds with his fingers instead of taking a hoe and getting through the job in a tenth portion of the time: he should be shown how to keep the edges neat, or they soon get ragged and untidy: a long string being used for straight edges.



OUR ILLUSTRATION

AERIDES QUINQUEVULNERUM

The generic *Aerides* is derived from "Aer" the air in reference to its epiphytal habit. This species, one of the best of the genus, is a native of the Philippine Islands, where it is found attached to the trees. The plant is of slow growth, and of a stiff habit, having strap-shaped leaves obliquely notched at their apex. The raceme of flowers is over 12-in. long, thickly set with sweetly fragrant flowers. The individual flowers are nearly circular in outline, white speckled with crimson and stained with purple at the tips of the petals. During the growing season it requires tropical conditions and a lower temperature when resting.



BERRY BY NAME, BERRY BY NATURE

A YOUNG tailor named Berry, who had lately succeeded to his father's business, once sent in his account to Charles Mathews somewhat ahead of time. Mathews, with virtuous rage, wrote him the following note:—"You must be a goose—Berry, to send me your bill—Berry, before it is due—Berry. Your father, the elder—Berry, would have had more sense. You may look very black—Berry, and feel very blue—Berry, but I don't care a straw—Berry, for you and your bill—Berry."



Our Canine Friends ~ ~ ~

FOR many years past dogs have been trained for military purposes in the Armies of all the great Continental Military Powers, and although the practice of making use of our canine friends in this way is not by any means original, but merely adapting an old idea to modern requirements, it is possible that, in the event of a European war, this branch of military service would play as prominent a part as ever it did in the struggles of our forefathers. The ancient Britons and Romans invariably included dogs in their ranks, while in mediæval times we read of dogs defending convoys and baggage, and others, clad in mail with scythes and spikes jutting out, being let loose among the enemy with the object of throwing them into confusion preparatory to the onslaught of the main body. Of course, under the present conditions of warfare, dogs as combatant agents in an aggressive or defensive movement would be useless, but, as scouts, messengers, and for the carrying out of certain duties, it remains yet to be seen to what extent they can be used.

IN GERMANY

where almost every rifle regiment is supplied with a number of these dogs, the matter has been the subject of much consideration and experimenting for the last twenty years, with the result that extensive kennels have been erected and the system properly recognised as a branch of the Army.



MR. KOMOR'S FOX-TERRIER "SNAP"

FRANCE AND RUSSIA

also learnt the use of these animals, in giving warning of the near approach of an enemy, some time ago by practical experience, and, although perhaps their systems of training are not so perfected or complete as the German, their belief in the value of the dog as a military adjunct is no less



WHO SAID "RATS"

deeply rooted. Austria and Italy have also followed the example of the other Powers, and the last two countries to be interested in the matter are Spain and Holland, not to mention the use of dogs in the Philippine War by the Americans. Amongst the many intelligent and well-trained dogs that Shanghai possesses, Mr. Komer's fox terrier "Snap" whose picture we give, is conspicuous for his sagacity and faithfulness.

To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

You will probably be much surprised to hear that we are able to have an automobile gymkhana in Shanghai, yet it is so, and a very successful one was held on the Recreation Ground on Saturday, April 10th, by the Automobile Club of China.

There were four events on the programme, namely, a Bending Race, Musical Chairs, Tilting the Ring and a Balloon Race.

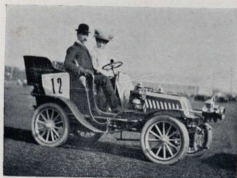
In the Bending Race twelve cars



DR. MACLEOD'S "BEAUFORT" CAR

competed, the winner being Mr. Dowdall in his eight horse-power "De Dion" car, the photo of which I give; while the other competitors were as follows:—

J. McKie	16-20 Humber, T. H. Aldridge.
A. Fleet	6 Siddeley, R. Wallace.
W. McBain	30-40 Renault, Owner.
G. E. Tucker	16-20 Elec Vch, Owner.
A. H. Bottenheim	8-9 Renault, Owner.
H. P. King	12-15 Arrol, Owner.
G. McBain	14-20 Renault, Miss McBain.
H. E. Keylock	15 Berliet, Owner.
Dr. Macleod	9-10 Beaufort, Owner.
E. E. Porter	9-10 Adams, Owner.
E. T. Byrne	20-32 Darracq, Owner.



MR. DOWDALL AND MRS. A. D. LOWE



Photo

RUNNING FOR CHAIRS

W. Howell



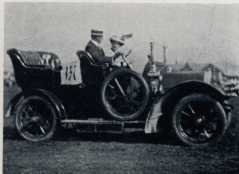
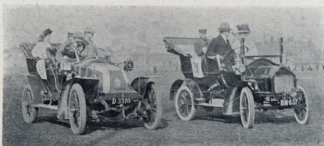
Photo

RUNNING FOR CHAIRS

W. Howell



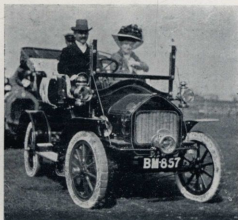
MR. KEYLOCK DRIVING HIS "BERLIET"

MR. AND MRS. ALDRIDGE IN THE MUSICAL
CHAIR COMPETITION*Photo**W. Howell*

MR. W. MCBAIN'S AND MR. E. E. PORTER'S CARS



MR. AND MRS. BYRNE



MR. E. E. PORTER AND MISS INGLIS

The next event was very amusing and exciting and most of the cars took part in this, each one carrying a lady, and they all moved to music in a circle in the centre of which were a number of chairs; when the music stopped the ladies had to jump out

In tilting the ring, Mr. Dowdall mistook the waving of a red flag by one of the stewards for a signal to stop thereby losing points for time, and although he secured ten rings he lost three seconds in time so Mr. W. McBain with eight rings carried off

FINISH OF THE MUSICAL CHAIRS



1 MISS FLORENCE VALENTINE AND T. A. CLARK WHO ACTED AS AN UMPIRE
2 MR. FLEET IN HIS CAR WITH THE WINNER

and run for the chairs of which there was always one short of the number of competitors. Miss Valentine proved herself the most nimble in this competition although Mrs. Aldridge was very close behind.

You will see in my pictures the ladies racing for the chairs, also Miss Valentine the winner sitting on the last musical chair as well as in the car driven by Mr. Fleet, and besides these I give photos of some of the other competitors.

the first prize on account of the speed. The others who took part in this event were:—

J. McKie	16-20	Humber, T. H. Aldridge
W. M. Dowdall	8	De Dion, Owner
H. E. Keylock	15	Bellet, „
G. McBain	14-20	Renault, Miss McBain
A. Fleet	6	Siddeley, R. Wallace
Dr. Macleod	9-10	Beaufort, Owner
H. P. King	12-15	Arrol, „
A. H. Bottenheim	8-9	Renault, „
E. E. Porter	9-10	Adams, „

The last event proved itself by no means the easiest, for a fresh breeze had sprung

up and rendered the balloons as elusive as eels, however, several managed to crush them and Miss McBain in her "Renault" secured the first prize, other competitors being

A large number of spectators assembled at this the first gymkhana of its kind in Shanghai, and I give you a few snapshots of some of them, also of a cinematograph



MUSICAL CHAIRS IN PROGRESS

H. E. Keylock	15	Berliet, Owner
W. M. Dowdall	8	De Dion, "
A. Fleet	6	Siddeley, R. Wallace
J. McKie	16-20	Humber, T. H. Aldridge
W. McBain	30-40	Renault, Owner
Dr. Macleod	9-10	Beaufort, Owner
E. T. Byrne	20-32	Darracq, "
A. H. Bottenheim	8-9	Renault, "
G. E. Tucker	16-20	Elec Ve, "
H. P. King	12-15	Arrol, "

camera that was working away busily all the time so that a few days afterwards we were able to see the whole thing reproduced to the life in moving pictures. We are really becoming quite up-to-date in our growing Settlement with our trams and motor-cars, cinematographs and music hall, the last named being the latest acquisition, but



CARS WAITING FOR EVENTS

as Rudyard Kipling says "That is another story" and time forbids any more at present from

NANCY.



MR. H. P. KING IN HIS "ARROL"



MISS MCBAIN—WINNER OF THE CALLOON RACE



MR. FLEET'S "SIDDELEY,"
GIVEN BY MR. WALLACE



TIME-KEEPERS—MR. T. A. CLARK
AND MR. F. J. BURRETT



MR. ALDRIDGE DRIVING MR. FLEET'S "HUMBER"



SPECTATORS AT THE AUTOMOBILE GYMKHANA INCLUDING THE OPERATORS
OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH



GROUP OF SPECTATORS

HE LAUGHED AT LOVE—POOR FOOL!

In loveless vein he went to woo
 It was his boast that Honour did
 What love was ever famed to do,
 And kept him, clean, from things forbid.

He laughed at Love—poor fo-ol!
 He laughed, and loveless wed
 A maid, and lived by Honour's rule.
 Love is a myth, and Honour all, he said,

Honour is all? As well! In ye-rs Love came,
 And chose his dart, in Cupid's name,
 And, loosing, pierced him to the core.
 Adieu! sweet peace for evermore.

A tender maid of lily grace
 Athwart his way so subtly came;
 Her gentle soul, her fairy face,
 With Love's own magic lit the flame
 That all consumes in Cupid's name.

Her lips were as the rose had kissed
 With dainty touch her fairy skin;
 Her eyes, as though the amethyst
 With elfish mischief dwelt within,
 To set his honour fluttering.

She was as other maidens were!
 Ah! not for him; for him far more.
 Her soul for his God fashioned there,
 And now cold Honour barred the door.
 Adieu! sweet peace for evermore.

Alas! Alas! his theme unsound
 That laughed at love—for Love will come.
 Love came and found him honour bound,
 And Honour henceforth held him dumb,
 Who would not wait till Love had come.

And did he tell his love? Ah! no.
 There was no need for him to tell.
 Her soul was made for his, and so
 She loved and knew he loved right well.
 No need for him or her to tell.

Locked in the bosoms of these two
 Their secret lies for ever hid.
 New Love and Honour keep him, true
 And clean, from things forbid.

A. H.

A Theological Tipster

A T first Wall Street thought that Silas Shaw's "religiousness" was an affectation. What purpose the old man desired to serve by the calculated notoriety of his church affiliations no one could tell, though many ingenious theories were advanced, some going so far as to hint at repentance.

As a matter of fact, Shaw really had in his tape wound and ticker dented old heart a soft spot for things ecclesiastical, and next to being a power in the Street, he loved to be regarded as one of the pillars of his church. Indeed, his generosity was so notorious among the church people that the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell, pastor of the 'Steenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, felt no hesitation in applying to him for assistance. It was not Shaw's church, but in Dr. Ramsdell's charge there were one or two bankers well known in Wall Street and several members of the New York Stock Exchange. He called at Mr. Shaw's office one morning.

"Good morning, Brother Shaw," said the clergyman. "I trust you are well."

"Tolerable, tolerable, thank 'e kindly," replied the sturdy old gambler. "What brings you down to this sinful section? Doing some missionary work, eh? I wish you'd begin among those d—er—dandy young bears."

"Ah yes," said Dr. Ramsdell eagerly. "Missionary work is my errand." And he told Silas Shaw all about the plan for carrying the light into darkest Bolivia by building a Methodist chapel in Oruro. The reverend doctor hoped—nay, he knew, in view of Brother Shaw's well-known devotion to the glorious work of redeeming

their benighted brethren—that he could count upon him; and the subscription list.

"My dear sir," interrupted Shaw, "I never sign subscription lists. When I give, I give; and don't want everybody to know how much I've given"

"You need not sign your name. I'll put you down as X. Y. Z.," Dr. Ramsdell said."

"No, no; don't put me down at all."

The good doctor looked downcast.

"Cheer up, doctor. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll buy some Erie for you. Yes, sirree; that's the thing to do. What do you say to that."

"Ahem—are you sure it will prove a—ahen—a desirable investment? You see, I do not—ah—know much about Wall Street."

"Neither do I. And the older I grow, the less I know."

The reverend doctor ventured a tentative smile of semi incredulity.

"That's right, doctor. But we'll make something for you. The blooming, I mean, the benighted Bohemians——"

"Ahem! Bolivans, Brother Shaw."

"I meant Bolivians. They must have a chance for their souls. John"—to a clerk—"buy five hundred shares of Erie at the market."

"Yes sir," said John, disappearing into the telephone booth. To buy "at the market" meant to buy at the prevailing or market price.

"Brother Shaw, I am extremely grateful to you. This matter is very close to my heart, I assure you. And—ah—when shall I know if the—ah—investment turns out profitably?"

"Oh, have no fears on that score. We shall make the stock market contribute to your missionary fund. All you'll have to do is to look on the financial page on your paper every morning."

"I fear, Brother Shaw," said Dr. Ramsdell deprecatingly, "that I may find the figures beyond my understanding."

"Not at all. See here," and he took up his newspaper and turned to the stock tables. "You see, here is Erie. Yesterday, on transactions of 18,230 shares, Erie sold as high as 64 3-4 and as low as 63 1-4, the closing sale being at 64 1-2. The numbers mean dollars per share. Haven't you got a report on that five hundred Erie yet, John?"

"Yes sir," said John. "Sixty-five and one eighth."

"You see, doctor, the stock is still going up. Well, every day when you look in the table you will see at what price Erie stock is selling. If it is more than sixty-five and an eighth, why, that will show you are making money. Every point up—that is, every unit—will mean that your missionary fund is five hundred dollars richer."

"And, Brother Shaw—ahem!—if it should be—ah—less?"

"What's the use of thinking such things, doctor? All you have to remember is that I am going to make some money for you; and that I paid sixty-five and an eighth for the stock I bought. You understand, of course, that it is well not to give such matters undue publicity."

"Of course, of course," assented the doctor, who did not understand at all. "I thank you very much, Brother Shaw. I most sincerely hope my—ah—your—I should say—ah—our investment may result in—ah—favourably for our Bolivian missionary fund. Thank you again."

"Don't mention it, doctor. And don't you worry. We'll come out O.K. You'll hear from me in a week or two. Good morning."

The reverend doctor went across the street to the office of one of his parishioners, Walter H. Cranston, a stock broker.

Mr. Cranston was bemoaning the appalling lack of business, and making up his mind about certain Delphic advice he contemplated giving his timid customers in order to make them "trade," which would mean commissions, when Dr. Ramsdell's card was brought.

"Confound him, why does he bother a man in business hours?" he thought. But he said, "Show him in, William."

"Good morning, Brother Cranston."

"Why, good morning, Dr. Ramsdell. To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?"

"I've called to see you about our missionary fund. We desire to build a chapel in Bolivia, where the light is needed, Brother Cranston, as much as in darkest Africa, I assure you. And it is so much nearer home."

"Doctor, I really——" began Cranston, with an injured air.

"I want your valuable autograph to head the subscription list," said the clergyman. "Don't refuse me."

"Why don't you try some well-known person?" said Cranston with pleasing modesty.

"To tell you the truth, Brother Cranston, I did try Silas Shaw." And he added hastily, "Not but that you are sufficiently well known for my purpose."

"What did the old ras—the old man say?"

"He said he never signed subscription lists, but he did something for me."

Cranston's eyes brightened. "What was that?" he said.

"Well," replied the clergyman hesitatingly, "he—er—told me he would make the stock market contribute to the fund."

"Indeed!" Cranston showed a lively interest.

"Yes. I suppose, since you are in the same business, there is no harm in telling you that he bought some stock for me. Five hundred shares, it was. Do you think, Brother Cranston, that—er—that will mean much? You see, I have the fund very close to my heart."

"It depends," said Cranston, very carelessly, "upon what stock he bought for you."

"It was Erie Railroad stock."

"Of course, Dr. Ramsdell, your profits will depend also upon the price you paid." This also in a tone of utter indifference.

"It was Brother Shaw who paid. The price was sixty five and an eighth."

"Aha!" said Cranston. "So the old man is bullish on Erie, is he?"

"I do not know what you mean, but I know he told me I should read the paper every day and see how much the price went up; and that I would surely hear from him."

"I sincerely hope you will, doctor. Let me see, will a hundred dollars do? Very well, I'll make out a check for you. Here it is. And now, doctor, will you excuse me? We are very busy indeed. Good morning. Call again any time you happen to be down this way;" and he almost pushed the good man out of the office in his eagerness to be rid of him.

No sooner had the door closed on the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell than Cranston rushed to the telephone and put in an order to buy a thousand shares of Erie at the best possible price. By doing this before he notified his friends he proved that he himself firmly believed in Erie; also, he bought his stock ahead of theirs, and thereby, in all likelihood, bought it cheaper. He then rushed into the customers' room and yelled: "Hi, there! Everybody get aboard Erie! Silas Shaw is bullish as Old Nick on it. I get this absolutely straight. I've thought all along

the old rascal was picking it up. It's his movement and no mistake. There ought to be at least ten points in it, if you buy now!"

The firm of Cranston & Melville bought in all that day, for themselves and their customers, thirty-two hundred shares of Erie, doing as much as any one else to advance the price to sixty-six.

All that week the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell was busy collecting subscriptions for the Bolivian missionary fund. He was a good soul, and an enthusiast on the subject of that particular subscription list; so he told his parishioners how Brother Cranston had given a hundred dollars, and Brother Baker, another Wall Street man, two hundred, and Brother Shaw had promised—he told this with an amused smile, as if at the incongruity and the novelty of it—to make the stock market contribute to the fund. And as he had told some, he felt that he should not discriminate against others; so he told to all, impartially, the details of the transaction.

The Bolivian missionary fund grew even beyond the good man's optimistic expectations. But behold, a strange, a very strange thing happened. Erie stock, according to the doctor's daily perusal of the dry financial pages, had been fluctuating between sixty-five and sixty-six. On the following Tuesday, to his intense surprise, the stock table recorded, "Highest, 65 3-4; lowest, 62; last, 62 5-8." On Wednesday the table read, "Highest, 62 1-2; lowest, 58; last, 58." On Thursday, there was a ray of hope—the stock sold as high as 60, and closed at 59 1-2. But on Friday there was a bad break, and Erie touched 54 1-8, just 11 1-8 points below what the Bolivian missionary fund's stock had cost. And on Saturday the stock declined to 50, closing at 51 1-4.

That Sunday the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell preached to the gloomiest congregation in

Gotham. Wherever he turned his gaze he met reproachful looks—accusing eyes, full of bitterness or of anger or of sadness. An exception was Mr. Silas Shaw, who had come, as he sometimes did, to hear his friend Dr. Ramsdell preach. His eyes beamed benignantly on the pastor throughout the long sermon. He looked as if he felt, Dr. Ramsdell thought, inexplicably contented. He had forgotten his promise—the promise from which benighted Bolivia expected so much?

The two men met after the service. Dr. Ramsdell's manner was constrained; Mr. Shaw's affable.

"Good morning, doctor," said the grizzled old operator. "I've carried a small piece of paper in my pocket for some days, in the hope of meeting you. Here it is;" and he handed the clergyman a check for five thousand dollars.

"Why—er—I—er—didn't the stock—er—go down?"

"Sure!"

"How is it, then, that——"

"Oh, that's all right. It came out just as I expected. That's why you get the check."

"But—ahem! Didn't you buy five hundred shares for me!"

"Yes; but after you left I sold ten thousand shares between sixty-five and sixty-six. Your congregation, doctor, developed a remarkable and, I may say, unanimous desire to purchase Erie." He chuckled gleefully. "It was to them that I sold the stock."

"But my impression was that you said the stock would go up."

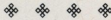
"Oh, no. I never said that. I merely told you we'd come out O.K. And I guess we have." He laughed joyously. "It's all right, doctor; those pesky Bolivians will be enlightened, you bet."

"But," said the doctor, with a very red face, fingering the check, "I don't know whether to accept it or not."

"Oh, you're not robbing me," the old stock gambler gaily assured him. "I made out quite well; quite well, thank you."

"I—I—mean——" stammered the clergyman, "I don't know whether it is right to——"

Shaw frowned. "Put that check in your pocket," he said sharply. "You earned it."



A SURE METHOD

PATIENCE: "Is she doing anything to preserve her voice?"

PATRICE: "Well, she sang into a phonograph the other day at Moutrie's."



Photo

Satow

A CHINESE FERRY BOAT

MEN OF NOTE IN CHINA

THE HON. RUFUS HILDRETH THAYER

THE subject of this sketch was born in Plymouth, Mich., on June 29, 1850.

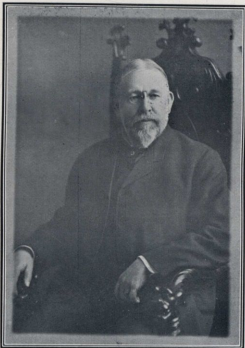
His parents were Rufus Thayer and Hersilora Utley Thayer, both of New England ancestry, his father having removed from Massachusetts to Michigan in the early part of the last century. The judge was born on a farm and spent the happy, care free hours of boyhood there, attending the Michigan public schools, the public high school, until he matriculated at the University of Michigan and entered the famous class of 1871 that has had so many illustrious graduates. Among his classmates at the university were such well-known American characters as Justice Day, of the United States Supreme Court; Judge Penfield, later solicitor of the State Department; Dr. Bernard Moses, of the University of California, recently a member of the Philippine Commission, and Alfred Noble, the distinguished civil engineer and member of several canal commissions, making up a class conspicuous in the history of the university.

Upon graduation Judge Thayer came to Washington, D. C., after a period of being assistant librarian of the Michigan University, and accepted an appointment in the Library of Congress under Mr. Spofford. While he pursued these literary duties he took up a law course in the Law Department of Columbian University (now George Washington University.) Before graduation he had taken the examination and been admitted to the bar.

The young lawyer then resigned from the Library of Congress and entered the

office of the supervising architect of the Treasury as law-clerk. In this post Judge Thayer became intimately associated with the important administrative work of that office.

During Mr. Cleveland's first administration he resigned from the Government



HON. RUFUS HILDRETH THAYER
(The new Judge of U. S. Court for China)

and entered upon the practice of law in this city in partnership with Fred G. Coldren, now of the firm of Coldren & Fenning. Later the firm was enlarged by the admission of Mr. Omar D. Conger, later a Senator from Michigan. The firm was later reorganized under the name of Thayer & Rankin (John M. Rankin), and

has so stood during the last twenty years. A successful practising lawyer, Judge Thayer had many notable cases during his practice in the city of Washington, and he was remarkably successful with them. He is a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States and also of the Court of Claims.

Judge Thayer is deeply interested in civic advancement, and has been an active and useful citizen of Washington, and always foremost in prominent movements, has served on important public committees. He was for several years a member of the school board, also Judge Advocate of the National Guard of the District of Columbia. At present the judge is one of the trustees of the Washington, D. C., Public Library, and secretary of the board of trustees of that institution, and is a trustee of the Reform School for Girls. He is a prominent member and ex-president of the famous Cosmos Club, of Washington, D. C., which is one of the leading literary and scientific clubs in the country. He has always taken a deep interest in its welfare. He also belongs to the Chevy Chase and University Clubs of Washington, D. C.

Booklover, educator and jurist, in Judge Rufus Hildreth Thayer, of Washington, D. C., who was recently appointed Judge

of the United States Court at Shanghai, China, by President Roosevelt, this very outpost of American courts has received one of the most able American lawyers and jurists. Of long practical legal experience, a ripe judicial training, Judge Thayer comes to his new position amply prepared for the strenuous duties that await him there.

This position is no sinecure and we feel convinced that Judge Thayer and his charming wife will do much to solidify the position of his compatriots in Shanghai.

In 1903 Judge Thayer was married to Miss Harriet I. Barnes, of Albany, N. Y., a granddaughter of Thurlow Weed. Mrs. Thayer has made art her lifelong study, and spent many years abroad, especially in Paris, studying. Much of her time was spent in historic Oxford and rural England, and she is extremely well versed in the picturesque art of Great Britain. On the Island of Nantucket, Massachusetts, the Thayers have a beautiful summer home. The quaint and picturesque scenery of that island has formed the themes of many of Mrs. Thayer's best art studies. Frequently her work has appeared in New York exhibitions, and it has always won praise and admiration from the public and critics.



MODERN SAWS

Theory is a vine from which facts are gathered.

Charity with a string to it uncovers a multitude of sins.

The last turn of the worm is apt to be on the angler's hook.

If a woman refuses to tell her age give her time—for time will tell.

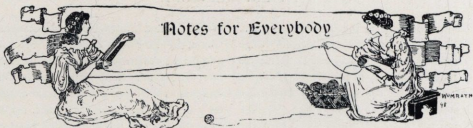
There is no fool like the one with a bald pate and moth-eaten whiskers.

All the world's a stage—and all the women insist on having speaking parts.

It's a shame that men are not as smart at 45 as they thought they were at 25.

A girl's dearest girl friend is apt to be one she has known less than two weeks.

It sometimes happens that a woman never forgives a man for letting her marry him.



BEDS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS

A PECULIARITY of different nations is the style of bed which is used. The Japanese lie upon matting, and have a stiff wooden rest for their heads; the Chinese use low bedstead, but have on it only a mat or a coverlet, and the East Indian carries a light portable mattress, called a charpoy, which he unrolls at night, and is, therefore, always accommodated with sleeping conveniences. The Egyptian bed used to be shaped like an old-fashioned easy-chair, with a hollow back and seat, and the ancient Greeks and Romans had their beds supported on iron frames, but they were not flat like ours are. A peculiarity of the beds of our near neighbours, the Germans, is their shortness and the size of the pillows; these, in fact, are very often like large down mattresses, and some beds have an extra one to lay on afterwards, to serve the purpose of all the other outer covering combined.



For Parents

CONVERSATION AT HOME

CHILDREN hunger perpetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and the ear, not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not infrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the selfsame words uttered. An audience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address, which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is

emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to study in the books. Let parents, then, talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own home may be in many respects a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends.



For Smokers

SUBSTITUTES FOR TOBACCO

How would you enjoy a pipeful of wood shavings, saturated with a strong solution of pepper, as an after-dinner smoke? Strange as this may seem for a substitute for tobacco, it is, nevertheless, used as such by Indians along the Alaskan coast. Their mouths, says a writer in "Health," are often made raw by the practice, and the eyesight of many is affected by the strong fumes.

It is no uncommon practice among farmers to smoke the leaves of the tomato and potato plants. While these plants both contain a narcotic poison, the smoking of leaves in moderation is harmless. Excessive use, though, produces a heavy stupor from which the smoker awakes with a terrific headache and a feeling of utter exhaustion. Insanity and suicide have often been caused by the immoderate use of these two weeds. Rhubarb, beet, and even garden sage leaves, are all smoked by farmers, but are, perhaps, the least harmful of substitutes for tobacco.

In Jamaica "ganjah," a variety of Indian hemp, is smoked by all classes with terrible results. It is stated that it was this weed that was used by the leaders of the Indian Mutiny to drive the Sepoys into the passions of raging mania which they exhibited during the campaign.

In Sweden a weed found growing in the hills known as mountain tobacco is smoked in quantities. Dried holly leaves, the bark of the willow-tree, and leaves of the stag's horn sumach are all smoked by the American-Indians, and are the least harmful of the substitutes for tobacco. "Indian tobacco," or the leaf of a kind of lobelia, is smoked extensively, and is extremely poisonous. "Tombeki," another species of the lobelia, largely used in Asia, is smoked in a water pipe, and produces a decidedly unpleasant odour. Those who smoke it regularly become intensely nervous, and are subject to curious hallucinations.

For Housekeepers

APPLE RING PUDDING.—Put on a large handful of the dried apple-rings in a pan with half a pint of cold water, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one-quarter of the peel of a lemon, and stew it all gently for half an hour or until soft; boil half a teacupful of rice in water till tender, then drain and dry it over the fire, after which stir to it two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar and one of fresh butter. Now fill a pie-dish with alternate layers of rice and apple, finishing with the apple; strew the top with a handful of breadcrumbs soaked in a tablespoonful of dissolved butter or clarified dripping, and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Of course any flavouring may be used with the apples.

SERVANTS IN HUNGARY.—The servant problem is different in Hungary from what it is here. Apparently servants are so

plentiful that the Prefect of Jaszbereny, a Hungarian town, has dared to issue the following decree: "In view of the fact that domestic servants are getting more and more in the habit of neglecting their work in order to amuse themselves, I hereby give notice that any female domestic servant who is found out of doors or even on the doorstep of the house in which she is employed after 9 p.m. will be summarily arrested and punished by a fine or four days' imprisonment."

For Dyspeptics

FRUITS DIGEST FOODS

APART from the fact that fruits contain certain salts which build up the tissues of the body, they also directly aid in enriching the blood with the iron of the more solid foodstuffs. It is also pointed out that they actually digest our nitrogenous foods. If the white of egg be placed in a glass dish between layers of fresh, ripe strawberries cut into slices, digestion will take place in about eight hours. Similar experiments were conducted with ripe cherries, and a dry extract of these was found active at the end of two years. Orange juice also proved to be a digestive, as did pear and apple juice. Tinned fruits are inert as digestives. The prolonged high temperature necessary to their preservation destroys the ferments.

THE medicinal properties of prunes act directly upon the nerves and nerve centres. They will cure one of nervous disorders if persistently eaten. When a craving to eat something comes upon one, a dish of stewed prunes will satisfy the craving, and also be soothing to the nerves. To those who laugh at the idea, I will say that our family physician, who advised me to use them several years since, has made a study of dietetics, and claims that prunes will do wonders for people who are

depressed, irritable, or generally bad-tempered, besides regulating the bowels and correcting bad digestion. In my own case, I can say that they have done what years of medical treatment failed to do, cured me of terrible nervous headaches that made life a burden. I also find that children sleep better, and are better-natured, when they have bread, milk, and a dish of stewed prunes for their supper.



For Women

AN OUTLET IN PHILANTHROPY.

It is beneficial for every woman to have a regular occupation and, life being uncertain, it would be well if every woman were trained to some occupation which she might in case of necessity.

But to the woman anxious only for an outlet for her energies I would say: In many unpaid fields of labour the harvest is plenteous and the labourers are few. Find some such field, and leave those who must to work her bread.



For Business Men

STENOGRAPHERS, if they are good stenographers, should not be considered mere automatons writing down shorthand as they understand it to be dictated.

The stenographer should be made to feel that she is in a position of some responsibility as to the proper sound and clearness of the matter which she is taking.

Have her understand that when she thinks you are not dictating a clear or easily understood letter she is free to say so, and if possible to suggest wherein other wording would make the letter read the better. Have her feel that she is co-operating with you in getting out the best letter possible; that if, while taking notes, she notices you have repeated a word or phrase unnecessarily, she makes herself more valuable by calling your attention to the matter.

As a rule this will stimulate the stenographer's efforts, and will give her a certain responsibility and pride in the work turned out.

Give a good stenographer, a clerk, or employee a certain amount of responsibility, and a freedom from unnecessary restraint, and you secure to yourself a better employee—a living assistant, not a machine.

Silence an employee's ideas and suggestions, and you cheat yourself of what is rightfully yours.



AN UNEXPECTED REPLY

MR. BROWN had just had a telephone connection between his office and house, and was very much pleased with it.

"I tell you, Smith," he was saying, "this telephone business is a wonderful thing. I want you to dine with me this evening, and I will notify Mrs. Brown to expect you."

Brown (speaking through the telephone): "My friend Smith will dine with us this evening."

"Now listen and hear how plain her reply comes back!"

Mrs. Brown's reply come back with startling distinctness:

"Ask your friend Smith if he thinks we keep an hotel!"

Gordon Road Camp

THE well-known saying "We can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable" applies to most people, but more especially to the Army, Navy, and Volunteer Force. From all accounts the men in the S.V.C. who camped out at Easter are considerably more valuable than they were before, as they gained practical knowledge on the matter of defence that would prove most valuable if required, and if one may judge by their happy and healthy appearance they must also have reaped much benefit from a physical point of view. Several unlooked-for incidents occurred during the week-end, including two fires, set alight by rockets which had been used when an attack was made by the German and Custom Companies, on Saturday night. On Sunday morning the Chaplain, the Rev. A. J. Walker, held a service and administered communion to a large number of Volunteers. During the same day

which served to counteract the effect of the hard work which formed such an important part of what is universally



A PROSPECTIVE RECRUIT AND CAPTAIN DOWDALL considered to have been a very beneficial encampment.



CAPTAIN COLLYER AND A COMPANY OF FAIR AMAZONS

an interesting fight took place between the M. I. cyclists, and a part of the Maxims on one side, and the Infantry supported by a Maxim gun on the other. In the evening a mock trial was held which created an immense amount of amusement, and next day impromptu sports were organized

We reproduce some snapshots taken at the sports which indicate how heartily our Volunteers can enter into the funny side of things, and the efficiency displayed at the recent Parade illustrates effectually that they also fully appreciate the serious side of volunteering.

Not a whit less interesting were the impromptu sports originated on the spur of the moment by a portion of the Volunteer Corps, who were camping out at Gordon Road for the week-end. Concerning this same Camp, I said to a man who belonged to one of the Companies, on Friday morning, "I suppose you are having your annual picnic at camp this

To return to the sports, I must try and describe some of the items. There was of course the usual tug-of-war, which was won by "A" Company from the "Rest of the Camp" and the Artillery. A very amusing item was provided by the competitors forming a big circle and taking hands, whilst a man in the middle swung a small sand bag attached to the end of a long string, which



THE OBSTACLE RACE

Easter." He replied indignantly, "Not much, I can assure you it is jolly hard work. Major Barnes is out with us, and by Jove, he makes us all toe the line, but we are all a good deal more efficient than we ever were before, so we rather like it."

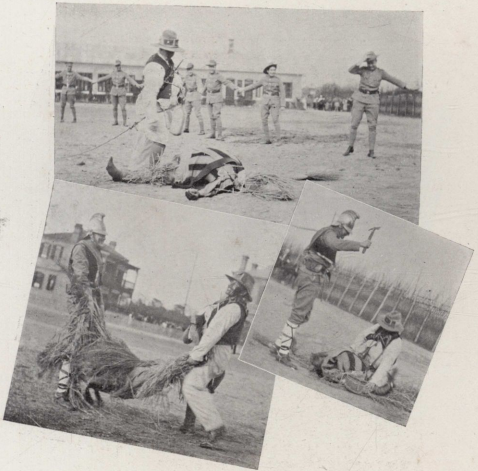
made every one jump in order to avoid being tripped up by it. The man whom it hit, went into the middle, while the swinger went out altogether, thus making the ring smaller. Quite a lot of laughter was provided by three ridiculous figures of fun,



1 THE CIGARETTE-LIGHTING COMPETITION
2 THE KIT COMPETITION

dressed up to represent a General on Parade, and his Aide de Camp. Mr. Appletree came on as a "fool" private, or something of the sort. Words beggar description and I feel it is quite beyond my capability to attempt to convey the gorgeousness of their apparel, which was a cross between that usually adopted by a

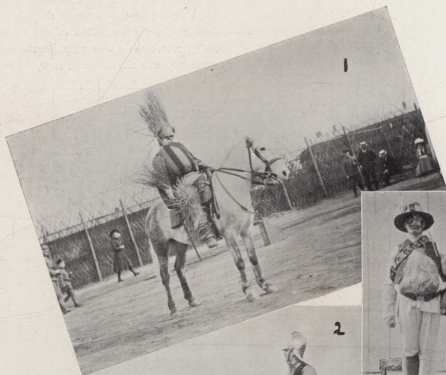
nothing could have been more ludicrous. Ladies were asked to take part in two items. A "thread-the-needle" competition and "lighting-a-cigarette." Most of the men were as expert at the latter as they were duffers at the former. One of the most amusing numbers in this very interesting programme, was the obstacle race, when



CHERRY APPLETREE VANQUISHES THE GENERAL WHOSE REMAINS ARE TRIUMPHANTLY REMOVED

Chinese mandarin, a fireman, an officer, and a bootblack. I fear that it sounds rather mongrel, and I am sure that it looked so when the General and Mr. Appletree took part in Mortal Combat, and the former was carried off the field dead;

about twenty men laden with bulky bags of chaff, romped over a long line of Municipal carts, and scrambled over camp beds tilted on end, finishing up by returning underneath the carts. Here they got rather congested, but all managed to come out



1 GENERAL MCGILlicUDDY

2 HIS AIDE DE CAMP

3 CHERRY APPLETREE
The Champion Smasher

alive, but intensely warm. Quite original and very interesting was a repetition of a scene which took place the previous night, when the top of the big camp tent was fired by a rocket. Rockets were sent up and two firemen appeared very promptly and put out the fire, which, on this occasion, was, of course, purely imaginary. A kit race created quite a lot of enthusiasm. Each man took off his puttees, cap, belt, and bandolier, and coat, laid them on the ground. At a given signal he put them on again, and ran to the finish. All the men looked very sun-tanned and healthy, and none the worse for the hard work mentioned before. There was no chance of judging of their efficiency, but if it equals their good nature, they will do very well, as every one present, including Major Barnes, contributed in some degree to a very enjoyable afternoon.—*China Weekly*.



Suited the Occasion

THE following incident actually happened in British Columbia:—My brother (writes a correspondent) was in Victoria at the time the affair happened. A Chinaman died, and his friends arranged for a funeral suitable to his station in life. Among other things, they got an Anglo-Canadian band to play. When the music started the Chinese distinctly looked disapproval, and as the band went on their signs of dissatisfaction grew more marked. At last one of the party went up to the musicians, and said: "Band no good—slow music no good." He clearly gave the band to understand that he and his friends considered they were not getting their money's worth. The bandmaster



1 and 2 DODGING THE SANDBAG

3 A PICTURESQUE GROUP

rose to the occasion, and substituted the lively air of "The Girl I left behind me" for the "Dead March" from "Saul," which he had, naturally, thought most appropriate for such an occasion. The change of tune exactly suited the mourners, for "Music much good" was now their satisfied comment.

The Discovery of the Spurious Note Factory

NO. 3.—VISIT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES TO SHANGHAI

IT was not long after the capture of the Bubbling Well burglar that Lieut.-Colonel Howe de Deuce, the Captain-Superintendent of Police, paid Holmes another visit: and this time the problem presented so many difficulties that I fully expected having to record one of Holmes' few failures.

"This was handed to me four days ago," said Colonel Deuce, producing a bank-note and handing it to Holmes, "by the Manager of the Gonwong and Shaky Banking Corporation, who states emphatically that it is a forgery. The difference between this note and the genuine ones is so slight that it can only be detected by the aid of a good magnifier. It may then be seen that the distance between the *m* and the *a* in the word 'demand' is a sixty-fourth part of an inch greater than it should be. The colours are fast and the variation in weight is only a fraction of a grain."

"The imitation is the most remarkably clever piece of work I have ever seen" said Holmes, examining the note with his pocket lens: "It would be interesting to know how the discovery was made."

"I am informed that one of the Bank shroffs detected a slight difference in the 'silkeness' when handling the note" replied Deuce, "and took it to the cashier for further examination. You must know, Mr. Holmes, that the sole life-long business of certain of these shroffs is the handling and testing of various kinds of money; a business which they follow without the aid of any tools whatever, and at which they cannot be beaten."

"And what have you done in the matter so far?"

"Oh, 'the usual thing,'" replied the Colonel, "had special look-out kept over all the likely haunts of criminals and a systematic watch upon all new Japanese residents; for it is practically certain that this is the work of a Japanese."

"Yes, I am at one with you there," said Holmes, "and that narrows our search for the forgers considerably. Can you supply me with a number of your native detectives, say half-a-dozen, at ten in the morning? I came without my Baker Street arabs, for various reasons."

"The whole of the available force is at your disposal, Mr. Holmes, of course."

"Well, this is somewhat out of my line; I have not made much of a study of the Jap. and his ways: but I will do my best. You may expect me at your office to-morrow, Colonel Deuce, as arranged and I hope your men will be ready."

After the Colonel had departed my companion remained in a deep study with his head in his hands and the counterfeit note on the table before him for nearly half-an-hour, when I ventured to ask him what he made of it.

"Nothing, Watson, nothing, excepting to conclude what enormous mischief this man could work in society. I believe he could duplicate any document in existence. How does the case strike you?"

"I should not have the foggiest idea whether to look north, south, east, or west for the culprit" I confessed.

Stepping across the road from our hotel to the carriage rank on the following

morning, Holmes deliberately walked along and seated himself in the last vehicle but one on the stand.

"Good gracious, Holmes" I remarked, "we are rather late as it is. Why not take the first carriage."

"Oh, do get in, Watson; this is the fastest pony by far, and I choose it because we are behind time."

"I was not aware that you were a judge of ponies."

"I was not looking at the pony."

"Or drivers."

"I am a judge of neither animal. The mud splashes on this conveyance are much higher than those on the others and also more elongated, showing the greater speed of the revolution of the wheels. Moreover, there are fewer of them, from which one would naturally infer that the pony would be fresher, having been more recently yoked."

"Holmes" I said, ostentatiously changing the subject (for when Holmes serves up his displays in this way I feel cheap and chippy, like the chopper in the 'Mikado'), "I have often wondered what the nationality of these foreign police is. There is one standing at the corner of the bridge."

"Oh this is easy" replied Holmes, stopping the carriage. "Constable, can you direct us to the Foochow Road?"

"Och sure an' it's mesilf that can thirect you to that same place. Follow the nose on yer face bedad an' soon it'll be that ye'll see the name on yer roight hand or me name's not Torrence O'Flanagan."

"French" said Holmes; and I subsided.

Arriving at the Captain-Superintendent's office we found the half-dozen native detectives ready lined up in the corridor in charge of a Sikh. Holmes explained to the Colonel that he wished them each to pick out a native cash-shop and shadow any Japanese who changed a note there to his home; then report the address. Whilst he thought it likely that sooner or later every cash-shop in the Settlement

would be visited, Holmes stated that he did not place much faith in the result, being much handicapped by lack of local knowledge.

After leaving Colonel Deuce we dismissed our carriage and strolled on to the Bund.

"I think they call it 'bluff' Watson" said Holmes; "those miseries will be of no more value to me than they look."

"Then why employ them?"

"We are dealing with an exceedingly careful criminal. No doubt our friend Deuce has some very smart and trustworthy men; but judging from the little I have seen and read of the Chinese I should say the maxim that every man has his price applies to this race of people more than to any other. Now I do not think this counterfeiter would neglect to keep himself well posted as to what was being done by the police, and I trust I have provided him with such information as will make him feel comfortable. Have you noticed occasionally in your walks, an uncommonly refined-looking Japanese? He has long hands and fingers and every indication of an artistic temperament; dresses rather well with the exception of a show of rings, large gold chain and other jewellery. One meets him at various hours of the day loafing somewhat aimlessly about."

"I cannot say that I have."

"It is not my habit to go about with my eyes closed as——"

"Thanks."

"You are pleased to be snappy this morning, Watson. I was about to say, as detectives usually do when not engaged upon any particular undertaking."

"I beg your pardon, Holmes."

"You will generally see him wandering about the Bund of an evening with a fox-terrier. Everything points to his being our man: the hours of leisure, the display

of jewellery and the artistic features. We must find out where he resides."

The next few days found Holmes dodging in and out in various disguises; but I could easily see that he was not having much success. At length I asked him if there were any developments.

"I am making very little progress, Watson. This is the most cunning beggar I have had to deal with for some time. He is not aware that he is being watched or he would vanish at once. He simply takes precautions out of sheer carefulness. I am now convinced that this is our man at all events; and that is the only progress I have made. The day after our visit to Deuce I traced him to an hotel in Broadway and could see him drinking Japanese beer at the bar. I waited for an hour and then found that he had left by the back of the premises and climbed a wall. The impression of his boot was clearly defined in the back alleyway. Yesterday he went up the lift in the Palace Hotel and came down the servants' staircase immediately. I just saw the dog disappearing round a corner after him in time; but he gave me the slip again by boarding a tram-car on the move; the dog following behind. This is not London where one can call a hand-some and I had to lose him. Now, Watson, I want your assistance. I intend to steal this dog, and the dog shall lead us to his abode. I have noticed that he invariably walks through the public gardens at about six in the evening and leaves the dog tied to the railings, no dogs being allowed inside. My plan is to have a closed carriage waiting at the garden gates, walk out of the gardens, unfasten the dog as if he belonged to me, hustle him into the carriage, cover him with a rug and drive away. I want you to loaf about there and when the Japanese appears and looks about for his dog inform him that the dog's muzzle was off and that a policeman has taken him away. Advise him to go to the Central Station and then come to me. I will arrange with Deuce for him to be detained as long as possible and then

referred to the kennels in Hongkew. I wish there to be as much delay as possible so that the dog will forget about the gardens and make for home at the end of a leash before the Japanese gets there."

The following day all happened as Holmes had planned with the exception of a slight hitch in the programme. No sooner had we emerged from the hotel than the dog slipped his collar and made off at top speed. There was a bicycle standing near the entrance, however, and this Holmes grabbed immediately and hid after the animal just as the owner of the machine was coming out of the door. This gentleman followed Holmes somewhat excitedly.

About two hours afterwards Holmes returned covered with mud from head to foot.

"Thank, goodness, that slippery little beggar is locked up together with all the implements of his craft": he said. "I managed to keep pace with the dog and went into a Chinese shop on the opposite side of the road to the door at which the beast was scratching. Woosung Road it was, I think. Mr. Chocolatti was not long in coming up, and as he and the dog were congratulating each other I just stepped across and gripped him by the arm, intending to secure him with my hand-cuffs. I quite overlooked the possibilities of Jiu-jit-su, Watson. He got his arm under my knee and threw me clean over his head before I had time to realize what he was up to. I landed on the top of a poor hawker who was trying to make an honest living by means of retailing raw pastry. But I was very soon up and after him, and when I did catch him he got a sample of English boxing in the most approved style. There were two of the police very near, curiously, so I put on the bracelets and sent him to Deuce. The house has turned out to be a most ingenious little mint.



WINE AND



WALNUTS



No Use Calling

A GENTLEMAN prominent in political life, but careless of his dress, was once on his way to call upon a Cabinet Minister, and stopped a man in the street to inquire the way.

"Can you tell me where Lord—— lives?" said the statesman.

"It's no use your going there," was the unexpected reply.

"But do you know where he lives?"

"Yes, but it's no use going there."

The inquirer began to get angry.

"I didn't ask your advice. I simply wanted to know where Lord—— lives."

"Oh, well, go down that street yonder, and it's No. 20; but I tell you it's no use your going there, for I've just been there myself, and he already got a man."

Lord —— had advertised for a servant the day before, and the statesman, so the story goes, went at once and bought a new hat.

He Was the Very Man

A CLERICAL-LOOKING gentleman, in the hope of obtaining a contribution, entered the office of a newspaper, and, finding the editor in, said :—

"I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in need of a little ready money, but is too proud to make known his sufferings."

"Why!" exclaimed the editor, "I'm the only man in town that answers that description. What's the gentleman's name?"

"I'm sorry to say I am not at liberty to disclose it."

"It must be me, parson. Heaven prosper you in your good work," said the editor, wiping away a tear. The parson was speechless, and retired as best he might.

New Use for Millinery

WHILE a Buda-Pesth lady was present at a menagerie performance some monkeys broke loose, and she left the place in terror and returned home. When she removed her hat, which was of "Merry Widow" dimensions, she fainted at the sight of a monkey's face grinning at her from among the trimming of flowers and fruit. She is now bringing an action for damages against the proprietor of the menagerie.

Thin Ice

JACK—Ain't you a little afraid to trust yourself on this thin ice?

MAUD—Not a bit. I take after father in that respect. He's a company promoter, you know.

A Wrong Diagnosis

A SONG with the title "There's a Sigh in the Heart" was sent by a young man to a young lady; but somehow or other the paper happened to fall into the hands of the girl's father, a very unsentimental physician, who exclaimed, somewhat crossly :—

"What unscientific rubbish is this? Who ever heard of such a case? The man who wrote it must be insane."

He wrote on the outside: "Mistaken diagnosis: no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphragm."

A Pernicious Guide

A WOMAN who thinks herself a pocket edition of a Guide to Heaven needs a strait jacket to keep her from harming others.

Agreed

HOUSE-OWNER: "You didn't pay the rent last month."

TENANT: "No? Well, I suppose you will hold me to your agreement?"

OWNER: "Agreement—what agreement?"

TENANT: "Why, when I rented, you said I must pay in advance or not at all."



Poor Married Man

HER HUSBAND: "For whom are you knitting those socks?"

A MEMBER OF THE L. B. S.: "For our Working Society for Clothing the Poor and Destitute."

HER HUSBAND: "I wonder if they would let me have a pair if I sent them my address?"



Her Hobby

BESS—What are you doing of evenings, now?

BETH—Studying astronomy.

BESS—With a telescope?

BETH—No; with a man.



So Innocent

It is pretty well known that a number of people do not understand the meaning of the term "crossed cheques." The following incident is vouched for as having occurred in a Bank on the Bund:—

A young lady of some nineteen summers entered the bank in question one afternoon a little while ago and, handing a crossed cheque to the teller, she asked to have its value in cash.

"Miss," said he, "this cheque is crossed, and the money can't be paid across the counter."

"Oh," answered the young lady, in surprise; "then I'll come round to the other side." And the clerk, much against his inclination, was just in time to prevent, by further explanation, the embarrassing visit of the fair one.

Extremely Awkward

DOCTOR, my wife runs to extremes.
How's that?

She has a hot temper and cold feet.



An Adjuration

AN amusing story is related of Admiral von Koester, a favourite with the Kaiser, and a frequent guest at the Imperial table. It is the custom for the servants to remove at once any dish the Emperor does not touch. On one occasion, when the Admiral was at the palace, the diners had reached the roast venison, a dish to which he is particularly partial. The Emperor pushed away his plate, and the servants began to remove the course. They came to the Admiral, and wanted to remove his fork, but he brought his knife handle smartly down upon the servant's fingers, exclaiming: "Hands off, there. I'm not ready." He accompanied his action also with a naval adjuration which left his fellow-guests aghast. But the Kaiser prides himself on his nautical character, and the oath rapped out so naturally so delighted his Majesty, and he burst into laughter. The Admiral, after one glance of curiosity at the laughing monarch, drained his glass and returned placidly to his venison.



He Scatted!

A WELL-KNOWN man had gone to the train to see his favourite daughter off. Securing her a seat, he went to the book-stall, and then returned to the window to say a parting word. While he was away the daughter had left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prim old maid came in and took her place. Unaware of the change inside, he hurriedly put his face up to the window and said, "One more kiss, pet." In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the passionate interjection, "Scat, you grey-headed wretch!" He scatted!

A BRIDGE INTERLUDE

THERE is probably no topic so dear to the heart of the Bridge enthusiast as No Trumps. He delights in it, he fairly revels in it, he gloats over it. Its prospects are dazzling, its uncertainties great and its rewards tantalizing. In addition to these qualities No Trumps is unique, a thing of itself, peculiar to Bridge, unlike anything that went before, as who should say Whist knew it not. But when you come to size up the whole case of No Trumps, to calmly seek a reason for its predominance, I think it will always be found in its expense. It is worth 12 a trick and there you have it, in plain English. It is worth 50 per cent more than any other trick at single value. Yes, that is the weighty consideration and it is simply found by the law of human nature. The ordinary mortal prefers the dearest article and likes to go for a big stake. No Trumps fulfils each desideratum and is accordingly the prized and petted of all declarations. It is also the most difficult to declare with judgment and to manœuvre with complete success to the best advantage.

I have said advisedly "with judgment" No Trumps is the most difficult call as it is the easiest without. It is also easy to play a No Trumper indifferently to small advantage. Under these circumstances it may readily be imagined that it is the happy hunting-ground of the beginner. Primarily, he is partial to the call because

it sounds debonnaire, is risky and may prove expensive. The proof of whether it is expensive to his adversaries or to himself is in the playing, and if the expense proves against him, will, he finds grim consolation in having been defeated by luck, which luck may be accounted for either by his having taken too big a risk in the call or by his not having made the best use of his cards or by both.

No Trumps is so well-worn a theme that it might almost appear as if its discussion had come to the end of its tether. But this is far from being the case, for its range is prodigious and its combinations are innumerable, so that the limit of its discussion is never reached and the topic is practically inexhaustible.

Every novice, of course, knows that four aces in his hand is a law unto him to go No Trumps and that three aces in his hand is a *jeu de regle* to make them. It is when less pronounced and more varied constituents prevail that the call becomes a difficult one and demands that skill and judgment which can usually only be bought and gained by experience. Of course there is the Robertson Rule for those who care for this method of appreciating the value of a hand by arithmetical calculation. It may well serve as a measure of assistance until such time as experience renders it unnecessary, but I do not think the frequent Bridge-player ought to need to employ it for long.

Social Notes

THE Easter holidays this year may be considered conspicuous for the spell of warm weather which heralded them and remained until they were all over. In this way gymkhanas and sports were enjoyed to the utmost by those taking part, as well as the large crowds of spectators who turned out to witness them.

Besides the usual Easter Volunteer camp and Rowing Club picnic, a novelty was struck in the form of an automobile gymkhana which was held on the Recreation Ground on Saturday and proved a great success.

THE marriage of Mr. William Turner Bisset, to Miss Elizabeth Lumsden, took place at Holy Trinity Cathedral on the

23rd of February. The bride was given away by Mr. J. D. Strang, Miss Wilson and Miss Lucy Strang acting as bridesmaids while Mr. G. G. Patterson undertook the duties of groomsman. A reception was afterwards held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Strang where were displayed the handsome and numerous presents. The happy couple left by str. *Tuckwo* for Hankow where the honeymoon was spent.

QUITE a new enterprise has been undertaken by Messrs. Moutrie & Co. in building a music hall at the back of their premises in the Nanking Road yclept "Moutrie Hall." Here a company of artists known as the "Royal Entertainers" are giving an excellent vaudeville



THE BISSETT—LUMSDEN WEDDING

performance nightly with a bi-weekly change of programme which bids fair to become very popular, especially as the summer evenings draw upon us with their usual dearth of amusement. The pretty girls in their clever songs and dances are alone worth going to see, besides these there is always a first-class acrobatic or juggling performance to be seen and various other attractions to while away the after-dinner hour pleasantly.

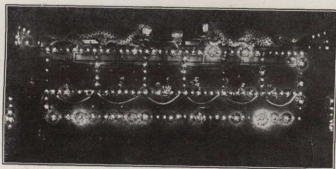


THE London Comedy Co. seem to have created the theatre-going habit in us, and, like *Oliver Twist*, we ask for more. This has been proved by the crowded houses that have witnessed the seven

as Phoebe, a part which suited her admirably, and Miss Richards made a typical Dame Carruthers. The parts of Colonel Fairfax, Sergeant Meryll, Leonard Meryll and Sir Richard Cholmondley were all most successfully filled by Mr. Maitland, Mr. Lewis, Mr. H. A. Lammert and Mr. H. R. H. Thomas respectively—and a bevy of pretty girls and stalwart men with good voices provided a very satisfactory chorus.



A PARAGRAPH in the "North-China Daily News" of April 28th draws attention to a grievance that has been felt by most long-suffering housekeepers in Shanghai, but who have submitted to what appeared



Photo

G. C. Finch

THE ILLUMINATED TRAM CAR WHICH WAS SO BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED BY THE SHANGHAI ELECTRIC CONSTRUCTION COMPANY—CELEBRATION OF THE CHINESE NEW YEAR

performances of the "Yeomen of the Guard" given by the A.D.C. Much credit is due to Mr. Hay as stage-manager and Mr. Pullen as musical director in producing this very successful opera after the number of years that have elapsed since anything of its kind has been attempted in Shanghai, for it necessitated almost entirely inexperienced talent being brought forward. Particularly clever were Miss Moutrie and Mr. Beck who filled the parts of Elsie Maynard and Jack Point with absolute success, as also did Mr. Hay as Wilfred Shadbolt. Miss Warn made her *début*

to be the inevitable, namely, the stuffing of the crops of the poultry with heavy grain before presenting them for sale. If the stuffing were done consistently one would not have any reason to complain because we should then be able to buy birds with a fair amount of meat on them instead of the scraggy carcasses that we usually get, but this stuffing is so obviously done to make us pay for an extra half-pound or so, that it is a scandal and just as illegal as tampered weights and faked milk. We sincerely hope the Council will take this up.

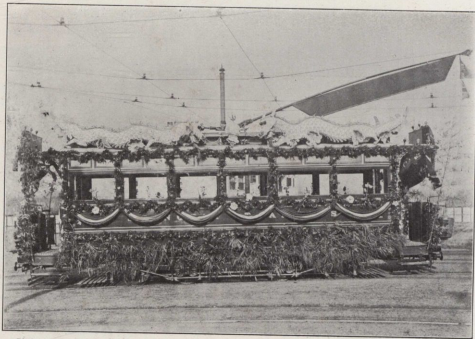
MOST of us are familiar with portions of "In a Persian Garden," but to the American Woman's Club we owe a debt of gratitude for rendering the entire work to the Shanghai public for the first time. The four parts were taken by Mrs. Connell, soprano, Miss Judy, contralto, Mr. Arthur Boughton, tenor, and Mr. H. R. H. Thomas, bass. In the quartettes the voices blended admirably. Mrs. Connell was in excellent voice and one felt sorry that she had not a little more solo work, Miss Judy's voice was very sweet, but lacked enthusiasm. Mr. Boughton was somewhat handicapped by nervousness, but his sweet tenor voice gave much pleasure and he was heard to best advantage in "Oh, fill the Cup" which is by no means an easy number. Mr. H. R. H. Thomas was consistently good, but his rendering of the well-known number "Myself when young" was perhaps the most appreciated. Much praise was rendered to Miss Mabel

Jansen for her beautiful accompaniments which form no small part in the performance of this cycle. Mrs. Connell who was responsible for this production is to be congratulated on a very successful musical hour.



AMONG the many successes of the Deutscher Konzert Verein may be classed the concert given on Monday, April 26th. The programme opened with the "Morning Hymn" from Gades "Erlkonig's Tochter" followed by Hadyn's "Creation" and Mendelssohn's "Die erste Walpurgiesnacht." The latter were most appropriately chosen to mark the anniversaries of Mendelssohn's birth and Hadyn's death and scarcely more typical works could have been found.

The soloists were Madame Thue, Mrs. Meuser, Mr. Stepharius and Mr. Gover and each were excellent in their own way, but too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the quality of the chorus.



Photo

G. C. Finch

THE ILLUMINATED TRAM CAR WHICH WAS SO BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED BY THE SHANGHAI ELECTRIC CONSTRUCTION COMPANY—CELEBRATION OF THE NEW YEAR

Such a work as "Die erste Walpurgisnacht" would tax the abilities of the best home choral societies and the Deutscher Konzert Verein will bear comparison without a blush. Much credit is due to the admirable work of the orchestra and our German friends are to be congratulated on having so able a director as Herr Buck.



An interesting wedding took place at St. Xavier's Church, Tungkadoo, on April 24th, the contracting parties being Joaquim, eldest son of H.E. Tsang Kono-heng (Jacques Tsang) and the daughter of H.E. Tsong Hoo-chow, of Soochow. The bride who was dressed in dark-coloured satin embroidered in gold and precious stones with a lovely head-dress of pearls and jade, was attended by four bridesmaids, and was carried to the church in a beautiful sedan-chair, returning with her bridegroom in a brougham decorated with red and green ribbons, drawn by a pair of white horses. The service was fully choral augmented by a band from Moutrie's, which afterwards played at the reception at the residence of the groom's parents in Sungkee Road, where a large number of guests were entertained, and the health of the happy pair was toasted.



Two very pretty weddings took place at the Cathedral on April the 23rd and 24th. The first being that of Mr. Fowler to Miss Lamond who was attired in a charming gown of soft white satin trimmed with Brussels lace. There were four bridesmaids, Miss Muriel Lamond and Miss Rhoda Miller wearing dresses of pale blue striped Eolienne with trimming of silk and silver while the two small maids—Miss Mabel Wilson and Miss Lorna Fowler—wore white dresses of embroidered muslin with pale blue sashes and white satin hats. Mr. Percy Fowler acted as best man and Messrs. H. J. Allen, J. Quinn, A. W. Macphail and W. O. Lancaster, as ushers.

A reception was afterwards held at the house of Mrs. W. K. Stanion—the bride's sister to which bride and bridegroom were driven by two firemen in the uniform of the groom's company.

Mr. and Mrs. Fowler spent their honeymoon in Japan.



On the following day Mr. John Moller and Miss Nellie Austin Mactavish were married. The bride who wore a handsome gown of white Oriental satin with embroidered veil and carried a bouquet of roses and carnations was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Winnie Mactavish and Miss Dorothy Mancell, attired in crepe de chine dresses with bouquets of roses, and was given away by Mr. A. H. Mancell. Mr. D. Mennie was best man while Messrs. A. C. Boughton, A. D. Donnelly, J. C. Kaye and O. R. Linnestad fulfilled the duties of ushers. A largely attended reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's mother in Bubbling Well Road where the health of the happy couple was drunk. Mr. and Mrs. Moller left shortly after for a houseboat trip.



- March 2nd.—Engineers' Fancy Dress Ball.
- " 5th.—Death of Dr. Paulun. News received that the *Kutsanghad* struck a rock near Chinkiang.
- " 6th.—Paper Hunt Club's Race Meeting.
- " 7th.—Funeral of Dr. Paulun.
- " 9th.—Hugh Ward's Comedy Company open their season in Shanghai with "A Bachelor's Honeymoon."
- " 13th.—Miss Fobes Recital.
- " 17th.—The Ratepayers' Annual Meeting.
- " 19th.—The Ratepayers' Meeting—continued.
- " 22nd.—The Ratepayers' Meeting—concluded.
- " 23rd.—Death of Frederick Charlton Jones, Commissioner of Trade to Queensland.
- " 25th.—Soiree held by Cercle International D'Escrimme.
- " 31st.—Lancastrian Soiree.

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the Name and Address of the sender) is \$1.00.

Births

- MACDONALD.—On April 1, 1909, at Shanghai, the wife of Ronald Macdonald, of a son.
- BARRADAS.—On April 2, 1909, at Shanghai, the wife of A. F. de Lapro Barradas, of a daughter.
- STENHOUSE.—On April 11, 1909, Easter Sunday, at Berkhamsted, Herts, the wife of John Stenhouse, of a daughter.
- FOUGNER.—On April 11, 1909, at Ningpo, the wife of A. Fougner, I. M. Customs Service, of a daughter.
- HEISCH.—On April 17, 1909, at Shanghai, the wife of C. Heisch, of a son (Carl Friedrich).
- MULVEY.—On April 19, 1909, at the Victoria Nursing Home, Shanghai, the wife of Frank Draper Mulvey, of a daughter.
- MACKIE.—On April 21, 1909, at the Victoria Hospital, Hongkong, the wife of A. J. Mackie, of a son.
- INCH.—On April 23, 1909, at Shanghai, the wife of J. T. Inch, of a daughter.
- MIDDLETON.—On May 3, 1909, at 66 Avenue Dubail, Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. O. Middleton, of a daughter.

Marriages

- BURGESS—CLEMINSON.—On April 8, 1909, at St. John's Cathedral, Hongkong, John Cecil Burgess, of Shanghai, to Alice Sarah, second daughter of the late J. Cleminson, A.M.I.C.E.
- HUNTER—THOMSON.—On April 14, 1909, at St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon, Maud Wilhelmina, daughter of the late William Wittchell Thomson, of Hongkong, to Tobias, son of the late William Lyland Hunter, of Foochow.
- COMRIE—CRAIG.—On April 21, 1909, at St. John's Cathedral, Hongkong, Richard Conrad, youngest son of the late David Comrie, Penang, to Elenora, fourth surviving daughter of the Rev. A. M. Craig, M.A., Kelso, Scotland.
- WARWICK—SHERMAN.—On April 21, 1909, at Hongkong, Captain J. Warwick, Shanghai, to Amelia T. Sherman, formerly of Taku.

McKEAN—FLAGG.—On April 29, 1909, at H.B.M.'s Consulate-General, Shanghai, and afterwards by the Rev. C. E. Darwent, M.A., at the residence of the bride's parents, Samuel Houston McKean, to Florence Carolyn, eldest daughter of A. E. Flagg.

STUART-MURRAY—TALBOT.—On Thursday, May 6, 1909, at H.B.M.'s Consulate-General, before Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., Donald John, eldest son of William Ian Stuart-Murray of Dornach, Scotland, to May Linda, eldest daughter of Star and Emily Talbot, Shanghai.

Deaths

- OWLER.—On April 5, 1909, at the Victoria Nursing Home, Shanghai, Harry Henderson Owler, aged 35 years.
- BOYD.—On April 6, 1909, at the Municipal Hospital, Shanghai, Hilda Bertram, dearly beloved daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. Boyd, aged 21 months.
- LYNESS.—On April 18, 1909, at sea, on board s.s. *Asuta Maru*, between Penang and Colombo, of meningitis, Ruth, aged 14 months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lyness.
- JACKSON.—On April 19, 1909, at the Victoria Nursing Home, Josiah Alexander Jackson, aged 67 years.
- ROLT.—On April 22, 1909, at Hongkong, of typhoid, Lilian, younger daughter of the late Dr. Swan, and widow of the late J. Rolt, Esq., barrister.
- FORD.—On April 23, 1909, at General Hospital, Shanghai, N. E. Ford, aged 24 years.
- ANDERSON.—On April 26, 1909, at Shanghai, Jane Ellen Anderson, aged 40 years.
- COLLACO.—On April 27, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Leao Jose Vicente Collaco, aged 46 years.
- TORONSEND.—On April 27, 1909, at the Municipal Hospital, Shanghai, Floyd Toronsend, aged 18 years.
- WATTEEUW.—On April 28, 1909, at Shanghai, Edouard, loved son of M. Watteeuw, Belgian Vice-Consul, aged 5 months.
- WILSON.—On April 29, 1909, at Shanghai, Alexander S. Wilson, aged 60 years.



Photo

A RURAL SCENE

W. Howell



Photo

Reading from left to right:—

THE "MERCURY" DINNER

Salow

FRONT ROW—DR. J. W. JACKSON, G. WILKINS, R. WOOD, J. PORTER, W. WILSON

MIDDLE ROW—A. MONESTIER, J. O'SHEA, DR. J. C. FERGUSON, C. FINK, J. D. CLARK, G. W. NOEL, H. O'SHEA, G. LANNING, A. C. HUNTER

THIRD ROW—R. W. DAVIS, A. W. STARLING, G. SABARD, R. D. NEISH, W. HALL, W. H. CLARKE, G. WOODHEAD, S. HAMMOND, G. MISSEMER, F. KONIG,
W. S. RIDGE, L. D. LEMAIRE, J. MORGAN, SEMOS DITTMAN

BACK ROW—R. KUNZE AND T. SAHARA

The "Mercury" Anniversary Dinner

ON Friday, April 17th, a very successful dinner was held at the Palace Hotel to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the birth of the "Shanghai Mercury." All the daily papers were well represented and the end of the table sat Mr. J. D. Clark, founder and present managing director of the "Mercury," while Mr. R. D. Neish acted as croupier; the rest of the company being Messrs. W. H. Clark, R. W. Davis, G. Sabard, S. Dittelman, J. C. Ferguson, C. Fink, E. Hall, S. Hammond, A. C. Hunter, Dr. J. W. Jackson, Messrs. R. König, R. Kunze, G. Lanning, L. D. Lemaire, G. W. Missmer, A. Monestier, J. Morgan, R. D. Neish, George W. Noël, H. O'Shea, J. O'Shea, J. Porter, W. Sheldon Ridge, T. Sahara, A. W. Stirling, George Wilkins, W. Wilson, Richard Wood, and G. W. Woodhead. Souvenir menus containing a list of the guests were presented to all, and before beginning the dinner a flashlight photograph of the whole company was taken, of which we give a reproduction. After dinner several toasts were given by Mr. Clark, Mr. Ferguson Mr. J. O'Shea of the "Shanghai Times," Mr. G. Woodhead of the "North-China Daily News," Mr. C. Fink of "Ostasiatische Lloyd," Mr. George Lanning and Messrs. R. D. Neish, Ridge, Wood, Lemaire and Dittelman, Mr. Hall and Mr. Dittelman providing the accompaniments. Mr. Ferguson proposed success to the "Shanghai Mercury" in an interesting speech which concluded in the following words:—"We all heartily wish the success of the 'Mercury' but more heartily each one of us wishes long life and continued good health to Mr. Clark whose name I couple with that of the toast which I have been asked to propose." As Horace wished Maecenas so we wish for Mr. Clark: "May he return late in heaven." The toast was

drunk with musical honours and Mr. Clark then replied in suitable terms giving a short outline of his experiences in Shanghai during the past thirty years and recalling some of the struggles he had gone through in his endeavour to establish the paper, keep it going, and bring it to the solid position it now holds, and of which he says "Our navigation is easy now. In fact we have arrived in a harbour of safety."

Mr. Morgan then read a reminiscence letter from Mr. T. W. Kingsmill (who was debarred from attending by ill-health) who prided himself on being one of the very first subscribers to the paper and remaining one up to the present time.

The Press of Shanghai was proposed by Mr. George Lanning who gave a very interesting and instructive speech on the History of Journalism in China from its beginning with the publication of the "Canton Register" in 1827, to the present day, and referring in complimentary terms to "Social Shanghai" and its editress, while in conclusion he coupled the name of Mr. John O'Shea with the toast. To this Mr. O'Shea answered in a short but pointed speech. "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. R. D. Neish and Mr. G. Woodhead of the "North-China Daily News" replied and called upon Mr. Ferguson to say something about the China Press. After this Mr. Fink proposed the health of the chairman and in eulogistic terms pointed out that besides being the doyen of the Press in the Far East Mr. Clark had fought with the sword as well as the pen, having fought for his own country, Italy, and Brazil. This toast was heartily drank and musically honoured by the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow." To this Mr. Clark replied giving a few more reminiscences of his early life, and a pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

THE next morning we arrived at Amoy and disembarked amidst a crowd of admiring Celestials, and marched off to the City, followed by half the people in Amoy.

Next week was a busy time with me, getting my guns landed and carried through the City; however that was done, and I commenced drilling my men. Colonel de M. would interfere with me; he wanted Frenchmen, and I knew it, and I told him several times not to interfere with me, as I would not put up with it. Pay day came, and he grumbled about my pay being increased \$20. This vexed me considerably, and that afternoon at drill he came with his, "Monsieur Baffee, this is not like France." "I know it ain't." "Well, I want it a little more like France." "I won't alter it." "What is this for?" picking up a Manila rope sponge I had been making to drill with. He said it was no good; I told him I knew that, I only wanted to drill with it. He broke it. Human nature could not stand that, so I broke the other half over his head. This put the finishing touch on. I now left in earnest and paid my passage back to Foochow; I never told the Baron why I left, or anything about de Mercy. A very short time after, they went back to Foochow, and Mr. de M. was sent to Hongkong for embezzling Government money. I returned to Shanghai, and arrived there on New Year's Day. Everything was as dull as it was possible to be; Gordon had gone home, Doyle's force was reduced to three officers, including himself, his pay was also reduced, and he had lost all command over the stockade. I stopped

three days and then went back to Shanghai; I had lost most of my money in Foochow and Amoy. I lent \$200 to one of the officers to set him up in a bar-room; but he never intended setting up anything of the sort. I was foolish enough to give a Chinaman in Foochow \$500, he giving five per cent per month. At the end of two months I wanted my money to return to Shanghai, "but he have lose plenty money, he no got \$500, he can pay me \$300." This was better than none. I tried to get in the Customs at Shanghai, and perhaps would have been successful if I stopped long enough, but, Rodhe had gone to the rebels, and they promised him everything; so he sent for Williams. In a short time Williams came back bringing plenty of silver, an article very scarce among the retired C.Bs.

START FROM AMOY

I asked if there was any more where that came from and was told. Yes, plenty, all expenses paid down and if you don't like to stop, paid back. The 4th March '65 found me and seven more en route for Changchow. We got to Amoy without much trouble and got boats there to take us to Changchow. We got about half-way, when our guide ran away from us, leaving us to find our way the best we could. We walked for about twenty miles before we got within sight of the city; we got there and were received with every sign of respect.

This was only skin-deep; for we found Rodhe and three more here, all living like so many bears, quarrelling and getting drunk on China liquor every time they

could get it. Mr. Lu Wang, the same one whom we had beaten out of Eshing and Leyang was head man; he received us very kindly and while we were getting some food, had the kindness to remove our rifles, which he forgot to return. Three of the party were to return to Shanghai, and bring material down, such as rifles, steamboats, etc. Lu Wang gave them 400 taels to pay expenses back and forth to Shanghai; they remained in the City two hours, and then took their departure. But a Frenchman also, through Rodhe, was let out and sent to the Baron de Mertin and the consequence was, our men were waylaid and taken prisoners. When they were taken before de Mertins he told them they would be beheaded if they did not tell the truth. "Have you not been to the rebels?" "No, Sir." "You lie, you American dog. I will have your head cut off." But they were not to be frightened into convicting themselves, so he sent them prisoners to Amoy and instead of delivering them to the Consul there he put them on board the Revenue Cruiser *Vindex*. The American Consul did not think it worth his while to demand them—there was a steamer there on charter for the Imperial Government, so they transferred them to her, to take them back to Shanghai. She sailed to Foochow, where one of them who had property in Amoy escaped; the other two remained. It seems the Frenchman had not enough evidence to convict them, so he hired one of his countrymen to become a prisoner on board, and listen for anything they would say. However, one escaped, and the Frenchman could not belie himself any longer; when the other party found this out, instead of being more careful he was less, for he despised any man who could do anything so mean, and he told him so. The steamer called in to Ningpo and our friend went on deck to breathe as it was very hot below. When he came on deck, this

Frenchman went and told him to go below which he would not do; why should he take orders from a fellow prisoner? He took no notice of him. The Frenchman told him to go below again and if he did not he would shoot him. Our friend told him if he drew a pistol on him he would punch his head. The cowardly wretch did draw a pistol on an unarmed man and without one word of warning, fired twice, shooting him through the abdomen, causing almost instant death. The Frenchman was taken to the French Consul, and tried and acquitted. If this is French justice, then God deliver all honest men from it! This I did not hear until seven months after it had taken place. The Su Wang gave us 100 men to drill and have them fit to make commissioned officers of them; the muskets came down, and we drilled for two weeks when arrangements were altered and the soldiers taken away. After this there was nothing but complaints and quarrelling continually, one blaming the other for bringing him there. About this time a ship's chandler, named Gerard, came up with passes for all of us, offering us a passage out of the country, and \$5,000; this we refused unanimously, telling him to tell de Mertins we did not come to the rebels to sell ourselves back to the imps. The passes were taken to the Su Wang, who as soon as he had read them, asked if we knew what was in them. No. He then had them translated for us, and they were instructions to the mandarins in front of Changchow to kill us if we came over, and not to fear the English or American Governments, as he would see it made all right. It was just as much as could be expected from a French Chinaman. However, we did not want to sell ourselves. Gerard, the bearer of these had had some dealings with Lu Wang and Rodhe before, he and Rodhe being countrymen, and they went in partnership to sell powder and caps to the

rebels. Rodhe went security for these articles, and Lu Wang advanced them \$4,000 to start with, leaving it to their honour whether they brought him the value or not. Honour indeed they had none, the money they put to their own use and Gerard send up word that the money was stolen by another party, but he managed to send 70,000 caps, damaged, at \$7 per thousand. Lu Wang told the man who brought them up if Gerard would come he would pay him, and this with whatever the Baron gave him induced him to bring those passes up after the pass had been read. Gerard asked Lu Wang to pay him this money, which, of course, he refused to do, telling him he could have his caps back again if he wanted them. Gerard called him a swindler, a thief, and used other very insulting language which Lu Wang only laughed at, although it angered him a great deal. That evening Gerard got orders to leave the city, and one man sent to pass him out of the gate. We bid him "Good-bye" and gave him several letters to forward to our friends. Rodhe went as far as the gate but would not be let to go any further. That night, as we were sitting down outside a Chinaman that I had drilled, came to me and told me that an Englishman had been killed outside the East gate; this was the gate that Gerard had gone out of. We made Rodhe go directly to Lu Wang and inquire if it was Gerard that was killed. He told Rodhe that there was no foreigner killed, that he would not kill any, nor allow any of his chiefs to do so. This was all that was said about it until about a week after, when I was out fighting with Lu Wang, I saw Gerard's rifle with one of his bodyguard. This did not tend to set our minds at rest. There was also a rumour that they were going to evacuate the city, so we went in a body to Lu Wang and asked him if it was so. He answered,

"No, not while it has got a wall." Still every preparation was made for a hasty retreat. On the 14th May, I had got orders to go out with two mortars and frighten the mandarins a little; during the day I heard the rebels talking about going into Kuntung Province. I asked them how long before they were going, and they said, "to night." A short time after this we got orders to go back to the city; all the men were withdrawn from the stockades that night, and as they came in one side, they went out on the other. We were separated, one petty chief taking one, another taking one, and so were parted, no two being allowed to go together. When we started, the men that I was out fighting with, now took charge of me, and gave me to understand that I would have to keep up, if not they would leave me behind with my throat cut. This was no idle threat, as is amply proved by only three out of thirteen getting back to the world again; the remainder were murdered by the rebel soldiers, for the trinkets that they had on them. I travelled along with my guard, doing as they did, for the first forty-eight hours after we left the city. I did not stop, nor get anything to eat except a handful of parched rice. On the night of the second day we stopped, and it was well for us we did. I had been hurt on the hand by a countryman, and my shoes were worn off, my feet were cut and bleeding and swelled to an enormous size. Here I fell in with seven of the crowd; five had been murdered in the two days' march. This was very consoling, and here my bodyguard told me if I wanted rice, I would have to carry it myself, they would do no more for me. The first day out of the city, I lost a small Smith and Weston revolver; the next day, the countrymen surrounded us, and I lost my coat and gold watch, so I had nothing worth killing me for, and I was safe. Three of us now took up with the Su

Wang, and fared pretty well. The third day after we arrived at this stopping, we found ourselves surrounded with Imperial troops, and countrymen; the countrymen were three times worse than the soldiers, because they were left homeless, childless, wifeless and fatherless by Su Wang. The rebels showed the white feather, and made every preparation for leaving quickly. In about two hours' time, everyone was in motion, that is as hard as he could run, leaving Su Wang to protect the rear, the best way he could. This was kept up until twelve o'clock at night, when I suppose, both parties becoming exhausted, they stopped their race. I now began to travel much easier than I did at first; but if my feet got used to it, my belly did not, and it began to trouble me. We got no breakfast that morning, and travelling all day, made us feel peckish; as soon as the rebels saw us coming to their rice pans, they would warn us off, and tell us to bring our own rice, however, we had to go to bed that night, without any supper. Our bed was a soft sandstone hill, our blankets and mosquito curtains, the heavens. The next morning we went in search of Su Wang to get something to eat; we found him and were furnished with a basin of rice each; after this was bolted we were off again. Now my real troubles begun; I had lost all covering, and with nothing but a pair of Chinese trousers, no jacket, no hat (this in the month of June, 1865, on the borders of Kwantung and Fokien Provinces, just as hot as it is in New Orleans in that month), there was no more stopping. The rebels had no rice, consequently, I had none; this continued two days. I and two others stopped to rest ourselves in a country house; I was too hungry to rest, so began searching for something to eat; "Glory, Hallelujah," I found some sweet

potatoes, I forget the exact number, but they were enough to stop hunger for the time. We slept happily for one night; next morning our troubles had increased, it was raining as though the bottom had fallen out of the sky. However, we kept on, the rebels telling us we would have plenty of rice as soon as we got to the big river; this was only ninety *li* for the last week. The mountains are all red clay, and so many men walking and slipping, that it was with great difficulty we could keep our feet. Sometimes a rebel would fall, and in doing so strike another's feet, and away they would go, sweeping everything before them. This made the third day we had been without food excepting the sweet potatoes; we could find no house to shelter us from the rain, so we spent a most miserable night. Next morning we started, on being told that the river could be seen from a mountain in front of us, or, I believe, we would never have stirred from the spot we were in. This time they told us the truth, the river was in sight, its banks lined with a few miserable houses in ruins. We staggered down to it, anyhow, for the sake of shelter, if nothing else. We found Su Wang superintending the killing of horses for his men for food; he spoke kindly to us, and gave us a share of the horse meat, some of which I devoured raw; this did not taste very good, and hungry as I was, I could not have eaten any more of it. There were no pots to boil it in, but there was a wooden bucket, and having read somewhere that soup could be made in a wooden vessel, I commenced. At first no one would help me, but after they had staved off a little hunger they were willing to try my patent, and before two hours, we had *Soup a la cheval*, and much good it did us, we felt new men and began to talk and laugh for the first time in four days.



Our Young Folks' Corner



Saved by a Cat

A TRAVELLING menagerie was once going from Worcester to a neighbouring town. On the journey, three little wolves escaped from their cage, and, though there was a great hunt after them, only two were found. A large wood was near, into which the third one escaped, and hid himself.

A few days later, driven by hunger, the wolf went to a cottage near by for food. The owners were out at work; only the baby was left, asleep in its cradle. The wolf at once made for the cradle; but the cat that was in the room was too quick for him. It sprang on the intruder, and a desperate fight began, in the midst of which the baby woke, and began to cry loudly. The mother came rushing in, and saw the cat trying to tear the wolf's eyes out, thus preventing him from attacking the baby. A few blows from a stout stick, brought in by a neighbour, soon killed the wolf, so the baby's life was saved by its pet cat.



The Limpet

WHEN the tide is out, and the sun is shining on all the little sea-pools, making them look like silver, and lighting up every nook and corner at the bottom, so that you can see the anemones gleaming like jewels on the golden sand, and the quick shrimps darting about, then is the time for a paddle, if you want to see the creatures wake up and begin their active life.

The little limpet on the stone, as dry and hard as the stone itself, and tight stuck to it when the stone is dry, now lifts

his shell cautiously, puts out his head and sees before him the stone now covered with water shining and cool.

This is just to his taste for a walk; you see him bulge his body forward from under his shell, further and further, then suddenly draw himself together till he has pulled up to the part that reached out furthest. In this way he has advanced, shell and all, the length of his own body.



Our Portrait Gallery
EDNA DARRAH

Then he pushes his body forward again, and again draws the rest of himself forward, and so he has advanced twice the length of himself.

Look behind him and you will see a little slop of water left where he had lain. This is seawater saved over from the last tide. Nature, which gave him only one shell instead of two, like the cockle, made up to him by giving him the wisdom—instinct we call it—to save some water and shut his one shell tightly down over it.

In this tiny pool, under his shell-tent, he can be moist and cool when the stone is dry and even hot. No wonder he clings so hard to the stone that you cannot move him, however hard you pull or push. If he lost his store of water he would perish; it saves his life between tide and tide.

Generally, the limpet chooses a little hollow in the stone for his pool, but if he fails to find one he lies in the same place until his body has shaped one. If not quite water-tight when the shell is down, he can alter the edge of his shell to make it so. He does not bite the seaweed, he scrapes it, and for this purpose he has a tongue set full of sharp points, a tongueful of teeth, we may say; rubbing this along the edge of the weed, he rasps off shreds small enough for him to swallow.

But the weed is hard and often horny, so that his teeth would soon be worn out if he had only one set. Fortunately for him, fresh ones grow as fast as the first ones wear out.



Our Portrait Gallery
TREVOR TWENTYMAN

When his meal is over he will go back to his hollow; and we may leave him rasping away, feeling quite sure that he will be back in time to fill his little pool before shutting down his shell.

Begin Right

A BOY of fourteen was detained after school one night by his teacher, not so much for purposes of discipline as because the earnest young woman was anxious to help the lad, who was noted in the village



Our Portrait Gallery
GLADYS TWENTYMAN

as incorrigible. He listened to her kindly words without any change of expression, but at last he said hopelessly:

"I've thought lots of times about turnin' over a new leaf, but I guess it's too late now. The trouble is that I began wrong."

There are a number of you young people who feel much the same. You have been idle in school when you should have been industrious. You have practised disobedience and disrespect. You have a reputation among those who know you which, to say the least, is not desirable.

Granting all this, what is to be done now? Do you mean to continue in the downward path because you made a mistake in a turning? Shall you keep on going constantly further from the right because you did not start right?

No one pretends that this wrong beginning is not a great disadvantage ; but it is not irretrievable. It is never too late to mend, and in the case of you who are young the proverb is especially true. The sooner you turn back, the fewer steps you will need to retrace. The earlier you begin to do right, the less you will have to regret. It only makes a bad matter worse to keep on in the wrong way simply because you began wrong.



To a New Baby

Little kicking, cuddling thing,
You don't cry—you only sing !
Blinking eyes and stubby nose,
Mouth that mocks the budding rose,
Down for hair, peach blooms for hands—
A-h-h-h ! Of all the "baby grands"
Anyone could wish to see,
You're the finest one for me !

Skin as soft as velvet is ;
God (when you were only His)
'Touched you on the cheek and chin—
Where he touched are dimples in.
Creases on your wrists, as though
Strings were fastened 'round them so
We could tie you tight and keep
You from leaving while we sleep.

Once I tried to look at you
From a stranger's point of view ;
You were red and wrinkled then,
I just loved, and looked again ;
What I saw was not the same ;
In my eyes the blessed flame
Of a father's love consumed
Faults to stranger's eyes illumed.

Little squirming, cuddling thing !
Ere you shed each angel wing,
Did they tell you you were sent
With a cargo of content
To a home down here below
Where they hungered for you so ?
Do you know, you flawless pearl,
How we love our baby girl ?



Schoolboys' Amusing Mistakes

The following amusing mistakes are said to have been found recently in answers to examination papers at English schools :—

The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west and our colonies are in the north, and east.

Question : Define the first person.

Answer : Adam.

Blood consists of two sorts of cork-screws—red cork-screws and white cork-screws.



A SNAPSHOT TAKEN ON THE BUBBLING WELL ROAD

Teacher's dictation: "His choler rose to such a height that passion well-nigh choked him."

Pupil's reproduction: "His collar rose to such a height that fashion well-nigh choked him."

A Job's comforter is a thing you give babies to soothe them.

TEDDY: "I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Allsorts this morning."

MAMMA: "You see now how wrong it was, don't you, dear?"

TEDDY: "Yes, 'cause I didn't know till afterwards that his mother was going to give a children's party."



Photo

TINY TOTS IN THE GARDENS

Burr Photo Co.

Political economy is the science which teaches us to get the greatest benefit with the least possible amount of honest labour.

In the United States people are put to death by elocution.



Quaint Sayings

UNCLE GEORGE: "Are you learning much at school?"

LITTLE NEPHEW: "Yes, indeed. I'm learning to sit still, an' not talk, an' not make any noise, an' get up, an' sit down, an' get out, an' lots of things."



OLD LADY: "Little boy, did you see anything of a snow white cat?"

LITTLE BOY: "Yes. She fell into a barrel of black paint down the street; but I fixed her all right."

OLD LADY: "Oh, you good little boy. What did you do?"

LITTLE BOY: "I threw her into a barrel of whitewash."

MOLLIE had been to church for the first time, and on her return home her grandmother asked her what she thought of it.

"I liked it very much," she replied, "but there was one thing I didn't think was fair."

"What was that, dear?"

"Why, one man did all the work, and then another came round and got all the money."



A Riddle

QUESTION: Why is it dangerous to go out in the wood in spring?

ANSWER: Because the bulrush is out;

The oxslip about;

The flowers have pistils;

And the twigs are shooting.



WINE AND



WALNUTS



Drunk, by Jove!

HERE is a story about the famous Scotch physician Dr. George Fordyce. Unfortunately, he was given to drink, and, though he never was known to be dead drunk, yet he was often in a state which rendered him unfit for professional duties. One night, when he was in such a condition, he was suddenly sent for to attend a lady of title who was very ill. He went, sat down, listened to her story, and felt her pulse. He found he was not up to his work; he lost his wits, and in a moment of forgetfulness exclaimed, "Drunk, by Jove!" Still he managed to write out a mild prescription. Early next morning he received a message from his noble patient to call on her at once. Dr. Fordyce felt very uncomfortable. The lady evidently intended to upbraid him either for giving an improper prescription or with his disgraceful condition. But, to his surprise and relief, she thanked him for his prompt compliance with her pressing summons, and then confessed that he had rightly diagnosed her case, that unfortunately she occasionally indulged too freely in drink, but that she hoped he would preserve inviolable secrecy as to the condition he had found her in. Fordyce listened to her as grave as a judge, and said, "You may depend upon me, madam; I shall be as silent as the grave."



Experience Teaches

HE: "Young girls always want to marry for love, but when they grow older, they want to marry a man with money."

SHE: "You're wrong. They don't grow older; they merely grow wiser."

Saved Sixpence

A HUNGARIAN peasant named Jan Hirsch travelled to Buda-Pesth on business, and availed himself of the opportunity to order 100 visiting cards which would astonish his native village. When he returned home he found that the cards bore the name of Mavisch instead of Hirsch. This meant a clear loss of 1s. 6d. unless he could make use of the cards. He accordingly wrote a petition on stamped paper, which cost 1s., asking permission to alter his name. His request was granted, and now he is Jan Mavisch, with 6d. saved.



Strategy in the Pulpit

"How did you gather such a large congregation of old and middle-aged people?" asked the young minister of the old one.

"I advertised a sermon to the young," was the latter's reply.



Magnanimous

"GEORGE" said she in a low voice, "would you make a great sacrifice for my happiness?" "Certainly," he replied. "Would you give up smoking for my sake?" "Give up smoking for your sake?" he exclaimed. Then after a pause he said solemnly, "I can refuse you nothing; I will give up smoking for your sake. Hereafter when I smoke it will be for my own!"



Prospective

"Is your son's bride a pretty girl?" asked an old lady of a penurious and very deaf old gentleman, whose son had recently married the daughter of a prosperous grocer. "No," said the old man calmly, "she isn't, but she will be when her father dies."

A Mistake

"YES," said the amateur yachtsman, having glanced furtively round the room to see that he had no nautical listeners, "the scenery across the bay was lovely, so I jammed down my centre-board and stopped to have a look at it." "Personally, I prefer the old-fashioned hand brake," interrupted the hoary old salt who had escaped the raconteur's notice.



A Comparison

SIR OLIVER LODGE learned to play golf at St. Andrew's thirty years ago. His teacher was Professor Tait. "You don't play golf with your muscles," Professor Tait said to him one day; "you play with your morals." "But I hope," said Sir Oliver, with a hasty glance round, "that no one will consider my morals as bad as my golf."



Prepared to Get Even

"YES," he said, "I wish to adopt a girl."
"A little girl?"

"No, a girl old enough to have energy and perseverance and one who has had enough experience with the piano to make her think she knows how to play it. And if she thinks she can sing, why, so much the better. I tell you, I am going to get even with the people in the next flat even if I have to adopt two musical prodigies."



Implicit Obedience

MRS. NAGGSBY, calling impatiently: "Nora, drop everything at once and come to me!"

NORA: "Yes, ma'am."

MRS. NAGGSBY: "Now, what's the baby crying for?"

NORA: "'Cause I dropped him, ma'am."

The Bishop was Silenced

At a public dinner in the City a Jewish rabbi was placed beside a Roman Catholic bishop. The rabbi declined to partake of a joint of pork which was part of the fare, and the bishop exclaimed, "Ah, my friend, when will you be able to eat such a fine piece of pork as this?" "When I have the gratification of assisting at your lordship's wedding!" was the rabbi's pointed reply.



A Serious Case

ON receiving a note late one night from two fellow-practitioners, requesting him to go down to his club and make one of a party at cards, a doctor explained to his wife—"My dear, I'm called out again, and I don't know how late it may be when I get back, for it appears to be a very serious case. There are two doctors already there."



Greater Still

At an agricultural show in Dublin a pompous Member of Parliament, who arrived late, found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd. Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and some lady friends who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal-porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, "Make way there!" "Garn, who are ye pushin'?" was the unexpected response. "Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M.P. "I'm a representative of the people." "Yah," growled the porter; "but we're the bloomin' people themselves!"

The Light Horse Gymkhana

THE Light Horse gymkhana was favoured with ideal weather, and attracted a large number of visitors who all thoroughly enjoyed the fine sport provided for the occasion. The programme contained the following interesting items, some of which we have managed to photograph. Unfortunately a roll of a dozen films, was tampered with by an inquisitive servant, otherwise we would have had more pictures. Details of the events are as follows:—

Shooting and Linking. (2 Prizes.)—Start linked from given points, in half-sections. At the word "Go" unlink, ride to given point, dismount and link ponies (both ponies must be properly linked before either man leaves), fire at partner's target which will be lowered when hit. The competitor who hits target first, unlinks



THE TUG OF WAR—PREPARING TO BEGIN

both ponies, mounts and rides home, leading other pony. Prizes presented by Trooper C. Scott.

1st Prize, Sergt. Drakeford.

2nd „ Corpl. Sparke.

Saddling, Running and Leading.—First Prizes only. To be drawn for in pairs, partners will be drawn for. Start dismounted, saddle laid on ground in front of pony. On word "Go" saddle up, No. 1 to mount and lead partner's pony round flag to given point, partner to run on foot to this point and, joining his mounted companion, take carbine from bucket, fire six rounds blank ammunition in a given direction, mount and ride round flag to Winning Post, together. Carbine and Sword to be carried. Prizes presented by Trooper Miller.



PULL!

Won by Sgt.-Major Little and Cpl. Ievers.

Tent Pegging Competition with Lances. (2 Prizes.)—Three runs. Three points for a carry over ten yards, two points for a carry under ten yards, one point for a touch. Points given for pace and style. Prizes presented by Captain Dyer.

1st Prize, Lieut. A. C. Crighton, 20 points.
2nd „ Cpl. Lindsay, 19 „
Mounted Combat. (2 Prizes.)—Single stick. Prizes presented by Major Keylock.
1st Prize, Trooper Owen.
2nd „ Trooper McMichael.



THE TUG OF WAR—A LAST EFFORT



WATCHING THE LIGHT HORSE AT THE GYMKHANA

Victoria Cross Competition. (1 Prize.)—Start from given point, ride over hurdles, dismount, pick up dummy, mount and ride back over hurdle to Winning Post. Prize presented by Dr. C. Mosberg.

1st—Sgt.-Major Little.
2nd—Cpl. Ievers.
3rd—Trooper Owen.

Tent Pegging Competition with Swords (2 Prizes).—Conditions as



THE SINGLESTICK COMPETITION

in other Tent Pegging Competition. Prizes presented by Lieut. P. Crighton.

1st—Sgt. McLellan, 17 points.

2nd—Trooper McMichael, 14 points.

Tug-of-War, bare-backed. In Troops—won by "B" Troop.

Wrestling bare-backed. In Troops.—No spurs are allowed in either of these competitions and directly a competitor touches the ground he is out of action and must at once lead his pony away from the other competitors.

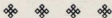
Won by "B" Troop.

Balaclava Melee. In Troops.—Competitors will be provided with dummy swords and cockades, the object of the competition being to break your opponent's cockade. Opponent's pony may not be hit and competitors must keep within bounds pointed out. Competitors whose cockades are broken are considered dead and must retire at once. Two inches at least of the cockade must be visible.

Won by "A" Troop.



A GROUP OF SPECTATORS AND A PICTURE OF THE ONE OF THE DUMMY FIGURES THAT FORMED AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE INTERESTING PROGRAMME



LOVE'S MILITARY RULES

"HAVE you ever heard that pretty and simple composition on love's military rules?" asked an author of another the other day. "You haven't? Well, here it is: Pages (sweet) sixteen to forty (perhaps) of Life's Book, Captain Cupid, commanding man, private, and woman, daughter of the regiment.

"Fall in! love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you have.

"Attention! pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

"Right face! popping the question like a man, and she will accept you.

"Quick march! to the parents and ask their consent.

"Right turn! with her to church, and go through the service of holy matrimony.

"Halt! and reflect seriously for a few months, which you must devote to your wife.

"Right about face! from the haunts you frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

"Advance arms! to your wife when together, and don't let her walk three steps ahead of or behind you.

"Break off billiard playing, betting, and staying out late at night if you wish to have a happy home."—*Evening Star*.

The Quiet Hour

Proper Pride

PRIDE is the director-general of your actions. He sits up aloft, and, as it were, signals to you as to what you may do and what you may not. And, if he is the sort of pride we are endeavouring to represent him, he does not vary his instructions according to whether any one is looking or not. He puts you as much to shame when you have done a mean act which no one observes as he does when it has been watched by a score of witnesses. At least he should do so. If he does not you may know he is getting slack at his business and is in some way out of sorts. He attends to trivial matters as well as great, and sees that you keep your hands clean as well as your conscience. His duty it is to see that you do not disguise yourself; and alas for the time when his interest begins to grow less!

At no time in a man's life is pride of greater value than under adversity. When we get under a cloud it takes all our pride to prevent us going rapidly on the down grade. Especially is this the case in relation to one's financial affairs. When a man begins to get a little bit on the wrong side of his balance there is great danger of his yielding himself up to ways of living which his healthy pride ought not to allow. Have you not in the course of your experience seen many cases in which the lack of remunerative employment forces a man down to the deepest levels of shame? All-absorbing grinding want of money takes possession of his mind and renders him as it were insane. When first his clothes begin to show signs of shabbiness

he feels uncomfortable. The world, he thinks, will notice the falling off from his former self, and, as far as possible, he escapes the attentions of the world. But at first he will try, by extra brushing and by unusual care in deportment, to hide the fact that his clothes are shabby, until the time comes when in despair he gives up the attempt to deceive himself and others into the belief that he is as he was. His pride in his clothes disappears, and with it his pride in his appearance, and he becomes dirty and slovenly in his person, altogether careless of what his friends think and what he himself thinks. The "rot" has set in, and his whole moral nature becomes twisted and distorted. Not only does he cease to value his appearance, but he ceases to regard his conduct. We will not say that he will degenerate into a common criminal, but he will probably resort to practices which in former times he would have blushed to hear spoken of. He will dodge where once he walked quite straight, and he will place gain high above its methods.

This is the worst form of lost pride, and bespeaks a condition which may sink to any depth. But there are much more frequent lapses which are less disastrous but still pitiful enough. It is hard in the extreme never to go against one's pride. We must indeed be more than human if we never perform any act of which we are immediately ashamed. Our safeguard lies in the fact that we are ashamed, and it is only when we begin to play pranks with our pride and to lower its standard that we are on thoroughly dangerous ground.

Then woe betide us. For, if there is one thing in the world which is more difficult to recover than another it is pride. Presently we begin to laugh at it in some of its aspects and call it false pride; and then we are in a bad way indeed. We change our code of honour to suit our convenience. Once we had a high standard of morality; now we have exchanged it for another which we call commercial morality, and which we declare is quite high enough, and as high as it possibly can be for

commerce. The one standard we found stood in the way of making money, and after a struggle—for there is always a struggle—we decided in favour of money and lowered the standard. Now, pride will not stand trifling with. As a master it is excellent, as a servant it is worthless. When once it has been permanently wounded—wounded, that is, knowingly and wilfully—it has lost its use as a master, and becomes only a silly encumbrance. Like fruit, once bruised it becomes rotten.



PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE

Do you remember, when you were learning French or German, what hard work it was to get the verbs and rules firmly fixed in your mind? You would never have done it at all but for the fact that you persevered. Don't you remember, too, how you were tempted over and over again to fancy that you really couldn't master it? But your teacher counselled patience and perseverance, and pointed out how far on the road to success you had already travelled by one little step at a time.

And that is just the way in which one needs to fight against depression. We may as well make up our minds beforehand that it will be hard, that we shall fail over and over again; but let us make up our minds, too, that in spite of the failures we will never despair, we will never let ourselves go. It is wonderful what belief in oneself will do.

Granted that we have causes for depression. So have other people. We have relations who are an anxiety to us. So have other people. We are reaping now the bitter fruits of past mistakes. So are other people. But we and they can rise above such things—if we will. There is no circumstance above which we cannot rise, very few under which we cannot be cheerful—if we will.

But so many of us won't. It is too much trouble. "I can't do it," we cry.

And that is where we are wrong. It is that we won't make up our minds to fight, not that we cannot; and our friends and relations have to pay the penalty of our cowardice.



Garden Notes



MAY

THIS is perhaps the best month of the year in Shanghai for flowers, corresponding as it does to June in England, only it is occasionally rather wet which ruins all the blossoms; the subjoined list will form a guide to what should be in bloom and excellent specimens are annually exhibited at the Flower Show which takes place about the second or third week in May; it depends, however, upon the season.

Roses begin early in the month, but, like a good many other flowers, last no time, scarcely three weeks; the yellow climbing rose is the only exception as it blossoms again in the autumn and occasionally in the summer; ordinary dwarf roses grow very stalky and untidy after flowering and should not be planted in beds in a conspicuous place as they cannot be cut back till the frosts are at hand, when slips can be taken and planted in a well-manured bed; if covered with straw in the winter they will be ready for moving the following spring. Roses, newly planted in friable or made-up earth, when small, and especially natives of other countries, should have the soil round them protected from the strong sun rays by cocoa nut fibre, of a layer or creek mud in order to prevent the roots being baked; creek mud is also recommended by the Chinese to be placed on bamboo roots as they assert it makes them grow stronger.

Musk is also a valuable plant for hanging baskets.

Jessamine (*Jasminum Officinalis*) is a very pretty creeper, growing in the open air, but is best trained over arbours or trellis work; it has a small wine flower with a delicious perfume, something like *stephanotis*.

Nasturtiums, both dwarf and creeping, look well anywhere, the latter being perhaps the best to grow, as it can be easily



Photo

A VIEW OF SOOCHOW GARDEN

W. J. Leigh

trained, it does not require much attention, but when practicable cut off withered leaves and blossoms, and do not allow it to seed at first, as it remains longer in bloom.

Canterbury Bells are very showy, but the best kind to rear is what is called the "cup and saucer" species, which is easily raised from seed; like the *nasturtium* and sweet peas, it is best to cut off the expired blossoms, when the plant will still continue in bloom.

Ornamental Grasses.—There are several kinds now at their best which are easily cultivated from seed, and they look very fresh and green in pots; for table decorations mixed with flowers they add greatly to the general effect; in the absence of grasses, barley or oats are equally good.

Crotons.—These ornamental and variegated laurels which grow so luxuriantly at Singapore and the tropics are difficult to rear, they require as much heat and moisture as ferns and should not be taken out of the greenhouse before end of May; place them in the sunniest spot and water daily.

Abutilon grows very well in pots, and should be trained over bamboo cages, they require to be kept in a cool greenhouse in winter.

Layering Carnations to increase the stock of them is a very simple operation, which may be carried out by an amateur.

Layering consists of selecting those branches of a carnation which are nearest to the ground, stripping of the foliage about half-way, and then, with a sharp knife, making a slanting incision about half-way through the stem from the under side.

The stem should then be pegged down securely into the earth by means of a wire peg, the shape of a hair-pin, in fact, nothing answers the purpose better than an ordinary hair-pin. Just at the spot where the pegging, or layering, takes place, the soil should be liberally mixed with silver sand, and in a few weeks the layers will be found to be rooted, and may be potted up.

If carnations are attacked by wireworm, the pests may be captured by putting pieces of potato just below the surface of the soil each evening, digging them up the following morning, and dropping them into boiling water.

Do not allow rose blooms to die on the tree, as this weakens it. Cut them as soon as they begin to wither.



THE KITCHEN GARDEN

THE system of rotation in the cultivation of garden crops is one demanding greater attention than is given it, and in many small gardens, when the subject receives no consideration whatever, a failure may reasonably be set down to the want of knowledge in this direction. Plants of different natures take varying constituents out of the soil, and it is only by giving some study to the subject that satisfactory crops can be expected year by year from the same piece of ground, particularly when little or no manure is dug in annually. It is only in this manner that productiveness can be maintained from a piece of ground under continuous cropping. It is just the same with pests and diseases, which become serious on any one crop. For example, the pest that produces club root in cabbages will affect cauliflowers, turnips, or any other member of the family, and the only way to stamp it out is by cropping the ground with something else for a while. Many kitchen gardens fail to produce good crops because the same vegetable is put on the piece of ground year after year, and virtually becomes sick of the soil. A regular rotation should be studied, so that plants of a distinctly different botanical character follow each other up to the third, or even the fourth, crop. A farmer, when he takes a lease, is invariably bound down to follow some such system, but we never hear of anything of the kind pertaining to gardens. Market growers and experts often grow the same crop year after year; but then they return after each ploughing plenty of the material which their knowledge and experience teach them has been taken out; with the amateur gardener it is quite different, as he may or may not know, and if he leaves it to his odd man nothing will certainly be done.

The Dead Man's Chum

THE man at the camp fire brushed the perspiration from his forehead with his sleeve and bent to stretch his numbed hands over the embers before going on with his writing. He had written many pages and thrown each on the fire before it was finished. He was sitting on a stump, writing on sheets of paper, torn from the copy-book, which he was using as a pad. He had borrowed his pencil from a lieutenant who stood talking with a number of other officers at the camp fire. The forest trees crowded about them, sheltering them from the frosty night. Everywhere men lay huddled together for warmth, their blanketed heaps making them seem like strange mole hills, grown huge with shadows. Outside in the woods the river flowed noiselessly, and beyond the river lay the desolate fields where the dead were scattered.

The dead man's chum crouched closer to the fire, groaned and tried to write again. It was a love letter to the girl he had hoped to marry, if they lived through the war. But it was not a usual love letter. There was in it no word of endearment, no tenderness, for he had told himself that he had not the right; not after what had happened in the fields. The drops of anguish came into his eyes, but the fire light showed no trace of tears in the smoke-grimed face above the letter; only the strong hand trembled.

"God knows," he began to write again, and crossed the words out, and went on, only to flounder over words like "if the order had come"—He dropped his fore-

head in his hand, and wrote simply and briefly the account of the fight within the few yards where he had been engaged; it sounded too brutal, and he crushed the paper up and began describing the fields as he had seen them early in the afternoon, covered with the orderly ranks of the enemy. He described the manoeuvre by which his battalion had been moved to a commanding position on a wooded hillside east of the forces in the fields. He told how they had opened fire, had been charged, had beaten off the enemy, and how the fields to-night bore witness to the terrible struggle, which continued long after the sun had set behind the blue line of the mountains.

"You did not want your brother to enlist in my company," he broke off. Do you remember? I have your letter in which you say I am too reckless to be trusted in war time. What will you say—how can I tell you? Oh, my God! why is it that I can't shut out the sight of your face as if you were standing there judging me from the terrible distance! I shot him. He was running in front of me and cheering as he carried the flag clean through the enemy's lines, with a crazy handful of us mad to reach their works and carry it over the parapet. I shot him and the smoke came rolling over us and I lost him. We must have fallen back then. God knows I——." The writer's body swayed, his head sank on his breast, and the book slipped between his knees, but the pencil stayed in the close shut hand.

Outside the woods a sentry halted a straggler, the command echoed a moment

in the frosty woods, and there was silence again. The officers at the neighbouring fire finished talking, and the lieutenant looked round for the man to whom he had lent his pencil. Pencils were at a premium. He had paid forty dollars in confederate money for his. Seeing that the borrower had fallen asleep he came over to him.

"Wake up, old chap," he said, shaking him, "Your fire is creeping up on you."

The man did not rouse himself, and the lieutenant bent down and lifted the bowed face. Sightless eyes looked calmly back at him. He let the face fall gently and set to examining the soldier who had died in this mysterious way, while writing a letter. He found no wound until he drew his hand away from the man's cavalry boot and felt it covered with blood. He could not lift the foot which rested in the black pool on which the fire light glistened.

"Bled to death," he muttered, "and didn't know he was wounded!" He rose to his feet and looked down, shaking his head in perplexity. "He must have had something mightily on his mind," he mused.

The colour bearer of the company came into the fire light and saluted. When he

saw the figure beside the lieutenant he knelt down with an exclamation and raised the dead face as the other had done. He cleared his throat and looked up at the lieutenant.

"He was my chum," he said. "He was going to marry my sister. He must have been wounded after we charged the works, because just before the smoke fell I saw him fighting just behind me. We got seperated after that. I wasn't with the company when you fell back, and I've just found my way in."

"He must have had something on his mind," said the lieutenant, "not to feel he was bleeding to death— look here."

The dead man's chum looked, and then he gathered up the copy-book and the papers, stained with blood.

"You had better read them" said the lieutenant, taking his pencil from the unyielding hand as gently as he could, and feeling this was another man's trouble, walked away.

The dead man's chum crouched by the fire light and read the letter slowly through. The tears rolled down his face, and he reached out and laid his hand tenderly on the dead man's knee.



THE ORIGIN OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF

BLIND man's buff is of French origin and of very great antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the Middle Ages.

In the year 999 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Colin. He acquired the name Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in battle he used literary to crush his opponents.

In one of the feuds, which were of perpetual recurrence in those times, he encountered the Count de Touraine in a pitched battle, and, so runs the story, in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes.

He ordered his esquire to take him in the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him.

When Robert of France heard of these feats of arms he lavished favour and honours upon Colin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representation that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfold pursuer, as, with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, in some degree repeats the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name "blind man's buff."

The League Champions

IT is difficult to write too much of a team who have performed so creditably as the Shanghai Recreation Club have done this season, as they have established a record which has been without precedent in the annals of local football. The secret of their success has been attributed to the youthfulness of the side, as the average age of the players is about 22—four of the team being still in their teens, and also to the enthusiasm which exists in the Eleven. The appended League Chart shows the fine performance of the "Blue and Whites."

SHANGHAI FOOTBALL LEAGUE

SEASON 1908—1909

Table of Matches showing relative position of each Club

Teams	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals		Points	Percentage of points to matches played
					For	Against		
(1) S. F. C. - - - - -	11	4	0	7	29	21	8	36.36
(2) Navy - - - - -	10	3	0	7	19	29	6	30
(3) Police - - - - -	10	8	0	2	28	12	16	80
(4) S. R. C. - - - - -	10	10	0	0	47	10	20	100
(5) "A" Co. S.V.C. - - - - -	11	6	0	5	30	24	12	55.55
(6) Engineers - - - - -	10	5	0	5	20	32	10	50
Customs - - - - -	10	0	0	10	8	53	0	0

The figures in parenthesis denote the position of the Club last season.

BY LINESMAN.

SHANGHAI RECREATION CLUB

Reading from left to right—

WINNERS OF THE "DEWAR LEAGUE CHALLENGE SHIELD"

SEASON 1908—1909

A. HOLLAND H. V. HOLT T. WIGTON G. LANNING T. MAIN F. JONES H. B. OLLERDESSEN
(President) (Captain)
C. E. HARBER A. YOUNGSON W. E. WILSON



A. E. ROBSON A. W. PEAKE A. A. WHYTE
A. R. MANN A. F. OLLERDESSEN R. J. S. BRANDT F. P. FEGAN T. W. R. WILSON
(Vice-Captain)

A BRIDGE INTERLUDE

AT THE LADIES' BRIDGE CLUB

“WHOSE deal is it?”

“Mine, isn't it?”

“Why, no, you dealt—Oh, it's Mamie's deal.”

“So it is.”

“Oh, you never shuffled the cards, Mamie!”

“Oh, I forgot!”

“Well, let it go this time.”

“If you were playing with some persons, they would call it the same as a misdeal if you didn't shuffle the cards.”

“Oh, well, we won't be so fussy as all that, because—— Let me see, did you cut the cards, Lou?”

“I forget whether I did or not. Did I cut the cards, or didn't I?”

“Oh, I don't believe that you did.”

“Oh, well, let them run this time.”

“If you were playing with my husband, I guess you would cut the cards before they were dealt! He'd die before he would play if the cards hadn't been dealt.”

“I'm thankful I'm not that particular. I don't see any use in sticking so closely to rules, for—— Oh, I have the loveliest hand.”

“Mine is just horrid! Here I have——”

“It isn't fair to talk across the board.”

“So it isn't.”

“Is it my play?”

“Of course it is.”

“I'm so taken with Mamie's stunning new hat that I can't keep my mind on the game, and I—— What's trumps?”

“Diamonds.”

“Here I was thinking that hearts were trumps, and I have thrown away three

or four good diamonds. What a dunce I am!”

“We were playing with the Jolly Good Fun Club the other night, and I had the funniest hand I ever had in my life. I had—— Whose ace is that on the board?”

“It's your partner's.”

“And here I was just going to trump it. Did you say diamonds were trumps?”

“Yes, they are.”

“Now it is your play, Mamie. Have you seen Lucy Babcock's new wrap? It is the stunningest thing! There must be forty yards of real lace on it and she has the most fetching lace-and-chiffon boa to wear with it, and—— Oh, you mean thing to go and play that trump just when I thought the trick was mine.”

“Oh, you revoked.”

“I, never.”

“Yes, you did! You should have played that queen of hearts when you played that ten of clubs! That's cheating!”

“I guess it isn't cheating when I forget that I had the suit!”

“I wonder what the first prize will be.”

“Do you know, that I have won two first prizes and two second prizes already this winter. Just think!”

“I never win anything; it makes me mad.”

“I always get the booby prize if I get one at all, and—— I can see your hand, Lou.”

“Well you are real mean to look at it. I am so awkward with cards that I am always showing my hand. Oh, you dreadfully horrid wretch, to go and take three tricks, in succession.”

"Whose trumps is that on the board? You just ought to see my hand. If I don't get a decent hand soon, I'll give up. One time——."

"What under the sun, moon, and stars did you go and lead that for?"

"Because I wanted to! I guess I know what I am about. You follow suit now or—— Do you look at that pale yellow waist Katie Page has on! Isn't it odd?"

"It goes well with her black hat, but it might fit her a good deal better. It sets my teeth on edge to see a waist wrinkle that way, for—— Is it my play?"

"Of course it is."

"What's trumps?"

"Hearts."

"Horrors!"

"Oh, I have just the dearest hand!"

"Somebody must have a lovely hand for mine couldn't be worse. You stop looking over my shoulder, Sally."

"Hee, hee, hee!"

"It's just downright hateful of you to laugh over my miserable hand."

"I hope the first prize will be something worth while, for I stand a splendid chance of getting it."

"I hope it will be something trifling, for I know very well that I won't get it."

"A friend of mine won the loveliest chafing-dish at an afternoon bridge last week. It never cost a penny less than twenty dollars. The other ladies were just wild with envy. I have hated her ever since."

"My husband's mother thinks that it is just dreadful because I play bridge for prizes. She says that it is just the same as gambling."

"The horrid thing!"

"Oh, there's been a misdeal. I have too many cards."

"And here I have the very best hand I have had this afternoon. How mean!"

"Just look at the trumps I had."

"Heavens, I'm glad that there was a misdeal."

"You know I was playing with some ladies last week, and one of them cheated shamefully and some of the ladies got so mad. I thought the fur would fly when someone accused her of it."

"Why can't people play fair? I wonder if it is true that Mrs. De Vord is going to leave her husband. They say that—— What trumps?"

"Oh, now they are going to stop for refreshments. I'm glad of it, for I'm starving. Bridge always makes me so hungry."

"Me too. I think it is because one has to concentrate all one's mind on the game in such a really exhausting way."

"I guess that it is. I know that I feel all worn out after an afternoon of bridge. How good the coffee smells."

"I love bridge. And then it is such a scientific game."

"I think it is real instructive."

"You have to put your mind right on it, anyhow."

"Lovely coffee, isn't it?"

"Delicious! I am going to be horrid enough to ask for a second cup."

"So am I. I think bridge parties are beautiful."

"So do I."



THE omission of a single letter in a word is sometimes rather fatal. An enterprising publisher's "puff" of a new edition of the works of the "divine Williams" appeared thus—"No family should be without Shakspeare's immoral works."

To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

It will no doubt interest you to know something about our power of defence in this far-away settlement, so I am giving you some photos of the Shanghai Volunteer force which numbers 45 officers and 876 men, making a total of 921, and consists of the following units: Light



THE COLOUR BEARERS

Horse, Artillery, Mounted Infantry, Maxims, "A," "B," Customs, German, Japanese, American, Portuguese, and Chinese Companies, Buglers, Signallers, Ambulance, Reserve Company, German Reserves, Scouts and 12-Bore Company; besides which a Boys' Brigade inspires the proper spirit militant into the youth of the community.



MAJOR BRODIE CLARKE

Who has done so much to further the progress of the S.V.C.

In December 1905 we had riots in Shanghai, and although the damage done was not very great, we all appreciated what serious results a well-organized rising among the natives might bring upon us if we were not prepared to hold our own, and although our Volunteers did good work at the time, it was fully realized



MAJOR BARNES

that the force was much too small for the extent of the Settlement. Since then the Volunteers have gone ahead considerably, and American and Chinese Companies have been added to the force, while at the present time a Company of Engineers is being formed of technical men who would be able to take charge of trams, electric

Company which is very representative, will give you a fair idea of our gallant defenders.



MAJOR TRUEMAN

light, telephones and wireless telegraphy services, also demolish or build bridges, etc., in case of emergency.

I cannot give you pictures of all the units, but the two photos of "B"



CAPTAIN RANSOM

On Sunday, April 25th, a Church Parade was held, of which I give you a few snapshots, and on April 24th, the troops were reviewed by Lieut. Colonel Bayard, D.S.O., Commanding 2nd Battalion, the Buffs, from Hongkong, who expressed great satisfaction at the efficiency of the force and addressed them in very complimentary terms. Much credit is due to Lieut.-Colonel Watson, who for five years filled the post



DRUM MAJOR J. J. MANSFIELD,
"B" CO. S.V.C. ATTACHED TO
HEADQUARTER STAFF



MAJOR BARNES AND SOME OFFICERS



"B" COMPANY OF THE S.V.C.



A SNAPSHOT OF THE OFFICERS AND NON COMMISSIONED OFFICERS
OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE

Reading from left to right—

BACK ROW—SGT. MAYNE, SGT. OLLERDESSEN, CPL. MANSFIELD, LCE.-CPL. FERRIS, CPL. ELLIS,
CPL. KATZ, SGT. CONNER

FRONT ROW—CPL. TURNER, LCE.-CPL. ASHLEY, LCE.-CPL. NASH, BAND SGT. MANSFIELD



1 LIEUTENANT COPPLESTONE AND GROUP OF THE MOUNTED INFANTRY

2 A GROUP OF ARDENT VOLUNTEERS

SOCIAL SHANGHAI

of S.V.C. Commandant,—for the present efficient state of the force. The present Commandant, Major Barnes, of whom I give you a photo, has only been with us a few months, but during his short term of office has endeared himself to all who know him, and it is generally felt that the high standard of efficiency in the force will be maintained under his able supervision.

The staff officers are, Major B. A. Clark, Second in Command, Major T. E. Trueman, Commanding Infantry Battalion, Captain G. F. Collyer, Corps Adjutant, Captain W. M. Dowdall, Engineer Staff Officer, Captain J. M. Davidson (3rd King's Liverpool Regiment) attached, Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A., Chaplain, Rev. R. G. Winning, Assistant Chaplain, Hon. Lieut. R. Buck, Bandmaster, Corps Sgt.-Major A. W. Studd, Q.-M.-Sgt. C. Matthews, Orderly Room Sergeant, Q.-M.-Sgt. E. C. Fry, Instructor of Musketry, Q.-M.-Sgt. T. A. Clark, and J. J. Mansfield Drum Major. With this corps, which is equipped up to the last button, and its energetic members

who take their military duties very seriously, we feel fairly secure, and with our large police force ought to be able to hold our



LIEUT. S. KOAZE, COMMANDING JAPANESE CO. S.V.C. own ground in a sudden rising, till assistance from our several governments could arrive.

Thus in every confidence dwells your
NANCY.



Photo

COME OF THE ARTILLERY

W. Howell



Photo

S.V.C. ARTILLERY

W. Howell



VOLUNTEER CHURCH PARADE

A group of officers



VOLUNTEER CHURCH PARADE—PASSING WEEK'S CORNER



VOLUNTEER CHURCH PARADE

A snapshot of the choir boys ready for the service



TWO WELL-KNOWN OFFICERS OF THE S.V.C.



VOLUNTEER CHURCH PARADE

Waiting at the church door after service



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF "B" CO.

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

ILLUSTRATED AND WRITTEN BY BELLE HEATHER

Race Coincidences

LIKE many others I seldom or never bet except at the Races, and then I am influenced by omens and lucky numbers, more than by knowledge, as I never get time to learn much about the capability of the ponies. At the Autumn Meeting last year a friend asked me to share a ticket in the pari-mutuel, but I had to decline as I had only brought one dollar with me. However, as he insisted on me choosing a pony I gave instructions to choose something that was carrying black and yellow. Whilst we were talking a lady friend came up and asked me what she

ought to back and I said "Something that is carrying black and yellow, but you will have to consult your Race book to



MISS AND MR. WINGROVE AND MRS. JACKSON



DR. AND MRS. MARSHALL AND
MR. A. WRIGHT

find out what pony to back as I have no further knowledge on the subject." A little group standing round all looked up their Race books and found that Mr. A. W. Burkill was wearing black and yellow. My lady friend did not back it as instructed, and my gentleman friend fancied something else, but I refused absolutely to change. It proved to be right as black and yellow won the biggest pari-mutual dividend of that day,

and when asked why I insisted on black and yellow, I declared I saw it winning.

The mystic number of seven has often brought me luck, as a number divisible by seven appears to be my mascotte. I have



MRS. H. H. READ AND HER SISTER, MRS. GORTON



A NOTICEABLE VISITOR

always had a lot of tickets given to me as presents for the big sweep and one year out of a big handful I took one marked 1421, in which I had a share and said, "That is the winner, it carries my lucky numbers." And it was. Next day I had a share in all the cash sweep tickets numbered 21, one of which won the biggest cash sweep of the day. On another occasion

I was standing with two friends in front of a board containing twenty-one names of ponies and an equal number of jockeys,



MRS. LORDEN, MRS. BLAGDEN, AND MR. CORNISH



MR. V. MEYER AND MRS. STANLEY LANE

none of which were well known. We hesitated in choosing one until I suddenly discovered that the numbers on the board included 7, 14, and 21. I had never seen

all three numbers on the board at once, and remarked the fact. That settled it. We took a ticket on each, and all the ponies were "placed." I once backed the number seven on six consecutive races,

as a reward for my enterprise, and, alas, I got a dividend of 75 cents only, as *Heidseick* happened to be a hot favourite. There are endless cases of "joss," such as when a Shanghai lady backed *Sammie*, because she had a cat of that name, and thus won over \$800.

The other day some one offered me a Hankow lottery ticket, and I said as a joke that I would take it if it were divisible by seven. It was, so I had, of course, to take it, and it won a small prize.

This all sounds as if I were a confirmed gambler,



AMUSED SPECTATORS

and won every time. Last Race Meeting I wanted a friend to take five dollars from me and put it on the pony that won the mafoo's race, just because it carried my lucky number, and he laughed and refused to believe in my "joss pidgin" sufficiently to do as I asked. When my "joss" number won he felt sorry, and I felt cross.

Very laughable was an incident that occurred to me years ago, I did not know what pony to choose so I stuck a pin haphazard in the list of names in my book and landed on *Heidseick*. Several people wanted to share my ticket, but I refused absolutely to part. When *Heidseick* romped in first I expected to get at least \$150



YOUNG MASTER SCHRELLHOSS



Photo

A FINE VIEW OF THE RACE CLUB

Denniston & Sullivan

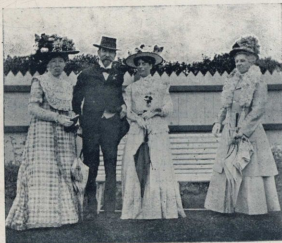
whereas my propensities in that way are not really of much account.

The peripatetic way in which most folks gamble here closely resembles the craze for politics which afflicts many people at home every time there is a general election. It only lasts for the time being.



The Off Day

It seems to me the Off Day of the Races is a misnomer, as the interest taken in the events bears evidence that it carries



far too much interest to be termed an Off Day. Every meeting it becomes more important, and this year there was a tremendous number of spectators looking on at the Grand National Steeplechase. Children mustered in great force, a few of whom I photographed for the "China Weekly," and I also got some excellent snapshots of many well-known

residents. I have been told that Shanghai folks at home who receive "Social Shanghai" enjoy seeing such photographs; indeed, as a rule, anything that reminds residents of Shanghai when they are away from it, is usually much appreciated. To those who do not know Shanghai, "Social Shanghai" has proved an education, and I am continually being told how it has acted as an eye-opener to many people at home who had no conception that our environments here in the Far East savoured so much of civilization and Homeland.



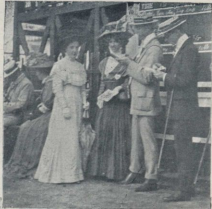
noticed that most advertisers have to pay for their experience. Some pay and profit by the experience, others pay and gain nothing, in either experience or profit. When I am asked for advice by anyone who is looking round with a view to invest money in shares, I invariably tell them to choose a



THREE WELL-KNOWN RESIDENTS

The Cult of Advertising

THE subject of advertising has always had a great amount of fascination for me, which has increased tenfold since I have been interested in journalism. I have learned to look with respect on every firm that advertises judiciously and with good results, for the very good reason that it takes no small amount of carefully planned thought to invest money in advertising that will bring in a reasonable and reliable return. I have



SOME WELL-KNOWN RESIDENTS

firm that advertises widely and well, and at the same time to remember that any fool can advertise widely, but it takes a clever manager to advertise well. I do not consider it well to spend a lot of money

is never made by professional advertisers, yet how many others make it, and how frequently a new concern has been killed by an insufficient margin being left for advertising. This particularly applies to



MR. AND MRS.

D. MCCOLL



WATCHING THE PROMENADE ON THE LAWN

one-half of the year and stop advertising again till you feel the pinch of lessening sales. Nothing pays so well as consistency. A big splash followed shortly afterwards by oblivion is fatal, and is a mistake that

the Chinese and Japanese, who, luckily, for us, are not likely to wake up sufficiently to fully appreciate the uses of advertisement for many years to come.



MISS BARIN

OF

MANILA

AND

MRS. J. J. CONNELL



MRS. TOZER AND MRS. KOHLER

The Boys' Brigade

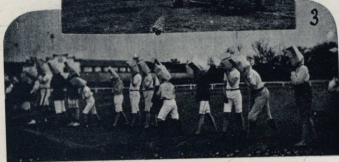
THE members of the Boys' Brigade are to be heartily congratulated on possessing such enterprising promoters, as they seem to be continually having treats or sports of some kind. I attended a most enjoyable picnic given by Mr. Shekury at the Palace Hotel Gardens recently, when a very good muster of the Brigade turned out to enjoy

number of spectators, who took an immense interest in the events which included:

1.—100 yds. under 13 years: (1) T. Golding, (2) L. Klyhn, (3) T. Roberts.

2.—High Jump: (1) C. Conner 4-ft. 8-in., (2) T. J. Ellis 4-ft. 7-in., (3) W. Ferris 4-ft. 6-in.

3.—230 yds. Handicap: (1) J. Turner, (2) B. Baring, (3) F. Ozorio.



1 START OF HANDICAP RACE
2 GIRL'S 100 YARDS HANDICAP
3 START OF THE BLIND HELMET RACE

the tea and sports provided for them. The snapshots reproduced give some idea of the fun created by the sports, which were all of very amusing nature.

The Annual Sports were also very well attended, and were witnessed by a large

4.—Throwing the Cricket Ball: (1) A. Clarke, (2) J. Katz, (3) Baring.

5.—Relay Race, 4 Boys from each Section: (1) Section No. 1.

6.—Long Jump, Handicap: (1) T. Roberts, (2) E. Brown, (3) A. Clarke (scratch).



1 MISS HILDA VAN CORBECK AND LOUIS DUFOUR
Who won the Thread-and-needle Race

2 C. CONNOR, WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP, AND
MIXED MEDLEY

3 ALFRED HANSON WHO WON THE 800 YARDS
HANDICAP

4 F. OZORIO WHO WON THE SACK RACE FOR THE
FOURTH TIME, ALSO LONG JUMP

1 MR. SHEKURY

2 THE BOYS AT TEA

3 PICK-A-BACK RACE

4 THE LEAP-FROG RACE



- 1 THE BOYS WHO STARTED AT SCRATCH IN THE THREE-LEGGED RACE
- 2 THE SMALLEST BOYS WHO, OF COURSE, GOT A HANDICAP
- 3 TWO OF THE COMPETITORS IN THE WHEELBARROW RACE

7.—“Blind Helmet” Race, 50 yds.—R. Scott.

8.—440 yds. Handicap: (1) A. J. Clark, (2) P. Mansfield, (3) L. Dufour.

9.—Reveille Race: (1) J. Turner, (2) T. J. Ellis, (3) J. Ollerlessen.

10.—100 yds. Handicap, open to girls of Shanghai: (1) L. Manley, (2) Florence White, (3) Lena Wilson.

11.—Sack Race, open to Shanghai (age limit 17 years): (1) F. Ozario, (2) F. Jones, (3) T. Roberts.

12.—100 yds. Brigade Championship (age limit 17 years): (1) A. J. Clark, (2) B. Baring, (3) F. Ozorio.

13.—Thread-the-Needle Race: Boys to nominate a girl partner who will run to the boy who will thread the needle and run back to starting point, (1) N. L. Dufour and Hilda Van Corbach, (2) C. Ollerlessen and Alice Manning.

14.—One Mile Bicycle Handicap: (1) W. Ferris, (2) P. Mansfield, (3) J. Kats.

15.—Mixed Medley: (1) C. Connor, (2) C. Barradas, (3) J. Turner.

16.—880 yds. Handicap (also open to past members of the Company): (1) A. Hansen, (2) J. Martin, (3) G. White.

17.—Tug-of-War, Half Companies, 10 aside: (1) Left Half Section.

18.—Consolation Race: (1) E. Barradas, (2) E. Nash, (3) R. Berthet.

The Championship Gold Medal. To be won by competitor making the highest



- 1 A COMPETITOR IN THE REVEILLE RACE
- 2 TUG-OF-WAR
- 3 WATCHING THE TUG-OF-WAR

aggregate of points, counting a first as three, second as two, and third as one point—A. J. Clark.

The officials were:—Judges: Messrs. Brodie A. Clarke and T. E. Trueman; Starters: Messrs. C. M. Bain, J. Scotson and P. Smith; Timekeepers: Messrs. A. E. Algar, and Johnston; Hon. Secretary: Mr. C. E. Harber.



THE CHINESE BOYS WHO MADE AND SERVED TEA

THE GAME OF SUBURBAN BURGLAR

THIS little recreation, at present in great favour with those residing in the country, is absorbingly entertaining and entirely safe. To play it there are required only a country house, a householder, his wife, and a family cat. No burglar is necessary.

The game is played at night, and begins with the upsetting of an umbrella-stand by the cat. The householder's wife sits up. If the bed squeaks, it counts five points in favour of the burglar. The burglar receives three points in addition for each oath of the householder.

The householder rises and seizes his revolver. If the revolver is loaded, the householder counts ten. If he can find his slippers, he counts fifteen.

He descends the front stairs, gripping the banisters tightly. (It is for this reason that he is termed the "householder.") Five points are added to the burglar's score for every time the householder sneezes; but if the latter reaches the foot of the stairs without falling he is entitled to ten. If he sets off a burglar alarm, twenty points for the burglar; if he steps upon a tack, thirty. He is counted fifty points, however, for each tack he does *not* step upon, and some players allow him sixty.

For the best playing of the game there should be hazards, as in golf. The best hazards are made by rocking-chairs, lamp-tables, fire-screens, etc. The burglar is credited three points for each hazard encountered; the householder scores four points for each two feet of clear space he can find. The householder should carry a pad and pencil and keep his own score; or the wife can do it upstairs, if she listens closely. To carry a lamp is, of course, a foul, and gives the game to the burglar.

There are many variations to this game. There may be several householders or several burglars. The burglar side is handicapped twenty points for each extra man; the householders, on the other hand, are credited fifty points to each extra man they take on. The reason for this is that extra men generally serve as burglars before the game is over.

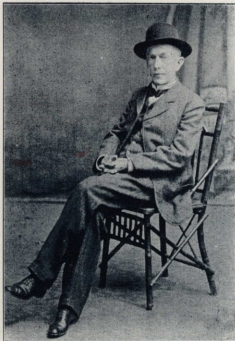
Another variation of this game may be played if there be a stable, one or more horses, and a hired boy. This is especially a game for winter nights. The hired boy leaves the stable-door open, and the horses disport themselves upon the front piazza of the house.

Well-known Residents in Shanghai

Mr. T. R. Jernigan

MR. JERNIGAN first came to Shanghai as Consul-General of the United States, and, after retiring from office according to the customs of his country, he entered upon the practice of his profession of law at Shanghai where he is at present engaged. Mr. Jernigan was educated at the University of Virginia. As soon as his age permitted he was elected a member of the Senate of his State, and is represented, in Moore's history of North Carolina, as a leading and most useful member of that body; he was also a member of the electoral College during the contest for the Presidency between Hancock and Garfield. He is a native-born American and comes from a family whose lineage in the British peerage and in America is distinguished for talent and loyalty. The paternal line of the present house of Stafford is stated to have been originally Danish, and the name Jernigan. Wever says "the name was of exemplary note before the conquest." In Broomfield's history of Norfolk the pedigree of the family is traced. The name is sometimes spelt Jerningham, and Sir Henry was the first to depart from the usual way of spelling the name as he was the first among the Norfolk and Surrey knights to declare openly for Queen Mary on the demise of Henry VI. For the important service thus rendered Queen Mary, immediately after her accession, constituted him Vice-Chamberlain, Captain of the Guard, and one of her Privy Council. Sir Hubert Jernigan supported the Barons when they rose up against King John and made him sign the Charter at Runnymede. Another of the family, Sir Richard, was an envoy to Charles Quint from Henry VIII, and tilted at the famous tournament of the

Field of the Cloth of Gold. A branch of the Jernigan family settled in America in the sixteenth century, the head of which was the son of Sir Richard Jernigan, and it is from this branch that the subject of this sketch descends. In the maternal line Mr. Jernigan descends from the Harolds of England, and is of the purest of Saxon blood. The crest of the family bears the motto—*virtus Basis vite*. Mrs. Jernigan is also of Saxon origin, her maiden name having been Sharp. She is now residing in the Jernigan country home in Hereford County, North Carolina, and superintending the education of her children, as both Mr. and Mrs. Jernigan are anxious that their children should be educated under the direct influence of their American home.



MR. T. R. JERNIGAN.

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

APRIL 1909

- April 1st—Opening Concert of the Withers Concert Company.
- „ 2nd—Meeting of Shanghai Rowing Club. Mr. A. Hide presided.
- „ 3rd—Fight between Municipal and Paoshan Police. Municipal native constable captured.
- „ 5th—Meeting of Horse and Pony Show, presided over by Mr. D. Landale.
- „ 7th—Escape of six native convicts from a stone yard in Honan Road.
- „ 8th—Opening of Easter Camp, S. V. C.
- „ 9th—Good Friday. Rowing Club Picnic.
London Comedy Co. left for Hongkong.
- „ 10th—Gymkhana of Automobile Club of China.
- „ 12th—Easter Monday. Opening Performance at Moutrie's Hall.
- „ 16th—“Mercury” dinner, given to celebrate thirteenth anniversary of the founding of the paper.
- „ 17th—154th A. D. C. production “The Yeomen of the Guard.”
- „ 23rd—“In a Persian Garden” given under the auspices of the American Woman's Club.
Wedding of Mr. H. H. Fowler and Miss Lamond.
- „ 24th—Murder of Fong Yuen Ching, a member of the Chinese Company, S. V. C.
Wedding of Mr. John Moller and Miss Nellie Mactavish.
Annual inspection of Shanghai Volunteers by Colonel Bayard.
- „ 26th—32nd performance of Deutscher Konzert Verein. Annual inspection of S. M. Police Force.
- „ 29th—Suicide of Captain A. S. Wilson in Pahsienjao Cemetery.

KAMAKURA

AN IDEAL JAPANESE SUMMER RESORT

AT this time of the year when people are selecting a suitable resort for the hot weather, many are glad to have some details of available places.

Kamakura is situated on the blue Pacific Ocean only forty minutes from Yokohama and seventy-five from Tokio by special trains, and is one of the most charming spots in the world wherein to spend a holiday. Well known as the seat of government in Eastern Japan from the end of the 12th to the middle of the 13th century, it has now shrunk

on the hills or along the coast cannot be surpassed, the roads being excellent.



A CAVE—AN ANCIENT RESIDENCE
OF A PRINCE, KAMAKURA



FAMOUS TEMPLE CONTAINING THE GOLDEN IMAGE
OF THE GODDESS OF MERCY, KAMAKURA

The chief sights of Kamakura are the Temple of Hachiman, and Daibutsu or colossal bronze Buddha, and the great image of the Goddess Kwannon, which all lie within a mile of the hotel, while the caves on the surrounding hills which were the abode of the ancient Japanese, in addition to the Totsuka and Enoshima caves, are well worth a visit.

into a quiet sea-side village and presents a thousand charms such as deep sea, and surf bathing, deep-sea fishing, and picnic excursions, either by sea or by land, to the numerous picturesque bays and temples, which are situated in the surrounding pine-clad hills. Japanese ponies are plentiful and can be hired for three yen a day or much less by the month, and horse-back riding



OCEAN BEACH AT KAMAKURA, CLOSE TO THE HOTEL,
ENOSHIMA IN THE DISTANCE

The Daibutsu stands alone among Japanese works of art and is best seen from about half-way up the approach. The dimensions are approximately as follows:—

separately, brazed together and finished off on the outside with the chisel. The hollow interior of the image contains a small shrine, and a ladder to the head, in which one can comfortably have tea.



THE MAGNIFICENT DAIBUTSU, KAMAKURA, NEAR HOTEL

Height	49-ft. 7-in.
Circumference	97 2
Length of face	8 5
Width from ear to ear	17 9
Round white boss on forehead	1 3
Length of eye	3 11
Length of eyebrow	4 2
Length of ear	6 6
Length of nose	3 9
Width of mouth	3 2
Height of bump of wisdom	9 9
Diameter of bump of wisdom	2 4
Curls (of which there are 830) height	9 9
Curls, diameter	1 9
Length from knee to knee	35 8
Circumference of thumb	3 0

The eyes are of pure gold and the silver boss weighs 30-lb. avoirdupois. The image is formed of sheets of bronze cast



The Temple of Hachiman

or God of War dates back from the end of the 12th century and occupies a commanding position on a hill called Tsuru-ga-oka and reached by an avenue of pine trees which leads up from the sea-shore. In the grounds will be found a magnificent icho tree which is said to be over a thousand years old.



The Temple of Kwannon,

known as Hase-no-Kwannon, stands not far from the Daibutsu on an eminence, commanding a beautiful view of the sea-shore and over Kamakura plain. The great image of the Goddess of Mercy, for which this temple is celebrated, stands behind folding doors which a small fee to the attendant priest will suffice to open, but the figure can only be indistinctly seen by the dim light of a few candles.

These are only a few of the attractions that Kamakura offers.

The pretty Kamakura Hotel has been recently rebuilt and furnished throughout with imported furniture, and electric light and hot and cold water are laid on in every bedroom. In bad weather



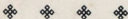
PACIFIC OCEAN BEACH, KAMAKURA

children can enjoy the advantages of play-houses and swings.

From the spacious verandah of the Kaihinin Hotel a most magnificent view can be obtained of the mountains along the coast as far as Atami on one hand and on the other along the rugged sea coast to Hayama, a favourite resort of Her Majesty the Empress of Japan.

For those who prefer their own bungalow there are several within the hotel compound and full particulars can be obtained by applying to the manager, Mr. W. Aoyama, Kaihinin Hotel, Kamakura, Japan.

Kamakura is specially recommended to those who are suffering from brain fag, worry, or overwork and those who are looking for a summer resort will find it ideal.



THE SHANGHAI SEAMEN'S CHURCH AND MISSION

THE seventeenth annual meeting of the Shanghai Seamen's Church and Mission Society took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 28th, at the Hanbury Institute. Sir Pelham Warren presided, and after the minutes of the last meeting were read, he made a speech, touching feelingly upon the great loss sustained by this Society in the death of the Rev. H. M. Trickett, and drawing attention to the excellent report the late chaplain had left for them. During the past year the Society had procured their own launch and have then been enabled to keep in closer touch with the sea-faring community, and the amalgamation of the Hanbury Institute and the Hanbury Coffee House with the Sailors' Home has proved an entire success and given satisfaction to everybody concerned.

Sir Pelham Warren suggested that, as the widow and children of the late Mr. Trickett had been left in straightened circumstances by his sudden death, that a purse might be subscribed for them.

Mr. E. F. Mackay then proposed that the Committee's report should be adopted, this was seconded by Mr. D. Macdonald and carried unanimously. On the proposal of the Rev. A. J. Walker, seconded by Mr. Flack, the late chaplain's report was taken as read, and on the proposal of Sir Pelham Warren, seconded by the Rev. R. G. Winning, it was carried unanimously that the account as presented should be taken as read and adopted. The Rev. A. J. Walker proposed and Mr. Bingham seconded that the Committee should consist of the trustees of the Cathedral, also Messrs. F. H. Armstrong, S. Burton, O. R. Coales, N. R. Duncan, W. F. Inglis, Dr. R. S. Ivy, D. Macdonald, G. Woodhead, E. F. Mackay, E. C. Richards, the Senior Naval Officers and the Naval Chaplain, also Mr. J. Valentine. A vote of thanks to Sir Pelham Warren for presiding, terminated the meeting.



HIS SOUL WAS ABOVE BOOTS !

A STROLLING player once took refuge for a night in a village hostelry. His boots were in the last stage of decay, and the landlady - a kindly, old-fashioned soul - on viewing them, exclaimed to her guest "Eh, but thae's an awfu' pair o' buits to gang wi' this w'ather."

"Madam," responded the broken-down tragedian, drawing himself up to his full height "I have a soul above boots."

"I ken naething aboot hoo mony soles ye hae abune yer buits; a' I ken is, ye hae nane in below them," was the reply.

Snapshots at the Races by Satow



THE SHANGHAI DERBY
WYE—MR. POULSEN UP



THE GRIFFINS' PLATE
FABULUS—MR. VIDA UP



THE JOCKEY CUP
EL ANIMAL—MR. KING UP



THE GREAT NORTHERN PLATE
MR. BEVERLY'S BROCKTON—MR. VIDA UP
MESSRS. TOEG AND SPEELMAN'S PEIHO—MR. HAYES UP
MR. OSWALD'S RAVENSHOE—MR. WUILLEMEIR UP

The



Races

First Day

THE Spring Races of this year may be put on record for their unbroken spell of fine weather, and the dry training season which preceded them. Although it rained most of the day on Sunday, the strong sun on Monday soon dried up the course, and by noon, going was quite good, and for the rest of the

the day were, *Fabulus* winning the Griffins' Plate and *Orcas* coming in second in the Jockey Cup. The latter pony paid the biggest dividend of the day, namely, \$126.60 for a place.

1.—The Subscription Griffin Plate

Mr. Wingard's brown Banff (Mr. Moller)	1
„ Fem's spot white Moustique (Mr. Schnorr) 2	
„ John Peel's dun Whitmuir (Mr. Johnstone) 3	



1 MORIAK COMING IN
MR. POULSEN ON MORIAK
MR. MOLLER ON SAGITTARIUS
MR. J. A. HAYES ON SUSQUEHANNA

2 RUSSLEY WINNING THE RUBICON
PLATE, RIDDEN BY MR.
CUMMING

meeting it could not have been better. The closest race of the first day was the Jockey Cup, where a neck-and-head only, separated the three first ponies, but the condition of the ground was not conducive to any record breaking; however, in spite of this *Fabulus'* time in the Griffins' Plate and *Celia Rose's* in the Kiangsu Cup were quite good. Mr. Moller with three wins, one second and one third place, was the successful jockey of the day, while the biggest surprises of

2.—The Criterion Stakes

Mr. Ballnus's spot. Gemini (Mr. Moller).....	1
„ Jedmor's skew. Sokol (Mr. Alderton)	2
„ Oswald's grey Ravenshoe (M. Wulleumier) 3	

3.—The Griffins' Plate

Mr. Noegi's ches. <i>Fabulus</i> (Mr. Vida)	1
„ Dick Turpin's grey Vanguard (Mr. Springfield)	2
„ Ballnus's ches. <i>Sirius</i> (Mr. Moller)	3

4.—The Cathay Cup

Mr. Barley's grey <i>Moriah</i> (Mr. Poulsen).....	1
„ Saxo-Borussia's brown <i>Sagittarius</i> (Mr. Moller)	2
Messrs. Toeg and Speelman's grey <i>Susquehanna</i> (Mr. J. A. Hayes)	3

5.—The Pou-ma-ting Cup

Messrs. Toeg and Speelman's grey Wye (Mr. J. A. Hayes).....	1
Mr. Hasty's grey Dobequick (Mr. Alderton)...	2
„ John Peel's skew Kirkcudbright (Mr. Johnstone).....	3

6.—The Hart Legacy Cup

Mr. Buxey's black Rêve d'Or Rose (Mr. Campbell).....	1
„ John Peel's bay Kirkwood (Mr. Johnstone) 2	
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's Peiho (Mr. J. A. Hayes)	3

9.—The Eclipse Stakes

Mr. Saxo-Borussia's brown Pegasus (Mr. Moller)	1
„ W. G. Pirie's piebald Pieman (Mr. Alderton) 2	
„ Barley's grey Mazultob (Mr. Poulsen).....	3

10.—The Chihli Cup

Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's brown Don (Mr. J. A. Hayes)	1
Mr. John Peel's grey Whitemoss (Mr. Johnstone) 2	
„ Muslin's bay Morsel (Mr. Lindsay).....	3



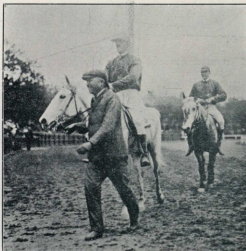
GEMINI—THE WINNER OF THE CHAMPIONS

7.—The Jockey Cup

Mr. Argentino's grey el Animal (Mr. King).....	1
„ Paington's ches. Orcas (Mr. Rowe)	2
„ Muslin's brown Angus (Mr. Lindsay)	3

8.—The Kiangsu Cup

Mr. Buxey's grey Celia Rose late Myrtle Tree (Mr. Vida).....	1
„ Fash's grey Marbles (Mr. Alderton).....	2
„ Marius's grey Argante (Mr. Poulsen)	3



MESSRS. TOEG AND SPEELMAN SECURE FIRST AND SECOND IN THE YANGTSE CUP

Second Day

THREE new records were set up, for the three quarters, seven furlongs, and the mile and a half.

Worcester beat his own record of $129\frac{2}{8}$ by winning the Chu-ka-za Cup in $127\frac{3}{8}$, *Wye* beat *Manchu King's* record by $\frac{3}{8}$ second in the Derby and *Fabulus* beat *Temeraire's* record by 1 second in The Scurry Stakes. Again Mr. Moller was the most successful jockey with four wins, while Mr. Poulsen, with his two wins, ranked second best. The largest dividend of the day was \$327.60 paid on *Hurry Up*.

1.—The Chu-ka-za Cup

Mr. Beverly's grey Worcester (Mr. Vida).....	1
„ Oswald's grey Ravenshoe (Mr. Wuilleumier).....	2
„ Jedmor's skew Sokol (Mr. Alderton).....	3

2.—The Shanghai Derby

Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's grey Wye (Mr. N. Poulsen).....	1
Mr. MacWatt's grey Russley (Mr. Cumming) 2	
„ Durgor's dun China (Mr. Jones).....	3

3.—The Mongolian Plate

Mr. Wingard's brown Banff (Mr. Moller).....	1
„ John Peel's grey Whitemoss (Mr. Johnstone)	2
„ Kamel's grey Vingt-et-un (Mr. Ievers).....	3

4.—The Race Club Cup

Mr. Fash's grey Marbles (Mr. Alderton).....	1
„ Saxo-Borussia's brown Sagittarius (Mr. Moller)	2
„ F. B. Marshall's grey Palm Tree (Mr. Vida) 3	

5.—The Grand Stand Stakes

Mr. Dargor's dun China (Mr. Jones).....	1
„ Barley's grey Mazultob (Mr. Poulsen).....	2
„ R. Macgregor's grey Platypus (Mr. Cumming)	3

6.—The Siccawei Cup

Mr. Ballnus's spot. Gemini (Mr. Moller).....	1
„ Beverly's black Brockton (Mr. Vida).....	2
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's bay Sutlej (Mr. Hayes)	3

10.—The Scurry Stakes

Mr. Noegi's ches. Fabulus (Mr. Moller).....	1
„ Hays' grey Seafarer (Mr. N. Poulsen)	2
„ Wavery's grey Loadstone (Mr. Vida)	3



Third Day

Two more records were broken on Tuesday.

Cotswold won the Champions in 233 $\frac{1}{2}$ against *Moriak* 2.34 last Spring, and *Brockton* in the Great Northern Plate reduced *Fabulus'* record of the day before by one-fifth of a second, by finishing in 145 $\frac{2}{5}$.

The largest dividend was paid on *Vengeance*, namely, \$297.20, while Mr. Moller again proved himself the most



Photo

1 THE JOCKEY CUP

Satow

2 MORIAK WINNING CATHAY CUP

7.—The Peking Stakes

Mr. W. G. Pirie's brown Yeoman (Mr. Moller) 1	
„ Elms' grey Homestead (Mr. Schnorr).....	2
„ Ardnaglas's dun Bramby (Mr. Jones).....	3

8.—The Shanghai Stakes

Mr. Barley's grey Moriak (Mr. N. Poulsen)	1
„ Buxey's grey Celia Rose Myrtle Tree (Mr. Vida)	2
„ Jedmor's skew. Sokol (Mr. Alderton)	3

9.—The Spring Cup

Mr. Hasty's grey Hurry Up (Mr. Lanning).....	1
Messrs. Morriss and Ayscough's grey Medfield (Mr. Vida)	2
Mr. Fash's grey Pianola (Mr. Alderton)	3

successful jockey with three wins and a second, Mr. Vida with two wins and one second being next.

1.—The Great Northern Plate

Mr. Beverly's black Brockton (Mr. Vida).....	1
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's grey Peiho (Mr. Hayes)	2
Mr. Oswald's grey Ravenshoe (Mr. Wuilleumier). 3	

2.—The Rubicon Plate

Mr. MacWatt's grey Russley (Mr. Cumming) ...	1
„ Noegi's ches. Fabulus (Mr. Moller).....	2
„ Jeromi's black King Cole (Mr. Wuilleumier). 3	

3.—The Shantung Stakes

Mr. Wingard's brown Banff (Mr. Moller).....	1
„ Kamel's grey Vingt-et-un (Mr. Vida)	2
„ W. G. Pirie's brown Yeoman (Mr. Cumming) 3	

4.—The Pari-Mutuel Stakes

Mr. Buxey's grey Celia Rose, late Myrtle Tree (Mr. Vida).....	1
„ N. W. Hickling's grey Maybury (Mr. Sparke)	2
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's grey Susquehanna Mr. Hayes)	3

5.—The Racing Stakes

Mr. John Peel's Skew. Kirkcudbright (Mr. Johnstone).....	1
„ Dick Turpin's grey Vanguard (Mr. Springfield)	2
„ Hays' grey Seafarer (Mr. Poulsen)	3

6.—The Yangtze Cup

Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's grey Stirrup Cup (Mr. Hayes)	1
„ Toeg & Speelman's grey Spree (Mr. Alderton)	2
Mr. Sax-Borussia's brown Sagittarius (Mr. Moller)	3

7.—The Manchu Stakes

Mr. Dick Turpin's grey Vengeance (Mr. Springfield)	1
„ R. Macgregor's grey Platypus (Mr. Cumming)	2
„ Hasty's grey Dobequick (Mr. Alderton) ...	3

8.—The Consolation Cup

Messrs. Morriss & Ayscough's grey Medfield (Mr. Moller).....	1
Mr. Oswald's grey Ravenshoe (Mr. Wuilleumier) 2	
„ California's bay Sacto (Mr. Dalgarno)	3

9.—The Champion Sweepstakes

Mr. Ballnus's spot. Gemini (Mr. Moller)	1
„ Durgor's dun China (Mr. Jones)	2
„ Beverley's grey Worcester (Mr. Linton) ...	3

10.—The Nil Desperandum Cup

Mr. Thimbe's dun Giliak (Mr. Lanning)	1
„ Jedmor's grey Orel (Mr. Railton)	2
„ Fem's spot wh. Moustique (Mr. Cumming) 3	



MR. DICK TURPIN'S "VANGUARD"
MR. JOHN PEEL'S "COTSWOLD," WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE

Off Day

On the Off Day the fine weather brought out crowds of spectators and the Steeplechase was one of the best on record, there being only one fall. It was won

with great *eclat* by Mr. Johnstone on *Cotswold*. The most successful jockey of the day was Mr. Benbow Rowe with two wins, both of which were great surprises and paid goodly dividends, namely *Orcas* 285.70 and *Mick* 387.



1 MR. CUMMING ON "RUSSLEY"

2 MR. CUMMING ON "FRESCO"

3 "ALSO RAN" PLATE WON BY MR. CUMMING ON "BEST FRIEND"

4 "TIENTSIN VISITORS" CUP, WON BY "SEAFARER," RIDDEN BY MR. SPARKE

1.—The 'Corn and Hay' Stakes

Mr. A. M. Marshall's grey Bingoo (Mr. J. E. Gresson).....	1
„ Alexander's grey Fresco (Mr. Cumming)...	2
„ Fem's spot white Moustique (Mr. Schnorr)	3

2.—The Tientsin Visitors' Cup

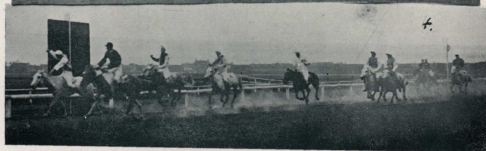
Mr. Hay's grey Seafarer (Mr. Sparke).....	1
„ W. G. Pirie's grey Horseman (Mr. Cumming)	2
„ Paignton's ches. Orcas (Mr. Rowe)	3

3.—The "Also Ran" Plate

Mr. R. Macgregor's brown Best Friend (Mr. Cumming)	1
Messrs. Toeg and Speelman's skew. Sure (Mr. Lanning)	2
Mr. F. B. Marshall's grey Palm Tree (Mr. Vida)	3

4.—The "Off Day" Stakes

Mr. Paignton's ches. Orcas (Mr. Rowe)	1
„ R. Macgregor's grey Platypus (Mr. Cumming)	2
„ Dick Turpin's grey Vanguard (Mr. Lempriere)	3



Photos

- 1 OFF DAY—THE "ALSO RAN" PLATE
- 2 OFF DAY—THE "TIENSIN VISITORS' " CUP
- 3 OFF DAY—THE "CORN AND HAY" STAKES
- 4 KIRCUBRIGHT WINS RACING STAKES

W. Howell

5.—The Grand National Steeplechase

Mr. John Peel's bay Cotswold (Mr. Johnstone).....	1
„ Dick Turpin's g. Maremma (Mr. Springfield)	2
„ Robson's grey Chehalis (Mr. Laurence).....	3

6.—The "The Last Chance" Plate

Mr. Jasper's grey Mick (Mr. Rowe)	1
Messrs. Toeg and Speelman's grey Peiho (Mr. J. A. Hayes)	2
Mr. Argentino's black El Criollo (Mr. Schnorr).....	3

7.—The "Try Again" Stakes

Mr. Spero's grey Buckingham (Mr. Vida)	1
„ W. G. Pirie's grey Horseman (Mr. Cumming)	2
„ Ellis Kadoorie's grey Balkan Chief (Mr. Jones).....	3

8.—The Mafoos' Race

Mr. Hasty's grey Dobequick	* 1
„ N. W. Hickling's grey Maybury	* 1
„ John Peel's roan Manchu King	2

* Dead heat.

The biggest surprise—

Fabulus winning the Griffins' Plate and *Orcas* placed second in the Jockey Cups

The biggest number of winning mounts placed to the credit of a jockey—

Mr. Moller with 10 wins, 3 seconds and 1 third.

The biggest number of placed mount attained by a Jockey—

Mr. Vida with 12.

The biggest number of wins placed to the credit of an owner—

Toeg and Speelman with 4 firsts, 2 seconds, 4 thirds.

The biggest number of places scored by ponies.

Gemini 3 wins, *Banff* 3 wins.

The quickest time attained for 1½ mile—

Gemini 2.0¾.

The biggest Pari-Mutuel dividend—

\$416.20.

The smallest Pari-Mutuel dividend—

\$6.70.

The biggest place betting dividend—

\$126.60.

The smallest place betting dividend—

\$5.20.



2



3



1 MR. LAURENCE ON "CHEHALIS"

2 MR. KING ON 'EL ANIMAL

3 MR. PIRIE LEADS ONE IN

The biggest cash sweep—

\$47.140.00.

The biggest cash sweep prize—

\$27.808.20.

The biggest field—

Peking Stakes 22 ponies.

LIST OF OFFICIALS

Judge:—A. McLeod, Esq.

Stewards in Charge of Scales:—Messrs. D. Landale and W. S. Jackson.

Stewards in Charge of Telegraph and Numbers:—Messrs. G. D. Coutts and D. W. Crawford.

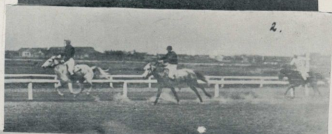
Stewards in Charge of the Pari Mutuel,
etc.:—Messrs. H. J. Craig and Mr. Hoerter.

Starters :—Messrs. S. W. Pratt and H.
H. Read.

Time-keeper—W. G. Pirie, Esq.

Clerk of the Course—S. W. Pratt,
Esq.

Acting Secretary :—A. W. Olsen, Esq.



Photo

Mr. Murray Warner

- 1 "BROCKTON" WINNING THE GREAT NORTHERN PLATE IN RECORD TIME
- 2 THE YANGTZE CUP
- 3 MONGOLIAN PLATE
- 4 "SEAFARER"
- 5 A CLOSE FINISH ON THE OFF DAY



MRS. GEORGE W. NOEL



MRS. JUNGINGER

MRS. HUGHES

MRS. A. SAMPSON



MR. AND MRS. C. P. HAY



FOUR SHANGHAI LADIES

MR. BLAGDEN, MRS. BESWICK, MRS. STANTON, MRS. LORDEN

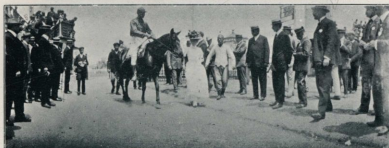


MR. AND MRS. BUYERS





THE HART LEGACY CUP
KIRKWOOD—MR. JOHNSTON UP (2ND) PEIHO—MR. HAYES UP (3RD)



THE PEKING STAKES
MRS. CRAIG LEADING IN YEOMAN

Social Notes

APRIL in Shanghai has not been an uneventful month when we record a murder and a suicide during its passage.

Mr. Fong Yuen-ching is the second victim of murder from the Chinese Company of volunteers since its formation, the first being stabbed in his own house two years ago or thereabouts.

Then the murderer was caught red-handed and executed with due speed, but the case of Fong seems shrouded in mystery and the guilty one is still at large. The funeral of the late Mr. Fong Yuen-chong created much interest amongst the Chinese who thronged the Maloo and watched the passing of the procession, which was fully military, the coffin being carried on a gun carriage and attended by a large number of volunteers and representatives of the Municipal Council. The procession was headed by the Volunteer band from the native city, also the Chinese Volunteer Company which accompanied the remains to Siccawei where they were taken in charge by the Anhwei Guild who will transfer the coffin to the deceased's home.

During this time a quieter but none the less tragic ceremony was taking place at Pabsienjao cemetery, when the remains of the late Captain A. S. Wilson were consigned to their last resting-place, which was on the same spot on which he took his life.

A PICTURESQUE wedding took place at the German Church on Saturday, April 17th, between Miss Alice Berthel and Ingenieur Paul Muller. The bride looked charming in a gown of soft white satin made with a court train, her long veil being fastened with sprays of myrtle, and she was attended by her niece, Miss Edith

Berthel, who wore a dress of white or gandie muslin and a wreath of marguerites, also by her nephew, Master Walter Berthel, who strewed flowers down the aisle of the church.

The bridegroom was attended by two groomsmen, Mr. E. M. Berthel and Mr. H. Burda. A reception was afterwards held at the house of Mrs. C. Berthel, the bride's mother.

A GOODLY crowd turned out on Saturday, April 24th, to witness the annual review of the volunteer troops and were well rewarded by a sight picturesque and inspiring.

A lovely afternoon, combined with the fresh green surroundings of budding spring, formed a becoming background to our spruce khaki-coloured lines of defenders. The "march past" was a creditable sight, and particularly well did the Chinese Company acquit itself in this respect. Colonel Bayard expressed great satisfaction at the efficiency of the corps and we have reason to be proud of our volunteers.

A PRETTY and interesting wedding took place at St. John's Church, Jessfield, on Tuesday, April 25th, the contracting parties being Mr. Frederick Katenkamp and Miss Kempffer. Miss Louise Blake, who wore a delicate pink and white crepe dress with a quaint poke bonnet, made a picturesque "maid-of-honour," while two children, Billie Bell as ring-bearer, and Miss Blanche Marshall as flower-girl, added a quaint touch to the scene. The bride looked charming in a beautiful Princess gown appliqued with point lace. The groom was supported by Mr. J. A. Thomas as best man and Bishop Graves united the happy couple.

After the church ceremony a large number of friends met at the home of the bride's father, which was decorated with a profusion of flowers, and there tendered their felicitations to the newly-married pair, and later Mr. and Mrs. Katenkamp departed for a short houseboat trip midst a shower of rice.

The groom is the general manager of Messrs. Behn Meyer & Co. in the Dutch Indies and in the headquarters office in Batavia, Java, but before settling there Mr. and Mrs. Katenkamp will visit Japan. The bride, who has filled the duties of hostess for her father for the past two years, will be much missed by her friends in Shanghai, whose best wishes go with her.

A VERY quiet wedding took place on April 29th between Mr. Samuel Houston McKean and Miss Florence Carolyn Flagg. After the Consular ceremony they were joined in holy matrimony by the Rev. C. E. Darwent at the house of the bride's parents. Only intimate friends of the family were present.

A MOST successful dinner to Mr. E. F. Bateman was given in the Kaisersalle of the Club Concordia on May 19th where twenty-two covers were laid. The Chair was occupied by Mr. Hay and Mr. Gorton and Mr. Allen were Vice-Chairman. A neatly-bound menu card set forth the following list of temptations:—

MENU

Hors d'œuvres

"Room! Make way! Hunger commands: my valour must obey."

Consomme Solferino

"To blow and swallow at the same moment isn't easy to be done."

Boiled Samli, New Potatoes

"A most fresh and delicate creature."

Salmi of Duck

"I smell it; upon my life, it will do well."

Roast Baron of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding

Roast Saddle of Mutton, Currant Jelly, Asparagus.

"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?"

"A Joint of Mutton and any pretty little tiny kickshaw."

California Peaches with Whipped Cream.

"It almost makes me wish, I vow,
To have two stomachs like a cow."

Stilton Cheese

"At which my nose is in great indignation."

Dessert

"Serenely full—the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me. I have dined to-day."



THE BERTHEL—MULLER WEDDING

Dean Walker proposed the health of Mr. Bateman, the guest of the evening, in a very witty speech, but only undertook the first half which was completed in very complimentary terms by Mr. Hay. Mr. J. Hays then proposed the health of the ladies and referred in flattering terms to Mrs. Bateman and Mrs. Hay in particular, to which Mr. Jones replied and returned thanks on behalf of the ladies.

A musical evening then followed to which Mr. Harber contributed one of his favourite songs, and Dean Walker gave one of his jovial songs in his usual finished style.

Mr. Dowdall sang "Let others sing the praise of Wine" from "The Puritan's Daughter," and other songs were given by

Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bateman. Mr. Waddell played selections from "The Yeomen of the Guard" which were much appreciated.

On the proposal of Mr. Winning the health of Mr. Pullen was enthusiastically drunk and a very enjoyable evening was brought to a close with selections on the piano by Mr. Dyer, followed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

AFTER a matinée on May 1st, the whole cast of "The Yeomen of the Guard" was entertained at the Astor House where a very successful dinner and dance was given. As everybody wore their fancy costumes this was a most picturesque function and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.



THE KATENKAMP—KEMPFFER WEDDING GROUP

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender) is \$1.00.

Births

HENNE.—On May 1, 1909, at Villa "Hubertus," Hedemuenden, Germany, the wife of W. Henne, of a son.

COMBE.—On May 1, 1909, at H.B.M.'s Consulate-General, Tientsin, the wife of George A. Combe, of a daughter.

KEMP.—On May 11, 1909, at the Victoria Nursing Home, the wife of G. S. Foster Kemp, of a son.

THOMAS.—On May 25, 1909, at Shanghai, the wife of Peter Thomas, of a daughter.



Marriages

ROCHER—DONNELLY.—On May 26, 1909, at Christ Church, Ningpo, by the Right Rev. H. J. Molony, D.D., Bishop of Mid-China, assisted by the Rev. W. Robbins, Louis Raoul, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Rocher of Anduze, France, to Norah Margaret, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Donnelly, Ningpo.

BARNES—DUNCAN-COOPER.—On May 29, 1909, at H.B.M.'s Consulate-General, Shanghai, by Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., and afterwards at the Union Church, by the Rev. C. E. Darwent, M.A., Major Arthur A. S. Barnes, Wiltshire Regiment, Commandant Shanghai Volunteer Corps, to Jeannie Prentice, widow of W. A. Duncan-Cooper, M.D., and daughter of Mrs. John Prentice.

EDBLAD—MAITLAND.—On Wednesday, June 9, 1909, at the Holy Trinity Cathedral, by the Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A., Harold Edblad to Emma T. Maitland (*nee* Goodfellow), both of Shanghai.

DONNELLY—JOHNS.—On June 7, 1909, at H.B.M.'s Consulate-General, Shanghai, by Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., and afterwards at the Union Church, by the Rev. C. E. Darwent, M.A., Denis Ewart, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Donnelly of Ningpo, to Isabella Elizabeth, second daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. Johns of Wuhu.

COATH—RICKER.—On June 7, 1909, at 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Agnes Clyde Ricker, the sister of Dr. and Mrs. John Goddard, to Mr. Daniel Coath, at the home of the bride's sister, 320 Avenue Paul Brunat, in the presence of the Honourable Amos P. Wilder, U.S. Consul-General.



Deaths

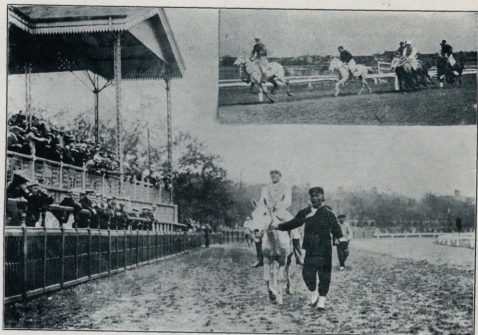
EVANS.—On April 14, 1909, at Montreal, Canada, Mary E. Franklin, wife of David J. Evans, M.D., aged 37. (Dr. Evans is the eldest son of Edward Evans, of Shanghai.)

BALFOUR.—On May 22, 1909, at Florence, Italy, after a long illness, Frederick Henry Balfour, formerly Editor of the "North-China Daily News & Herald," age 63 years.

BORSCHÉ.—Am 5 Juni, verstarb plötzlich der Kaiserliche Kapitänleutnant und erste Offizier S.M.S. *Illis*, Herr Werner Borsche.

JONES.—On June 7, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, John William Jones, aged 29 years.

FLAHERTY.—On June 11, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Alfred John Flaherty, British Vice-Consul, aged 30 years.



Photo

THE CATHAY CUP—MR. SPRINGFIELD ON VENGEANCE

W. Howell



Photo

ST. GEORGE'S FETE AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE
THE CAFÉ CHANTANT

Denniston & Sullivan

To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

I know you would like to know how we celebrated Empire Day in Shanghai, so I am giving you some pictures of the great event of the day, namely, St. George's Fête, which was given by the St. George's Society in the grounds of the British Consulate, which were kindly put at their disposal by Sir Pelham Warren, our esteemed consul, and president of the Society.

Hitherto, it has been customary for the St. George's Society to give a ball on the 9th of November, but last year an experimental open-air fête was given and found to be so successful that it was repeated this year with even greater success owing to the glorious weather which favoured it.

A large archway formed the entrance to the Consulate grounds, from which an

avenue of bamboos led to an artistic ivy-clad old hostelry bearing a signboard which proclaimed it to be the "George Inn," and whose portals led one to a secluded spot set out with tables, under the trees, which were illuminated with myriads of coloured electric lamps, and where strawberry and cream and other light dainties might be partaken of. On the left-hand side of the main entrance a Café Chantant was arranged with tables and chairs and refreshment buffet placed within view of an artistically arranged stage on which a vaudeville performance was carried on by a clever company of artists from Moutrie's Hall; while the central object of attraction was a dancing floor consisting of a huge raised circular platform, surrounded by a bamboo grille decorated with countless red, white, and blue lamps. In the centre of this was erected a bandstand of



Photo

THE DANCING PAVILION ILLUMINATED

Dennistoun & Sullivan

bamboos with a white dome top plentifully decorated with lights which gave one an impression of some Eastern fairyland.



THE STAGE USED FOR THE "FOLLIES" ENTERTAINMENT
LAST YEAR

Beyond this on the front of the Consulate shone the motto "God save the King" in blazing letters, and further on one came to an old battlemented castle which served the purpose of a refreshment bar where whiskies and sodas were dispensed by charming barmaids, looking sweet and demure, but whose voices belied their right to the petticoats. However they were a great draw and attracted both sexes indiscriminately.

Last, but by no means least of the attractions, was the exhibition of

but I hope my pictures will serve to give you an idea. The committee were the recipients of many congratulations and thanks, and consisted of the following gentlemen:—

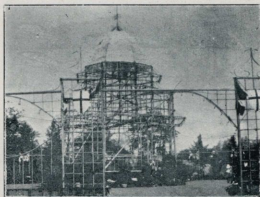
Committee:—Sir Pelham L. Warren, K.C.M.G., President; E. Jenner Hogg, Esq., Vice-President.

Invitation Committee:—Sir Pelham Warren, Messrs. E. Jenner Hogg, H. E. Hobson, A. D. Lowe, W. A. C. Platt, A. P. Wood, C. W. Wrightson, and the Rev. A. J. Walker.

Decoration Committee:—Messrs. T. H. U. Aldridge, E. R. Brighten, N. E.



THE BATTLEMENTED CASTLE



Photo

Burr Photo Co.

THE DANCING PAVILION BY DAYLIGHT

moving pictures by the Societe Generale des Cinematographes Eclipse. It is difficult to describe the beauty of the whole scene,

Cornish, J. E. Denham, Commander Heard, R.N., A. P. Nazer, A. W. U. Pope, E. E. Porter, and H. Quelch.

Entertainment Committee:—Capt. E. I. M. Barrett, Messrs. C. W. Beswick, E. R. Brighten, F. J. Burrett, J. H. Craven, W. S. Jackson, Commander F. E. C. Ryan, R.N., W. K. Stanion, H. R. H. Thomas, J. Whittall, and G. R. Wingrove.

Refreshment Committee:—Messrs. P. Crighton, E. J. Dunstan, R. I. Fearon, Dr. R. S. Ivy, A. D. Lowe, G. W. Noel, and W. A. C. Platt.

Stewards:—Major Barnes, Messrs. A. W. Brankston, W. J. N. Dyer, J. Elmore, H. G. Gardner, H. E. R. Hunter, W. E.

Leveson, J. H. Osborne, E. Quelch, and Marcus Wolff.

The heaviest part of the decoration scheme was designed and worked out by Mr. Tarrant who also undertook the arduous duties of secretary, and to him much gratitude is due.

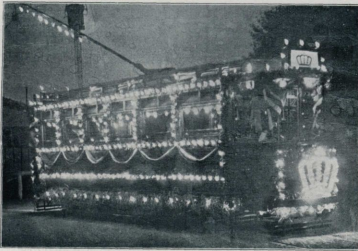
On Empire Day the Tramway Company displayed their loyalty by attaching small Union Jacks to the trolleys of the cars, and in the evening a beautifully-decorated car, of which I give you a picture, paraded the streets and was watched with much interest by an admiring crowd of Chinese.

I hope this will serve to give you a fair idea of how Empire Day was celebrated in this far-away land by

NANCY.



THE "HANDY MAN" HELPING WITH THE
DECORATIONS



Photo

THE ILLUMINATED CAR

H. Howell



EVEN WORSE THAN A SHANGHAI JUNE

A KANSAS woman, who recently returned from a trip to Europe, says wet weather hasn't bothered her country at all in comparison with what she saw abroad. She says that they ran into a town named Venice, where the water covered every street, and you couldn't get anywhere except in boats. She added: "You bet we only stayed one day in that slosh."

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

June 1865.

Su Wang is Captured.

NEXT morning we were to cross the river on rafts, everyone making his own; we commenced ours at daylight, and had it very nearly completed, when we saw the rebels running in every direction, shouting "Soldiers are coming." I made for the river, taking hold of a raft, that was pushing off, thinking that they would let me hold on to it, to help me across the river; a poor drowning fellow took hold at the same time, and one of the cowardly wretches picked up his spear, and drove it through his body, then made motions to me that he would do the same to me if I did not let go. It was a mountain river, and the rain of the two previous days had swelled it to overflowing, and it must be remembered, that if I had had one feed of horse flesh, still I had been without food for three days previously. I did not think myself strong enough to swim it; there were only two ways, the one was to swim, the other was to go back on the bank, and have my head cut off. The troops were within half musket shot, so I did not have much time to deliberate. I chose the river, in preference to giving the troops the pleasure of slitting my weasand; I plunged in and was swept down like a straw. I kept gradually crossing, and finally caught hold of the bank, but not before it was needed. I was unable to climb up though it was not four feet high. I heard some-one calling my name; I looked, and found my chum, ready to assist me. After we got on the bank we

were quite safe from the Imperial troops, whom we could see, without being seen; they were very busily employed in shooting men's bodies, one at a time. This was not a pleasant sight for two hungry men, and a small detachment of men, who had crossed the night before, coming along, we went with them, asking them if there was any chance of getting some rice; "No, but a little farther along we would come to a village, where there was plenty of dogs." About five o'clock that evening we stopped in one; we wearied to lie down to sleep—after a while they woke us to some chow; there were several bowls of savoury stew, and twice as many chows sitting around using their chop-sticks. We pitched into a bowl each; after munching away in silence for some time, we asked one another what we were eating, I said "Goat, to be sure," "Shan, man, fei you, Puh ya Shan Kaeo goat yes, no yes, no kill dog." We looked at one another for some seconds, and then commenced to laugh, my chum saying, "Well, but it tastes like goat, and if we had not been inquisitive we should never have known the difference." After a short rest we began again, and very soon polished off what was left of him. In telling our dreams next day, we both confessed that they were nothing but dog. We now travelled very comfortably, never with less than two meals a day; the country was very sparsely peopled, but the roads where in fine condition, for China, roads measuring about four feet, and all paved with slabs of granite. On every hill that was of any height there were two resting-places, one half-way up, the other

on the top; these were built of granite, that is, four or six pillars, circular in shape roofed with granite. There were some small joss-houses attached, these the rebels quickly destroyed, more from fanatic mischief than fanatical revenge. About eight days after we left Su Wang, we came up with another chief called Kang Wang. There were six left out of thirteen, and Kang Wang took three; I happened to be one of those lucky fellows. He gave us a room to live in close to his own, and next day sent his tailor to make clothes for us, and we were soon rigged out in the most approved rebel fashion, but we could get no shoes, there were none to be got, so he made his coolies make us some sandals, which as soon as I got used to, I liked much better than any in China. Here we remained for a week, recruiting our strength; at the end of this time, we were told that Kang Wang was going to kill all the mandarins in Kwantung, take all their cities, buy English guns, and get plenty Englishmen to fight with him. This was great news to us, and he also told us he did not want us to walk, he would give us horses. Next morning, at daylight, found us riding in the rear of the rebel army, we had a nice cloudy day to lead us to victory. About nine o'clock that night, they halted, and we dismounted for supper, as soon as this was dispatched we were told that they would start again at two o'clock next morning. We preferred walking, as horses were very valuable, bringing Tls. 20 of gold, or \$500, and the previous day's work, had pretty well fagged them. This was the same as the last day, the soldiers keeping up a sort of a half run, and it is incredible how long they will keep it up; no shoes, bare legs, with a large band of calico wound round the ankle; their arms consist principally of a bamboo pole, twenty-two feet long, with a rusty nail stuck in the end of it, next comes the matchlock or gingals, this is an iron tube,

sometimes straight, and sometimes crooked, they have them of all lengths and sizes, some take four men to carry. This is the heaviest, it carries a one pound ball; two men carry it, and one of them carries a three-legged stool to fire it from, the other carries powder and balls, it is between nine and ten feet long, and weighs about sixty pounds. The next size takes two men, one rests the muzzle on his shoulders, while the other aims and fires. After this lot comes the body guard armed with a wicker or rattan shield, ditto helmet and straight knife about two feet long; then comes whatever muskets the chief has got, after this comes his wife and household, they are followed by the curse of the rebel cause—coolies and boys. Every rebel soldier has a boy to wait on him, two or three coolies to find him in chow, one, or perhaps, two women; for 20,000 fighting men it would form a camp of 100,000 of all sizes and sex. However, to go on with my story. I managed to keep up with them until the sun got up, then I fell back on my horse. When the fellow came up who had them in charge, he said, "as you did not take your horses this morning I thought you did not want them any more, so I sold them." This was nice; we cursed ourselves for donkeys and everything stupid, but before night we were all laughing again. "Imperials within fifteen /i, or five miles of us," this is what we got as a relish to our supper. "Kang Wang is going to attack them to-morrow, he wants to know if the Englishmen will go fight along with him." "Yes, if he will give us Yang Chang's foreign muskets, we will go." Yes, he would send us some; he did so, he sent us three Enfield rifles. Next morning, at daylight I started by myself with the advance or bamboo men, as I knew they would take up a good viewing position, if it was not a good fighting one. It took until about 2 p.m. before they got their men in place; when

all was ready, the spear men gave a yell and commenced waving their flags, the gíngal light division next advanced yelling like demons. They very soon took cover and kept popping away pretty briskly; next came the heavy gíngals, they advanced to a small table-shaped mountain, and planted their stools with grim determination to do or die. After two or three rounds were fired from these, I saw the Kang Wang advancing round the base of the hill that the imperial stockade was on; this started the bamboo gang forward with a rush. Kang Wang's men were armed with muskets, bird guns, etc. This was too dashing an affair for the imps, so they took to their heels; this was just what the rebels wanted as they were more practised at it; before half-an-hour the imps were pounded in a gentleman's residence, 1,000 in number. Kang Wang did not want to lose any more men, so sent a herald to proclaim on amnesty, that if the soldiers would turn over and become rebels, he would spare their lives. This they did, and I witnessed the surrender; they all marched out without their arms, that is, the bamboo portion of them; the others were disarmed. I thought all was over now, and that the rebels had received a good reinforcement. About eight o'clock that night, I was disturbed by hearing some of Wang's servants going out, and as this was unusual, I inquired what was the matter; they told me "come, see." I went to the East gate where there was an immense crowd of people collected; I asked several times what was the matter, but was told to wait and see. Presently there came a fellow with a gong, striking it lustily three times, then bawling out

that Lie Ping, Great man and Protector, was going to kill all mandarin's soldiers, that Kung Wang was coming to see it, etc. There were hundreds of lanterns about although they were not needed, as the moon shone quite brightly; two men then stepped out of the crowd with a knife that looked like a butcher's cleaver, and took post at the door, where the imperial prisoners were confined, one each side; then some more raps were given to the gong, and the doors were thrown open. To hear the yells the rebels gave as the first soldier stepped out was truly appalling. Out they came, one after the other, some winding their tails round their heads to keep them out of the way of the knife, and if one had a good jacket on, one of the rebels would sing out for it, and he would pull it off quite readily, then bend his head for the blow or stroke, and the head flew three or four feet from the body, the executioners taking turn about, or every other head, until 1,600 men lay heaped on the bank of the rivulet that watered the city. The smell of the fresh blood made me faint, and I fell down and when I came to myself, my clothes were full of blood; it rather frightened me to find myself so close to the bodies, and I went away shivering as though I had the ague. I got no sleep that night, nor for many nights after without dreaming of head cutting. Before this, I had great respect for Kung Wang, and was making up my mind to hear of him being king of this part of China, and hoping to assist him to it. I now determined to leave him anyhow, though I was at the very least 200 miles from a treaty port, and in the very worst part of China.

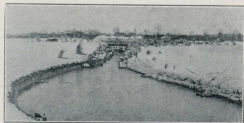
(To be Continued.)

Shanghai in Mid-Winter

SNAPSHOTS BY A. E. GUTIERREZ



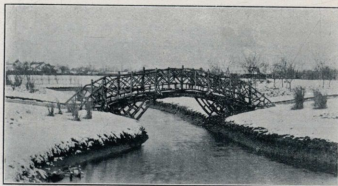
A SNOW-MAN IN THE HONGKEW
RECREATION GROUND



HONGKEW PARK UNDER SNOW



A SNOW SCENE OF THE FORESHORE



THE HONGKEW PARK UNDER SNOW



Garden Notes



JUNE

THIS is also a very good month for flowers though it begins to get very warm towards the end, and out-of-door gardening becomes almost impossible for Europeans after nine o'clock in the morning.

The beds should be full of flowers, of which the following may be usually counted upon:—

Geraniums, nasturtiums, dahlias heliotrope, gladiolas, carnations, pansies, verbenas, larkspur, hydrangeas, candytuft, anemones, cannas, coreopsis, dianthus.

Japanese Iris is now in full bloom, if planted in the open, they should be in a shallow pit kept half full of water and they may be shaded from the sun if latter is very strong, by matting on stakes; they also look well in pots which should be made water tight; during the winter the pots should be stored in a cool greenhouse or frame; if in the open the plants should be well covered with thick stable manure or dry straw and dead leaves so as to keep the frost from the roots.

Magnolias flower early in the month, and continue so for some time, there are few better trees than the Magnolia in a garden, but it should be planted so as to allow of ample room for spreading.

Pomegranates are also in full bloom and if well established their scarlet blossoms light up a shrubbery particularly well.

Roses.—This is the month for budding and it should not be delayed over the first

week or ten days; most of the good gardeners understand the method, but you must supply them with common stock to bud on, as well as a proper budding knife; care must be taken to shade the new buds from sun and rain until they are well established.

Cannas (Indian Shot) should be planted in masses as they make a fine display and the different colours are most effective; care should be taken to keep the better kinds separate from the common species; the latter are quite hardy and will grow anywhere and everywhere almost, constituting a nuisance, but the rarer kinds must be lifted before the frosts and stored in a cold frame or boxes under the shelves of a cool greenhouse; the seeds are rather troublesome, as when first sown, unless well soaked in water for twenty-four hours, they will not germinate, and they require good soil and plenty of heat; it is not unusual for some of the seed to show up in a month or so, whilst others put in at the same time and under same conditions may take six months; old roots will bear separating when taken out of the frames.

Oleanders are also in flower, but should not be planted in very exposed positions, they require straw protection to their roots in winter; some fine specimens are to be seen in the public garden.

Carnations should have bamboo stakes or bamboo rings fastened to stakes made to enclose four or five stalks; if this is not done before flowering they often get broken or beaten down by rain.

Dianthus.—*Chinensis* or Indian pink; the single variety is very common in Shanghai and if planted in masses looks very well.

Geraniums, cuttings which have struck, should now be potted and kept for next year's plants, and for winter flowering in the greenhouse.

Castor Oil, Cockscombs, Coleas are now ready for planting out, and should be sheltered for a day or two, if the sun is hot, but many dull days may be met with in June, and advantage taken of them to fill the beds with young plants.

Poinsetteas should now be doubled down if the new shoots will admit of this being done.

Lilies.—Nearly all the best lilies are in bloom; they should be planted in clumps and left in the ground all the winter; it is not advisable to make a bed of them, as they do not last long in flower, and like hyacinths and tulips cannot be touched for several weeks, consequently the beds look untidy, in fact all lilies are better left alone and undisturbed.

Primulas can now be sown in shallow pans or boxes shaded from the sun.



Photo

R. Macgregor

INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE MUNICIPAL GREENHOUSES

Marguerite, Daisies, and Sweet Williams are over by end of May, and should be cut down; former to about four or five inches.

Calla Lilies are also over in June, the pots should be left in a shaded place, after cutting off the yellow withered leaves and not disturbed till after the summer, when they will begin to show signs of new life.

Florida Lilies are very pretty and effective, in shallow pans, kept very moist; they continue in blossom for weeks, and should be fully exposed to the sun; after flowering in September or October, place the pans in a cool corner of the greenhouse sheltered from frost; the plants grow very thick and will bear thinking out in the spring, just before commencing to grow.

The Malmaison Carnation.—The fashionable flower of the present season is the carnation, and it has been cultivated with such care that in size of blossom and delicacy of colour the pretty flower has gained new charms. Formerly the flower had its season, recurring annually; but now the horticulturists have brought the cultivation to such perfection that, given only a glass-house for shelter and the proper flower-pots and soil, the malmaison can be produced the whole year round. The day Queen Maud of Norway left England there was quite a muster of Scandinavian ladies and gentlemen in the station to see the Royal travellers take leave, and no fewer than

three bouquets were presented to the Queen, two of them being malmaisons. The fashion of wearing always one of these dainty flowers originated with the Duchess of Portland, who is rarely seen with any other flower. When Queen Alexandra adopted the carnation for her own personal decoration there grew up an enormous demand for the flower, and cultivators vied with each other who should produce the grandest flowers. Chrysanthemums have become almost a drug in the market, the long days of autumn allowing of open-air culture being possible. The flower growers are not altogether happy over this plentiful supply, for prices have fallen.



Gladioli.—Excellent results have generally been obtained from these plants this season. Certainly no more trouble than a dahlia to cultivate they give a fine variety of brilliant colours throughout the summer. There are few people, too, who do not pronounce them perfectly lovely for decorative purposes! The tall spikes of the pure white bride gladiolus are the best for the earliest flowering, quickly followed by the blushing bride (in white, flushed with crimson), queen of pinks (a fine variety, with pale salmon-pink flowers), and prince albert (in scarlet and white). The next set of gladioli to flower in the garden are the French hybrids, called demoine's Gladioli. They are bright and pretty, with rather small flowers, not nearly so magnificent as the kelwayi group, which blossom a little later. The childsi varieties (from America) have very fine flowers, but only one or two of them appear at the same time, a great drawback to their good effect; but the langport (or kelwayi) Gladioli throw up branched spikes of blossoms of the finest kind fully two feet in length (the whole plant is from three to four feet high), many of which

blooms open together, and are as large as the American gladioli. The latest gladioli to open their blossoms in the garden are the scarlet brenchleyensis group; these are harder than the rest, and will survive the winter in a light soil, without more protection than a heap of ashes, six inches deep, to keep their corms dry in winter. They are all of one tint, and they make a fine show in the autumnal garden.



LAWNS should be mowed about once a week, if this is done oftener the hot sun will kill the young shoots and ruin the turf which will probably not recover for the rest of the summer. Never allow the gardeners to keep the collecting box on the machine, the small cuttings acting as a protection to the tender shoots and also forming a species of manure: the only time the box should be used is when cutting the borders close to flower beds, as the small clippings look untidy on the paths, and have to be swept up afterwards. On slopes and where the machine cannot be used, the grass must be clipped with shears.

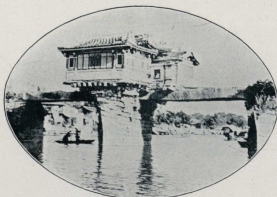
If the lawn is much infected with worm castings, water it in dry weather with lime water, a few handfuls of lime in a watering pot with a good rose will suffice: the worms will come up out of the ground, when they can be collected.

War must be ruthlessly waged against crabs or they will ruin the grass, coal tar poured down their runs with a plug of earth rammed in, being the most efficacious cure: do not use carbolic acid for the purpose as it kills the grass.

It is no use to sow English grass seed: it will grow well enough, but becomes very rank and turns yellow in summer, when all the rest of the turf is green, besides the Chinese grass will eventually absorb it, and all the labour expended on it becomes abortive.

A Trip to Polam Bridge

AMOY was wearing her most benign expression when we put off in our houseboat with its roomy cabins and huge sails that revived a memory of the refrain "White wings they never grow weary, etc." As we were accompanied by an energetic steam-launch, we were never allowed to prove the unweariness of our wings, but when a breeze sprang up, they soon showed their independence by casting off the launch and reducing her to a mere speck on the horizon, and for the remainder of the day keeping her in the background. What glorious hills, clothed in a haze of blueness! We were told that we had entered the river, but as yet its vastness was of the sea, and it was not for some time that its



A TEMPLE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BRIDGE

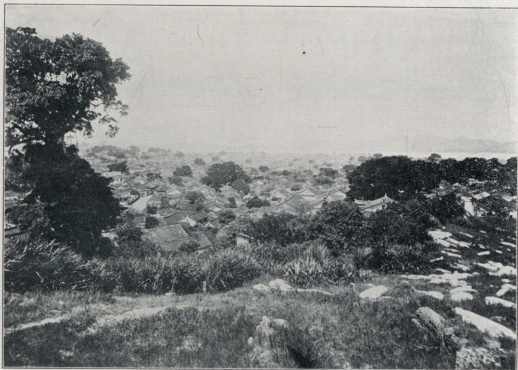
banks showed sign of narrowing in.

When we arrived at Shoa Bey, we were informed that the state of the tide necessitated our remaining there for the night, so we cast anchor and allowed our companion of the steam to join up again.

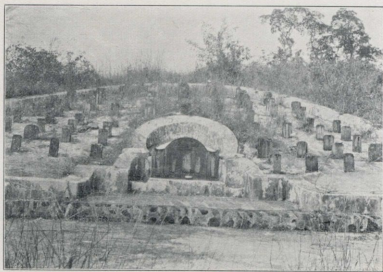
Shoa Bey is a good sized town with a large river frontage, on which a good deal of boat-building seems to be going on, and which exports pottery and pine. According to personal experience I conclude business is thriving, for my dreams all through the night were



A FOREIGN HOUSEBOAT



AMOY CITY FROM THE HILLS



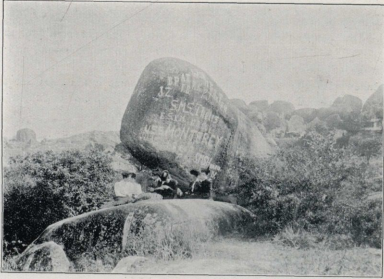
GRAVES OF A FAMILY DESTROYED IN THE TAI-PING REBELLION, BURIED AT
CHIANG-PENG IN AMOY ON THE NORTH RIVER

mingled with the sing-song of coolies loading boats.

At daylight, our friend the steam-launch, with much bumping and snorting, intimated that she was ready to move on, so with the aid of a good deal of yelling

How this great explorer must have marvelled at this wonderful massive piece of engineering at a time when we still built bridges of boats.

On closer examination, we found it to consist of seventeen huge pillars varying



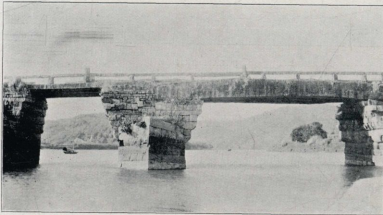
THE ROCKING STONE,

A single boulder, 40-ft. long, 20-ft. high, and 15-ft. thick, weighing hundreds of tons, rested on the very edge of another rock so evenly balanced that anyone could set it rocking. A strong wind might do so. Now it has fallen and lies a long distance away from the base on which it stood.

on the part of the crews, we were soon under weigh again. Then oblivion till 7.30, when the boy brought tea, and through the window I gazed on the wonderful Polam Bridge in all its picturesque beauty. Ye shades of Marco Polo!

between fifty and seventy feet in length, four feet in thickness, and about twelve feet high.

Each of these slabs must weigh quite one hundred tons, and how they were ever placed there is food for some conjecture.



SECTION OF POLAM BRIDGE

Some people think that the slabs were brought in boats and hoisted up at high tide, but this is only supposition.

In all, the bridge measures about 200 yards in length, and that it has stood for nearly a thousand years on a sandy bottom where runs a strong tide, tells its own story of stability, while one is left wondering what kind of people they were who built it.

In places the granite slab had lost its hold and fallen into the water below, where it stands propped up against the foundations like a huge pillar, and the

gaps thus made have been repaired with iron stays and bricks, the garish modernity of which patchwork is almost ludicrous.

The new railway bridge will have to cross the river hereabouts, and in my mind's eye I see the new Western structure looming up cheek by jowl with this wonderful old milestone of the Eastern past, while the quiet serenity of this lovely spot is broken by the smoke and rattle of a modern train.

Thus romance must be set aside by civilization's ruthless onslaught even in conservative old China.



POLAM BRIDGE



MAY

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears the emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

What is to become of us?

Written specially for the Social Shanghai by

A. BERNARD HIND

NEXT year, nothing untoward in the meantime intervening, Mars will approach 5,000,000 miles nearer to the earth than ever before. In this connection a scientist is reported as having just recently asked for a contribution of £2,000,000 to the cause of astronomy. For this sum he proposes to open up communication between the inhabitants of this world and those of our neighbour planet. He certainly seems to assume a cocksure attitude as to the success of his scheme; but, it must be remembered, in promoting a new idea, especially one towards which the public is asked to give financial support, a fair quota of confidence in the "cause" advocated is half the battle, perhaps is almost indispensable to success. Taking as his premises the vast distances of space that light is known to traverse, he proposes the erection of a series of gigantic mirrors, with which to heliograph a code of signals especially arranged for the purpose, to which he expresses himself as confident of receiving a reply from the Martians. To the careful reader the heavy assumptions that he takes for granted are, of course, immediately apparent. First, that there are Martians; second, that they are sufficiently equipped mentally to realize that the signals are artificial and not a natural terrestrial phenomenon, such as a volcanic or other eruption; third, that they have the ability and means for replying. There are many men and women to-day in the world, to whom this sum, asked in the cause of

science and of human welfare, would be as a mere fleabite. Moreover, the project is at least worth a trial; if only for the world-long fame of the wealthy patron whose financial aid should make the venture feasible. But the most interesting phase of the proposal to the layman is the conjecture as to the effects likely to accrue to human thought and weal or woe in the event of such communication being established with a neighbour world. Many tomes have been written, and debates held, on the controversy as to whether any other celestial orb than the earth is inhabited. It is noteworthy that all the important religious systems of civilized antiquity strongly favour the affirmative; whereas the bitterest opponents of the suggestion appear to have been the Hebraic, with its modern off-shoots, the Mohammedan and the Christian theologies. Even at the present day, the idea is entertained with intense repugnance by the laity of all these three cognate creeds. Naturally the founders of the parent (the Hebraic) system of monotheism desired, while the new cult was yet young, to strike as strong a contrast as possible between it and the ancient surrounding polytheisms, for fear of the lapse of their converts. These tactics were repeated when the Christian and the Mohammedan systems were still in the infantile stage. Yet in the sacred scriptures of all three, the Hebraic, the Christian, and Mohammedan, are to be found passages alluding to the existence of other inhabited worlds than

the earth, in such a way as to convey the impression that the writers unconsciously regarded it as an old accepted truth. Indeed, paradoxical as it may at first sight seem, absolute confirmation of the existence of intelligent living creatures on the other planets of our solar system would tend to establish the fundamental truth of Christianity, perhaps more than could ought else excepting perhaps the advent of a second Messiah; and the nearer such creatures approached in form and general faculties to the human beings of this earth, the more so. It has been advanced by some speculators that, should we, of this world, ever achieve communication with the inhabitants of a neighbouring planet, little benefit would accrue to our race, unless the new-found beings were in a superior, or at least an equal stage of civilization with ourselves. Yet it is hard to believe that such an achievement would not open up immense new fields to materialistic science, speculative or analytical. Nevertheless, it is perhaps in the sentimental, the religious and the humanitarian aspects lie the most tremendous innovations of thought and ideals that would occur. At present there pervades human thought, the world over, so much egoism; humans are as a family of little children isolated from the outside world in a big country home, vaguely aware by hearsay of a big city full of wonders; but too distant for their puny legs to reach. These little children have their petty squabbles, their childish amenities, and their mutual interests, which they feel are of no import to anybody but themselves; perhaps indeed they would rather have it so.

They are narrow-minded and insular in their views and inclinations. Of course, as in the case of all analogies, the picture is not strictly accurate in detail; yet is sufficiently so in general to emphasize to the reflective mind the astounding changes that would be wrought by such an innovation as

communication with intelligent folk on an adjacent world. Were each unit of the human family intent alone on working ill on his fellow-kind, this world would be a far better exponent of what a real hell should be, than any of the visionary delineations of such a place, as set forth in the various religious scriptures of all creeds. Were, on the other hand, each member of humanity intent solely on the well-being of his fellow creatures, so comfortable a heaven could this little world of ours be made that her children would be loth to leave her, and the entrancing descriptions of a visionary "better land" relegated to the category of superfluous, though pleasant maybe, fiction. Yet to-day heaven and hell are, to a large portion of the human race, no matter of what nationality or creed, essential serious facts. That the human race, through wearisome ages of tribulations, has at length attained to its present stage of vaunted civilization, wherein the royal infant in the palace, squalling through pampering and overfeeding, is pacified by a costly jewelled bauble plaything; thewhiles the beggars' puking brat is quieted in a ruder, though admittedly perhaps, a more effectual manner, when the gnawing pangs of hunger conjure up the identical lachrymose phenomenon; and so on through the whole *gamut* of appalling anomalies of present-day civilization, to its climax in the streets of our modern Occidental capitals, when the despairing out-of-work seeks a happy release from the unavailing wails of hungry wife and children, in a fatal plunge over the river embankment, as the millionaire, with his comfortable wife and family, drives by in his motor-car. Such things are, in spite of the fact that some of the finest intellects of the human race are even now probing as to how such conditions should apparently be inseparable from our existence here; whether they are really so inseparable; and if not, how they may be eliminated. The

momentous question is, then, whether even the *realization alone* of the absolute certainty that "ours" is not the only world inhabited by intelligent living beings, might not raise us out of our little pettinesses, that teach us the equality of Man in "Heaven," but that one man should not sit beside another of a different coloured skin in a street tram-car, arouse in us new ideals, such as have never yet been conceived of by mankind; and impel us to strive

for the happiness of all rather than for the weal of the individual. How many new laws and operations of matter are daily being discovered by Science! Is it then impossible that there still remain laws spiritual, ideal, *divine*, hitherto unrevealed to humanity, capable of conferring in their sphere as much ease and comfort as do telegraphs, railways, steamships, and the innumerable conveniences of modern material civilization in theirs?



Life *per se*.

1

Life is but a Dream !
But a dream, so sweet and pure,
That its visions through the soul
Teach to suffer, to endure.
Sorrows are not what they seem,
When the wake is doubly sure.

2

Life is but a Rose :
In the dew of night 'twas born
But to wither with a sigh :
Not a Rose without a thorn.
Just a day—an hour's repose,
And its Life fades with the morn.

3

Life is but the Wind
Round the outer harbour-wall,
Wailing at the entrance gate
For a call, a call, a call !
Faint as echoes of the mind :
All for One and One for All.

4

Life is but the Grass
On the meadow, near the stream,
New-mown hay with daffodils
Scented o'er with love's young dream.
Sweet surfeits of lad and lass—
Life and Death—a matchless team.

5

Life is but a Hope
Soon to be, to do, to dare,
What the pulses of the heart
In their fiercest throbs declare ;
What the fatal horoscope
Has predicted : foul or fair.

6

Life is but a Page,
Just a sere and yellow leaf,
In that ancient, musty tome,
Where is writ all earthly grief.
Epitome of ev'ry age,
Resurrection of belief.

7

Life is just a Wish,
Just a burning, deep desire
To absorb, invincibly,
Flames of the Celestial Fire.
For a morsel of the dish
Which the thoughts of love inspire.

8

Life is but a Dream !
Of those joys that are in store.
Joys that burn and joys that melt—
On that Other—far-off shore !
Where, beneath Sol's radiant beam
Love, alone, reigns evermore.



Our Young Folks' Corner



The Red-Rose Geranium

ONCE upon a time a poor boy, who earned his living by selling flowers and ferns, came to the door of a tiny cottage and offered for sale a rose-red geranium blooming in a pot. The people who lived in the cottage were very poor. They were a mother and her two children; and they sat all day long, and often far into the night, sewing to make money to buy food

to use, and then she would be obliged to put it down and lie back on her pillow again, and look out of the window and amuse herself by counting the trains as they rushed by, for the cottage was one in a squalid street that overlooked a busy railway line.

Now, when the flower-boy offered the geranium for sale, first of all the mother would not buy it, although it was only sixpence, because she had so little money to spend. But as she gazed at its glossy leaves and beautiful tuft of rosy blossoms, she could not help thinking how her sick child would like to own it, and how well it would stand upon their window-sill. And, so thinking, she gave the boy the sixpence, and bore the plant into the room where the cripple child lay.

Oh, what rapture filled her heart, and what joy lit up her wan face when



Photo

Our Portrait Gallery
DORIS AND DONALD BARNES

Burr Studio

and pay the rent of their cottage. When I say "they," I mean the mother and her eldest daughter; the other child—a girl, too—was not able to work. She was crippled, and had to spend all her time lying upon the little pallet-bed in the corner of the room, watching her mother and sister as they laboured. Sometimes she would beg to help them, and be given a little seam to stitch, but the white calico made her head throb, and the needle seemed so hard for her frail, thin fingers

her mother placed it in her hands! She had never seen anything so lovely before, and it was her very own. And so the rose-red geranium became the cripple child's dearest possession. The atmosphere around it was smoky and airless—even the sunbeams seemed grimy; but, perhaps, because there was so much care lavished upon it, and so many fond hopes entwined in it, or, perhaps, because the cripple child loved it so much, the flower sprang into more perfect beauty every day,

even opening out fresh clusters of its rose blossoms; and when the neighbours passed by they would say—"Look! What a beautiful plant! Ours never grow like that!"

Now, it happened one day that in a train passing by the cottage in my tale there sat a man who had just returned to England, after many years' wanderings in distant countries. He was sunburnt, and strong, and kindly-looking, and the world called him a "great traveller," because he had discovered many wonders in the strange and perilous lands he had visited. As the great traveller sat in the railway carriage, and looked out of the windows, his heart swelled with joy within him to think he was back in England again, for, though in the countries he had visited were gorgeous and splendid sights to be seen, nothing had seemed to him so fair and dear as the land of his birth. As he sped along he scanned the changing scenery with deep interest, and his eye being attracted by a bright patch of colour in one of the windows of a row of cottages lying below the railway, he leaned out to look again and saw that it was a plant standing in a pot on the window-sill that looked so bright—a rose-red geranium. The traveller leaned back in the seat as he whirled away from the cottage, and a shade of sorrow crept over his face as bygone memories arose in his mind.

They were awakened by the glimpse he had had of the rose-red geranium; and all the long years slipped away, and the great traveller was a little boy again romping about in the old farm orchard or trudging steadily to school with his sister and dearly-loved playmate. Three geraniums (rose-red) stood on the window-sill of the farm parlour, and they had belonged to the traveller and his sister, who had tended them so carefully, and felt proud of

possessing them. Then the traveller remembered the flower show in the village schools, where the geraniums had taken a prize; and then how he had grown up and left home to seek his fortune far away; and many years had passed, and now he had returned to find his father and mother dead, and his sister vanished. He heard she was married, and that her husband was dead; and he had longed to find some trace of her, for he was rich from his sojourning, and had neither wife nor child. And the great traveller thought of all this as the train bore him along, and all day in his business the rose-red geraniums came before him.

Every day it chanced, too, that he had to pass in the train the cottage with the flowers on its window-sill, and every day he would watch them growing into more perfect loveliness, and wonder who the dwellers in the tiny house were.

But as he made his usual journey one morning he noticed that the window-sill of the cottage was empty, and the flowers gone; and the traveller felt sad all the rest of the day. It seemed to him as though he had lost a friend who had linked, him with the happy past.

Nor did he see the rose-red geraniums on the cottage window-sill again, though he looked eagerly for it every time he went by; and at last, when a week had passed, a strange feeling came over him to go to the cottage and find out who the owners of the flowers were. And so one morning, as though against his will, he alighted at the busy suburb and made his way to the little road below, where the little cottage stood.

It was the fifth house in the row—he had counted it often—and in a few moments he stood on the doorstep and gave a gentle knock on the door, intending when it was answered to ask if someone he knew lived in the house.

The door was opened in a moment or two, and the traveller saw before him a thin, haggard woman, whose face was lined with care, and whose dark hair was thickly mingled with grey. But when he gazed at her the inquiry he was going to make died upon his lips, and a mist came before his eyes and a lump rose in his throat; and all the years slipped away, and he seemed to stand hand in hand with the dear playmate of his youth, for in the wan and poorly-clad woman before him he recognized, altered as she was, his beloved and sought-for sister.



AUDREY TWENTYMEN

She did not know him, his long travels had altered him so; not until he spoke her name and clasped her in his arms, and then it seemed as if she must die of very joy at the meeting.

She led him into the little room where she was working with her eldest daughter, and he saw stretched upon a bed in the corner of the room a sick child, tossing in

restless slumber, encircling in her arm the while a pot holding a rose-red geranium—his flower, that looked, alas! faded and drooping now as its little owner.

Then he told how, through the lovely plant, he had been led to seek the cottage, and so happily find his sister again; and he heard from her, too, how a week ago the child had become very ill, and had lain in fever upon the bed since, and how nothing would soothe her but the geranium which the mother had taken from the window-sill. But the child had pined each day, and the flower, deprived of sun and air, began to fade, and she had feared both would die.

But the traveller shook his head and laughed, and in a few days the cottage was empty; but if you had looked in an old farmhouse far away in the fresh, sweet country, you would have seen the traveller and his sister and a big girl sitting—a happy three—while beneath an old oak tree, swung a gay hammock wherein lay a convalescent invalid.



Shadows

I LIKE to play shadows with Teddy
When the nursery lamp is lit,
And across the floor and on the wall
Our funny black pictures flit.

Sometimes they're tiny, like goblins grim;
Then we move, and they quickly grow;
I wish we grew as fast, but, perhaps,
Only shadows the secret know.

They never make the slightest sound,
No matter how noisy our play;
When we dance and run, they follow us
In the queerest, quietest way.

And once Teddy drew my shadow,
And we blacked it over with ink;
Ted says it's exactly like me,
But it's rather too ugly, I think.

JAMES HENRY DONE.

The Locust

A WEIRD, uncanny-looking customer is the locust. The general colour scheme of his body is a kind of indefinite green, relieved by pink legs and wings of a whitish colour. Two huge, blank, unmeaning eyes give an expression of utter imbecility to the insect's countenance. Foolish looking as he is, the locust is abnormally hard-headed. He will fly at full speed head first against a stone wall, and instead of falling limply to the ground, a battered corpse, he merely rebounds, turns a somersault or two, and alights on his feet. He then regards the wall for a minute or two as if astounded to find it still standing, uses his powerful hind legs to project himself into space, and flies away.



The Stiff One

A BOY in the West of Scotland got quite a severe fright recently. His father keeps a donkey, and its stable is in a rather broken-down condition. A young bullock strayed into the stable and managed to make the donkey shift his quarters, the horned animal taking up his place. The boy came to harness the donkey just before daylight broke on the February morning, and, thoroughly accustomed to the job, he had brought no light. Quite unaware of the change, the boy tried to pass the collar over the bullock's head, and then felt the horns. "Oh, crickey!" he ejaculated. Rushing off to his father, he cried, "I say, father, here's a tare. Aul' Ned's ears are frozen that stiff I canna get his collar on!"



"FATHER, you have frequently advised me to emulate the busy bee."

"Yes, my son!"

"Well, I've concluded to follow your advice. I have just read here, from one of the most distinguished scientists of the age, that the busy bee never works more than three hours a day."

Quaint Sayings

HER LAST WORDS

SHE was a small and vivacious person of ten, and had been allowed to sit up for the late dinner, only on the condition that she would not speak unless she was spoken to.

The preparations for the feast had been made during her absence at school. When she entered the dining-room on tip-toe with excitement her gaze alighted on some candied fruits, ordered from the city, and arranged in the best china dish in the centre of the table. Her eyes fairly bulged, but remembering her promises she asked no questions until the dinner was well under way. She had been wriggling in her chair for some time, and at last could bear no more.

"Mother!" she cried, pointing toward a particularly alluring pear, "if you'll just tell me where you got it, I'll never speak another word as long as I live."



MARY CLARKSON

Granddaughter of Mrs. Young Allen



WINE AND



WALNUTS



Smartly Answered

At a dinner given one winter an officer of the Guards was placed with his back to the fire.

He stood the heat for some time, but at last was obliged to ask for a fire screen.

His host, a pompous old squire, who thought everything belonging to him was perfection, got exceedingly out of temper at the fire being complained of, and said :

"A British soldier should always be able to stand fire."

"But not at his back, sir," was the witty response.



An Effective Cure

A SAD-LOOKING man went into a chemist.

"Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thought of sorrow and bitter recollection?"

The druggist nodded, and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood, rhubarb and Epsom salts, and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him : and for six months the man could not think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.



Revenge

A YOUNG man went to Scotland, and, wishing to let a friend know of his safe arrival, entered a post-office and inquired if he could send a telegram direct to London, and how long it would take.

The attendant, a young lady, cut short his inquiries with, "I am not paid to answer silly questions."

Imagine her feelings, however, when she found herself compelled to wire the following :

"Arrived safe. Girls here ugly and bad tempered."

Prompt Indeed

INSURANCE Canvasser : "Does our company pay promptly, ma'am? Why, the other day a man who had insured himself with us against accident fell from the roof of a house, and as he passed the third-storey window a cheque was handed to him for the full amount of the policy!"



What's Bred in the Bone!

"Good morning, parson."

"Good morning, deacon. As I was coming along just now I saw a fight between a brindle bulldog and a mastiff. And, upon my word, deacon, more than fifty men were standing round. How can people take an interest in such things?"

"I dunno, parson. Which dawg won?"



An Effective Alternative

"My husband is troubled with a buzzing noise in his ears, doctor. What would you advise?"

"I would advise him to go to the seaside for a month or two."

"But he can't get away."

"Then *you* go."



Size or Price?

In a description of an abnormal shower of rain which appeared in an Irish newspaper the following choice specimen occurred : "The heavy drops of rain varied in size from a shilling to eighteenpence."



"Feline Amenities" at Blacktown

MRS. JACKSON : "Speakin' ob you husban', Mrs. Wimple, did he evah convey to you dat he done propose to me befo' he married you?"

MRS. WIMPLE : "'Deed he didn't! He was so ashamed ob some ob de fings he did dat I nevah insisted upon a confession."

Which End?

A YOUNG couple were entertaining some friends, and among the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a tone of intended humour he asked, "Is this pig?" "Which end of the fork do you refer to?" quietly returned a guest at the farther end of the table.



A Sad Disappointment

THE Bishop of Liverpool is a plain, down-right, simple preacher. The story goes that on one occasion an old lady went some distance to hear him preach. After service she was found in a state of great tribulation. "Never was I so disappointed!" she declared. "I'd never heard a bishop. I thowt I'd hear something great. But I could understand every word he said!"



He Could not Avail Himself

CABBY: "Hev a cab, sir?"

PASSENGER: "Awfully good of you, old man; but I've really nowhere to put it."

CABBY growls unprintably, and the episode is closed.

A Happy Meeting

EMPLOYER: "For the last ten years I have been unable to meet with a man I could trust."

APPLICANT: "We'll get along, then. For forty years I've been looking for a man that would trust me!"



"It's a Duty"

LADY (to Pat, who has just tendered her his seat): "You have my sincere thanks, sir."

PAT: "Not at all, mum; not at all. It's a dooty we owe to the sect. Some folks only does it when a lady be pretty; but I says, says I, 'The sect, Pat, not the individool.'"



He Wanted to be Sure

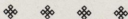
"PATSY, run down to the station, and see what time the last train starts for Dublin."

"I will, your honour."

(Exit. An interval of six hours.)

"Well, what on earth kept you all that time?"

"Sure, wasn't I to see what time the train started? And how was I to come back before she went?"



END OF A BUSINESS COLLOQUY

"I want some kind of a door-spring—one that won't get out of order," said a customer to a Chinaman in the Universal Supply Store. "Wantchee door-spring?" "Yes; and one that won't want the strength of an elephant to open." "Savez!" "And it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches." "Savez." "And when the door closes, I don't want it to shut like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundations." "Savez. You wantchee one that will makee the door shut fast, and no makee bang, bang all a time?" "That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to." "No, Savez no wantchee so fashion. You wantchee something that will shut easy but must belong stlong?" "That's the talk! Something that can be put on or taken off easily—something that will do its work quietly, yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order." "Yes, savez. I know what thing you wantchee, Master," "Well, show me one." "We no have got door-springs."

PICTORIAL PAGES

FROM OTHER PARTS OF CHINA



Photo

W. R. Giles

ONE OF THE FOUR HIGH LLAMAS FORMING THE
PRIVY COUNCIL OF THE DALAI LLAMA



A CHINESE TEMPLE



MRS. PECORINI UP-COUNTRY



Photo

A BORE EMBANKMENT



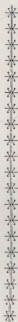
A GROUP
OF WIDOW'S
MONUMENTS

Mrs. Pecorini

TYPES OF CHINESE NATIVES



A CHINESE SOLDIER ON DUTY
AT AN IMPERIAL RAIL-
WAY STATION



A TYPICAL CHINESE BEGGAR



Photo

NATIVES IRRIGATING THE LAND

W. H. Howell

Pointed Pars from the Press of China

Two French doctors claim to have discovered that the proper position in which to sleep is to have the head to the north and the feet pointing south. Any other position, such as east and west, is contrary to the laws of Nature. Persons whose heads are placed east and west, therefore, lie in the wrong position at night, and, instead of getting rest and comfort, they only wear themselves out in sleep. It was by measuring what may be called "neuro-psychological currents" in man, that the two savants came to this conclusion. When awake, they further state another position—namely, east or west, is the best for any prolonged activity. If literary men want to write a good composition, they should sit at their desks facing the east!—*China Critic*.

IN the meantime Dr. Morrison's warning to the home investor will not be without its value if it has the effect of making the promoters of loans insist on adequate security other than on the railways themselves being given by the Central Government.—*Shanghai Mercury*.

IN China the terribly congested state of the import markets is certainly improved. That congestion, as you probably know, has not been the outcome of one year but of several years ever trading in China. As I said, the import markets are improving, but we cannot hope for any very great extension of Chinese foreign trade until that all-important question of currency has been dealt with boldly, efficiently and intelligently. Until we see a recognised silver coin of fixed value and fixed purity issued by the Imperial Mint and taken in

payment of all Imperial dues and State obligations; until we see the Board of Finance exercising the necessary control over the provincial mints and the stoppage of an unlimited issue of copper cash by those provincial mints; until we see stopped the still more pernicious system of the issue of notes by the native banks, regardless of bullion backing, we cannot hope to see that great extension of commerce which is justified by the wealth of the country and by the requirements of the population. Meeting of Chartered Bank in London.—*Hankow Daily News*.

RECENT incidents have not tended to mitigate the humiliation. The failure of China to justify herself in the matter of the recent Canton-Hankow Railway loan will not tend to China's credit. The tinkering at currency reform, a tinkering which has been out of consonance with the spirit of the Mackay Treaty and has led foreign financiers almost to despair of the fulfilment of the very definite pledge given in that Treaty, has placed China in a still more unfavourable light. And there have been other incidents pointing in the same direction. If to these is to be added the virtual shelving of the man best qualified to deal with the situation we are bound to admit that there is small blame attaching to the Governments of foreign nations and to the ever-ready financiers of those nations if they regard China as financially incorrigible. The whole situation needs to be faced squarely and without flinching. The immediate question is, What can be done? and to that question there are certain very clear answers.—*Saturday Review*.

If we turn to educational matters, the same difficulty confronts us. It is hardly too much to say that there is not a Chinaman alive who is competent to draw up a national scheme of education from the Kindergarten to the University. There are many Chinese who have graduated from colleges and universities in England, America, and elsewhere, but that does not make them authorities on education any more than travelling by sea makes the captain of a ship a competent naval architect.—*Shanghai Mercury*.



It is with regret that we learn from Peking of the existence of an influential section of metropolitan officialdom that is opposed to the employment of foreign experience, foreign advice, foreign capital, or foreign professional men. So long as there was reason to believe that this objection to everything foreign was confined to the baser Press and the more extravagant of the student class there was little need to regard it seriously. It might occasionally cause embarrassments but it could not permanently retard the progress of this great Empire. The definite adoption of this policy by officials in Peking who ought to know much better may easily put back the clock in China to a point closely coincident with dawn, and seriously handicap the Empire in its attempt to secure first rank position in the comity of nations. If we are correctly informed, and we have every reason to believe that our information comes from an unimpeachable source, the antipathies of this clique of officials are specially strong towards Great Britain; and if this is so the fact is only a further illustration of the want of knowledge and the inability to interpret events that were formerly believed to characterize the whole of official China and remain apparently immovable in certain sections of officialdom still.—*The Saturday Review*.

HOLLAND has been a republic before, and republicanism or any other form of popular Government would be quite in consonance with the liberty-loving spirit of the Dutch people, who would regard anything as being better than absorption within Germany. That is the Dutch point of view.

It must be confessed, too, that the issue had a very important interest for other Powers as well. Neither Britain nor France would view without apprehension the Germanization of the mouths of the Rhine and the very serious addition to German potentialities as a naval Power, especially in the North Sea, which would follow thereon. Thus the recent happy event should set at rest considerable anxieties in Britain also, where at the moment there is a lot of very wild talk about German aims and aspirations. France again, cannot view with perfect equanimity the lengthening of the German North Sea coast so as to reduce the sea-time between German ports and French ones by about half.—*Shanghai Mercury*.



THE part which foreigners have played in the mining enterprises of China has not always been a creditable one; indeed, in some cases, it has been notoriously discreditable. The result has been that the Chinese attitude towards foreign participation in such enterprises has been unfavourable, and there could be not the slightest doubt that the Mining Regulations, issued and withdrawn in the early part of last year, were aimed directly at excluding foreigners from all part or lot in mining industry. It is satisfactory to note that wiser counsels at present prevail. A few days ago the Board of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce issued instructions that mine-owners adopting foreign methods of working their mines, thereby increasing the output and reducing waste, should be rewarded. Since then the Board has withdrawn the embargo

on foreign participation in mining enterprise. This is undoubtedly a wise step, and will surely redound to China's advantage.—*The Saturday Review*.



THE treatment which Mr. Liang Shih-yi has seen fit to accord to Mr. Kinder has been a subject of comment for sometime past. It is none of our duty to express any opinion upon the appointment of Mr. Kinder's successor, but it is our duty to make known the facts of Mr. Kinder's departure and refute the statements published in the Japanese paper that Mr. Kinder has been treated generously by the Chinese Government. It is questionable whether any employee of any foreign government of the standing and record of Mr. Kinder was ever treated more ungenerously.—*Peking & Tientsin Times*.



YET we had hoped that our roads, outside and inside, were amongst the best of the object lessons we had given to China during all these years. Who gains by them? Not we alone. The native benefits as much, if not more. His land increases in value five, ten, twenty, or fifty-fold. He can get to a market hitherto closed to him. He can take things to his home that were never before seen there. He has, in short, all the advantages which good roads confer. Why, then, should his officials and "notables" object? Partly from jealousy, partly from envy, partly from hatred of the idea of further settlement extension, and partly to curry favour with the anti-foreign party which is always more or less powerful. It is not always in the hope of stopping improvements that these things are done; not always, indeed, from a desire that they should be stopped, but to avoid charges of too great complacency where the foreigner is concerned. Possibly it is so in this case, and if so, we need not take the matter too much to

heart. We shall get our road. The Land Regulations do exist as the Taotai will by and by discover, and all will be well once more.—*Shanghai Mercury*.



It is not unnatural that the majority of men have lost all faith in the "integrity," the "perfect integrity" which is supposed to be part of the diplomatic outfit, and are satisfied that nothing can be depended on but brute force. American diplomatists have done their best to introduce a leaven of plain-speaking into their international affairs, and with some success, but in the Old World, actions speak louder than words, and even the United States shows how little she regards the assurances she receives, and how much more she trusts to battleships.—*Shanghai Times*.



It was pleasant to see so many evidences of sympathy with our British fellow-residents about town yesterday in the celebration of their great, new Imperial festival, Empire Day. In the liberal display of bunting which was made in all the principal streets of the Settlements flags of other nationalities besides the British were conspicuous,—the Dragon Flag of China, the standard of the German Fatherland and the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America being among those that were most numerous shown. And it was very fitting that it should be so in a community like Shanghai especially, where residents of all nationalities have so much in common that no section of the population can sorrow or rejoice on any occasion without all their fellow-townsmen being in some degree affected by the same causes of grief or elation. Between Americans and British in Shanghai there is a particularly strong bond of union, and yesterday's was a festival on which if could be acknowledged with peculiar fitness.—*Shanghai Times*.

LOCAL SNAPSHOTS



Photo H.R.S.
MISS GRACE FALOTTA LEAVING SHANGHAI
ON GOOD FRIDAY



Photo H.R.S.
A "FAIR DAUGHTER" OF SHANGHAI



A SHANGHAI MAFOO



A TYPICAL RACE PICTURE



TWO WELL-KNOWN PERSONAGES



Photo W. Howell
(POLICE v. "A" COMPANY S.V.C., 13.2.09)
THE SHANGHAI FOULKES

LOCAL SNAPSHOTS (cont.)



"THE COQUETTE"
A well-known Shanghai Yacht



WATCHING THE VOLUNTEER PARADE



Photo

Satow

A BOUNDARY STONE



THE BARRICADE WHICH STOPPED THE ALHAMBRA FROM BEING PATRONIZED

The International Institute Grounds



Photo

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FAREWELL RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE HON. CHAS. AND MRS. DENBY

Dennistown & Sullivan

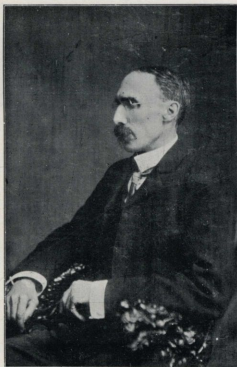
The International Institute

IT is interesting to watch the progress made by the International Institute, in advancing from its character as an individual experiment of Dr. Gilbert Reid into a corporate body of many individuals, who represent many nationalities and different religions. Formerly the membership and management seemed limited to mere man, but of late several ladies have shown their interest, and have attended the regular "company meetings." Mrs. Hansen, wife of the Norwegian Consul-General, Mrs. O. von Schab, and Mrs. Murray Warner, at a meeting early in the year were elected on the General Committee, while Mrs. Reid has been a very active worker from the initiation of the work in Shanghai.

The social feature of the institute scheme includes alike the East and the West, by which cultivation of friendly relations may yet come to mean more than a social chat over a cup of tea, may be transformed into a permanent rendezvous for practical discussion and conference; the social functions, which have taken place from time to time within the last few years, have proved successful as exhibitions of the cosmopolitan spirit and cordial good-will which make the social life of Shanghai. There is always a heartiness about these gatherings under the auspices of the Institute which makes one wish they might be increased in number.

During the present year there have been two of these social functions. Early in the year there was the ceremony of unveiling the memorial tablet to the much-respected Ningpo banker, of long residence in Shanghai, and of many munificent deeds —

the late Yen Shao-fang. When Prince Yü Lang passed through Shanghai, on his way back to Peking from welcoming the American Battleship Fleet at Amoy, it was hoped that he could honour the Institute and his deceased fellow-countryman by performing the ceremony, but this was found impossible. It was then thought best to secure the aid of Viceroy Tuan Fang, while attending the Opium Commission. Having secured his consent invitations were issued, and in response, notwithstanding the inclement weather, there assembled a large gathering, composed equally of Chinese in their ceremonial



DR. GILBERT REID, HAMILTON COLLEGE, 1879

Director-in-chief International Institute

dress, and of ladies and gentlemen from the outside nations. The exercises took place in the Low Memorial Hall, while tea and cakes were served in the new Yen Memorial Hall. Both rooms were suitably decorated, a letter was read from Prince Yü Lang, a solo was sung by Mrs. J. J. Connell, and short addresses given by different officers of the Institute, Dr. Gilbert Reid, Admiral Sah, Mr. Alexander McLeod, Mr. Max Hoerter, and Taotai Chon Chin-chen. The special representative of the Viceroy, His Excellency Jui Kuan, unveiled the tablet. The son of the late Yen Shao-fang, Mr. Yen Tsze-chun, then made a few remarks thanking everyone who was present and who had joined in doing honour to his father; Professor Ernest De Witt Burton of Chicago University also spoke in appreciation of Chinese generosity. The ladies who presided at tables in the tea-room were Mesdames McLeod, Rieveley, Hansen, Patterson, Fearn, and Miss Coath.

The tablet read as follows:—

Yen Memorial Hall

1908

Erected to the Memory of
Yen Shao-fang.

Charter Member and Trustee
of this Institute,

A Ningpo Banker and Merchant of Shanghai,

Sub-Chancellor
of the Grand Secretariat,

Respected for his
many acts of generosity,
his love of his country,
and his upright character
in public affairs.

The other function of the year occurred towards the end of May, under most favourable conditions, taking the form of a Garden Party, a reception to the United States Consul-General, Mr. Charles Denby and his accomplished wife. Between the hours of five to seven more than 600 ladies and gentlemen came and went.

As the horse and pony show was on, this prevented some attending the Reception. The occasion was a most pleasant one,

though in the nature of saying "Good-bye" to Mr. and Mrs. Denby. The same cosmopolitan spirit as characterized the International Institute was most conspicuous. It was not all an American affair. The Chinese were prominent, as special deputies had been sent by the Nanking Viceroy, the Governor of Kiangsu, and the Governor of Chekiang, to give greetings. The President and Vice-President of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce made a combined speech.

The six tables were decorated in a most attractive manner, showing their national characteristics. One large round American table, in charge of Mesdames Connell and Ricker (now Mrs. Coath) and Miss Barin, was banked by flowers of red, white, and blue. A second round table, in charge of Mesdames Hager and White (*née* Miss Yu-kong) and Miss Blake, welcomed many of the guests. The British table, in charge of Mesdames McLeod and Rieveley and the Misses Goodfellow and Mansfield, was supplied with ices, cakes, and English cream as well as tea. The German table, under Mesdames Stepharius, du Bois-Raymond, Krantz, and Arlt, had special flower decoration, and furnished delicious iced chocolate, coffee, and cakes. The Japanese table had Japanese decorations, Japanese tea, sweets and cakes, and beautiful Japanese ladies to serve their guests, among them being Mesdames Ito, Ukita, and Hara. There was also a Chinese table, with Chinese decorations, Chinese tea and cakes, under the care of the widow of Yen Shao-fang, her mother, daughter and grand-daughter, assisted by Mrs. and Miss Couling. This was the first time these ladies had ever attended such a gathering, but they seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and many guests were privileged to meet them. Music was contributed by the band from the German ship *Illis*, and the flag decorations were arranged by the United States ship

Wilmington, and the Service des Tramways of the French Municipal Council. Besides speeches made by the Chinese, Mr. Alex McLeod and Dr. Gilbert Reid made suitable remarks in farewell to both Mr. and Mrs. Denby. A dozen nationalities were

course for breaking down existing friction between Chinese and foreigners, for settling some of the many disputes that crowd the Mixed Court docket, and for being in this cosmopolitan community a small "peace conference?" A sufficient number of res-

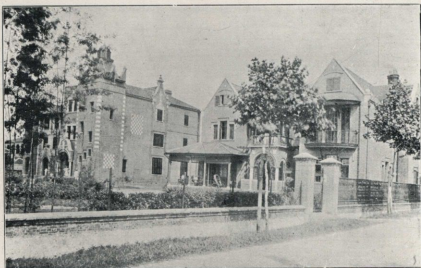


INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE—RESIDENCE AND YEN HALL

represented, showing the international character of the Institute.

The question arises, if the Institute is so successful in arranging such special gatherings of good-will, why should it not go one step further and utilize such friendly inter-

pectable persons of all nationalities joining the Institute with such an object in view, could accomplish much in a practical way for the cause of peace, not only in Shanghai itself, but in the larger international field of which Shanghai is a small centre.



INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE—DORMITORY AND RESIDENCE



GUESTS ENJOYING TEA



SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL GUESTS



Photo

A PRETTY TEA-TABLE

Dennison & Sullivan

The Quiet Hour

On Facing the Truth

WHETHER the sum total of human happiness would be greater if men and women discovered and quietly, persistently, and successfully faced the truth about themselves, their children, their human relationships, their capacities, methods, and prospects, or whether happiness comes more readily from living in a vague state of illusion, amid fancies, deceptions, false notions, and misreadings of life and character, is a question that admits of favourable argument from both sides. If we ourselves enter upon the argument we must hold that the advantage is greatly on the side of firmly facing the exact truth, and that a vast accumulation of human sorrow arises from the inveterate habit of not seeing things as they are. Many have not the ability required for the quiet weighing up of facts—or they have not the shrewdness to gather facts—or they have not the desire to know the facts if they are disagreeable. The result is that the lives of an immense number of our neighbours are passed in quite an artificial atmosphere of fancy, or of careless blindness to reality, and they are in danger of suffering terribly at any moment from the chill paralysing wind of cold naked truth.

To put the case in a more concrete form, let us ask each thoughtful reader—"Have you from time to time estimated quite clearly, without flattery and without timidity, your own capacity as a worker in the world? Have you owned frankly to the weaknesses of your character and disposition? Have you seen exactly whither your methods of living are leading you,

and judged what will be the probable results of your life? Have you probed your own convictions so as to be sure which beliefs you hold truly and tenaciously and which you hold traditionally and perfunctorily? Have you thought out your relationships with other people—with your family, your friends, your acquaintances, the general public—and decided how far they are soundly based and how far they are deceptive? Have you balanced up your business methods and made sure that there is nothing hollow in your life—that you are not living on the thin crust of a volcano of debt and disaster?" In short, "Have you come deliberately to the conclusion that you are making of yourself in the world as much as can be reasonably expected of you, and that your life rings true and honest?" Our contention is that by facing the truth in the ways we have indicated, even though the process may at first be disagreeable, men may arrive at a much safer, quieter, and more desirable happiness than if they go on living for the moment only as joyously as a blind forgetfulness of facts will allow, with an uncomfortable reckoning ahead.

Why should men or women fail, say, beyond thirty years of age, to estimate properly their capacities for work and service in the world? There are very good reasons why parents are not always safe guides for their children. It is far from easy to forecast at the age when boys begin work what duties they will find congenial and discharge successfully. During the half-dozen years of early youth, after simple boyhood has been left behind, taste often changes rapidly; and swift

development sometimes so strongly modifies a lad's character that he passes quite out of the knowledge of those who knew him only slightly and becomes a fresh personality. In these circumstances it is difficult for parents to make a choice of a profession or occupation for their sons. If, however, they will steadily face the truth, they can guard against the more obvious dangers. Parents, for example, need not believe that their children are cleverer than they really are. Many a lad's life has been made miserable for years because his father and mother persisted in thinking that he should be as bright as some other lad, pass the same examinations and follow the same calling, when the truth—plain to impartial observers—was that the duller boy was being overweighted and handicapped by parental ambition. Thoughtful parents will make most serious attempts quietly to realize the unvarnished truth respecting the qualities and powers of their children. But why should these mistakes be repeated in the case of grown-up people who have had a dozen years of adult life in which to test themselves by the side of other men? Yet no one can have observed human life widely or closely without being aware that multitudes go on year after year with comparative failure without apparently ever frankly owning to themselves their lack of power or skill.

Though one of the commonest of mistakes is a petty introspective study of character, and a littleness of mind always accompanies the habit of dissecting one's own heart, it is necessary that all men and women should frankly admit to themselves their weaknesses of character. The man who knows that he is too amiable and compliant is far more likely to resist his weaknesses than he who is either unconscious of them or inclined to regard them as virtues. Many too are the parents who, in later life, have realized that they have unconsciously done much harm in their families by a stern heavy-handed rule, which seemed to them to be justified by their superior experience and love of discipline, a rule, however, which has fettered and restrained their children and prevented them from having the freedom and openness of character which accompany real strength. Why should not all men or women thoroughly understand themselves and their relations to the life in the midst of which they move? It is only people who have a certain breadth of view who contrive to see themselves with tolerable clearness. For example, how can an avaricious person be expected to discern his own true likeness? The hateful lineaments of his character are to him lines of beauty. Selfishness has a terribly hard task of self-denial before it can even see, much less follow, the truth.

BRIDGE CATECHISM

- Q. Are you a Bridge player?
 A. (demurely) I play Bridge.
 Q. Are you an earnest player?
 A. Yes.
 Q. What do you mean by an earnest player?
 A. I play regularly two hours every evening.
 Q. Who taught you Bridge?
 A. I picked it up.
 Q. (sternly) What authorities have you consulted?
 A. (falteringly) I have read parts of Dalton, I have dipped into "Badsworth," I have glanced at "Hellespont," I have—
 Q. Stop! Have you any settled convictions?
 A. A few.
 Q. How many?
 A. Two or three.
 Q. They are?
 A. To open a short suit against Trumps, a long one against No Trumps, to double original Spades, to—
 P. Thank you (reflectively) "A little knowledge. . ." What do you discard from?

- A. (confidently) What I don't want.
 Q. (quizzically) Then what you don't discard from is what you want?
 A. Not necessarily.
 Q. (ruefully) Well, what you do want led to you if you double No Trumps?
 A. I never double No Trumps.
 Q. (amazedly) Why?
 A. I have learnt from my parents and guardians from my earliest childhood that it is unfair to gamble on a certainty.
 Q. (gaspingly) Oh! But if it is not a certainty?
 A. I still don't trouble.
 Q. (impatiently) Why?
 A. (blandly) Because I have been told that it would be taking an unpardonable risk.
 Q.
 (At this point the equanimity of the questioner completely broke down and the catechism came to an abrupt conclusion.)



An Illustrated Poem
YULOSHAN*
(THE SACRED HILL OF CHANGSHA)
BY W. J. C.



OH Yuloshan! Oh Yuloshan!
Thy wooded heights I love to scan,
Thy thousand steps, steep as may be,
Each tells a tale all new to me.
Such tales I love to hear re-told,
So round them fancies I may mould.

I must perforce abide awhile,
And wander through this classic pile.
Three hundred years ere Oxford's birth,†
This ancient school had proved its worth.
Here all China's greatest sages,
Garnered wisdom all these ages.



Photo ON THE ROAD TO YULOSHAN J. Chick



Photo PART OF THE SCHOOL GROUNDS J. Chick

Before I climb thy sloping side,
I reach a pile—the "empire's pride—"
A college this whose ancient name,
Rests on ten centuries of fame.
Oh seat of learning widely known,
The empire reaps what you have sown!

Then, when I reach thy monast'ry,
The priests all gravely welcome me.
Their gilded gods, a brave display,
All sit in state, in set array.
And tho' I can't accept their creed,
Yet on its age we're all agreed.



Photo I REACH A PILE—"THE EMPIRE'S PRIDE—" J. Chick



Photo THEIR GILDED GODS, A BRAVE DISPLAY J. Chick

* Yuloshan (pronounced Yulosan)

† Oxford was founded 1249.

Thy "wishing well" of sacred fame,
 Sure cure for sick, blind, halt, or lame.
 If they wish (and its waters taste)
 No more from ailments need they waste.
 An emperor once proved it so,
 Over a thousand years ago.

I love to hear thy deep-toned bell,
 Tolling aloud with solemn knell.
 A thousand years that bell has tolled,
 Ringing welcome to young and old.
 All through the woods its lovely tone,
 Resounds in richness all its own.



Photo

J. Chick

A THOUSAND YEARS THAT BELL HAS TOLLED

Thy stately tablet stands alone,
 Carved in a solid rock of stone.
 Four hundred years its epocha,
 Yet it is but a replica.

At least two thousand years B.C.,
 The real tablet claims to be.

A further sight, and not the least,
 Is that on which all eyes may feast,
 Another bell, a mystic bell!

'Tis left for me the tale to tell,
 Of how this bell hangs on a tree.
 I'll tell the tale as told to me.

'Twas many hundred years ago,
 As old traditions serve to show,
 This bell flew up one darksome night,
 And on that tree it did alight;
 Into the bark it bit its way,
 And there it hangs until this day.



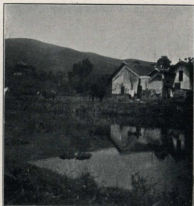
Photo

J. Chick

THIS BELL FLEW UP ONE DARKSOME NIGHT,
 AND ON THAT TREE IT DID ALIGHT

The bark grew through the old bell's ring
 And to the bark the bell did cling;
 So cling fond lovers true and pure,
 When of their loves they both are sure.
 One trifling point I'd like to state,
 The bell weighs quite two hundred weight.

Sweet scented thyme and origan,
 I find on climbing Yuloshan;
 Gay forest flowers of varied hue,
 From reddest red to bluest blue;
 Rare mosses, graceful fronded ferns,
 Grow in the banks of crystal burns.



Photo

J. Chick

THROUGH VALLEYS GLEAMING WITH GREEN CORN

When from thy heights I gaze below,
 Full meed of praise I'd fain bestow
 Upon the scenes which meet mine eyes.
 Small hillocks, hills, and mountains rise ;
 Streams gliding onward to their bourn,
 Through valleys gleaming with green corn.

Deep down below with winding curves,
 Full of the graceful craft it serves,
 The river Siang's silver face,
 Rolls ever on with sinuous grace ;
 Its greatest width about three li,
 Nearly a thousand miles from sea.



Photo

J. Chick

THE REST HOUSE ON THE WAY TO YULOSHAN

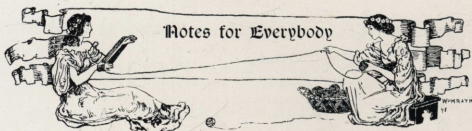
An Apostrophe.

Climb all who can, yes, all who can,
 The classic slopes of Yuloshan,
 Oh, you who all these sights would
 scan,
 Come, climb with me up Yuloshan.
 So, sick or sorry, maid or man,
 Come try the charms of Yuloshan.

SHE PAID A PRICE

THE pet economies of the rich make a queer subject of study. Miserliness, pure and simple, may be explained as a form of mental disease, but the sanest and the richest often have an overpowering fancy for saving a little money in some little way that is all their own. A celebrated Harley-street physician well remembers a certain lady who once came to consult him. She told her tale of poverty in a few touching words, and said, as she placed her fee on the table, she should never come again, since she absolutely could not afford to do so. It was a bad case.

The doctor's professional interest, as well as his sympathy, was aroused ; but seeing she was fairly well-dressed, and fearing to wound her pride, he accepted the fee, but begged her to come again, saying that same fee should cover the next visit. Putting a stop to her profuse thanks, he bowed her out. He had a pressing engagement, for which he was late, as the lady had detained him. He hurriedly put on his hat and slipped out by a side door. As he turned the corner of Harley-street he caught sight of his patient, now robed in a splendid sable cape, calmly seating herself in a well-appointed carriage, attended by a footman in the smartest of livery ; while the pair of horses tossed their heads under harness blazoned with coronets and bedight with ribbons. The carriage had been left round the corner in order that the dame of high degree might play her rôle of poverty and save her guineas. Her eyes met the doctor's. She calmly bowed, apparently unabashed. But at least she had the grace not to come again. That time she surely paid a price for her saved coin !



Notes for Everybody

For Mothers

FRUITS

THE fruits that have seeds are much more healthy than stone fruits, but all fruits are better for young children if baked or cooked in some way, and eaten with bread. Apples and winter pears are very good food for children. If taken late in the evening, fruit often proves injurious. You may remember the old saying "That apples are golden in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night." Now the Australian says just the reverse: "He who eats apples before going to bed robs the doctor of his daily bread."



Nine "Nevers."

NEVER leave a child alone in a room with a fire in it, unless there is a tall fender-guard which it can't remove.

Never give baby painted toys unless the paint is enamelled.

Never nurse baby without removing scratchy ornaments, brooches, or pins from your attire.

Never leave bottles containing anything within the reach of tiny children.

Never nag at any time, especially in the nursery.

Never let a child cry itself to sleep. Learn the cause.

Never force a child to eat if its food is distasteful to it.

Never let the little ones play with domestic pets which are allowed to roam about the streets.

Never fail to have all the milk and all the water consumed by the baby, boiled.

For Invalids

VALUE OF BED HAMMOCKS

WHEN convalescence has begun, a patient usually suffers much from the restlessness which is generally a symptom of this stage of illness. A bed hammock will be found a wonderful relief in cases where the patient is tired of one position, while it forms a good "stepping-stone" to the next period when a couch is permissible.



For Poultry Breeders

TIPS TO TURKEVISTS

Don't let the young turkeys get wet.

Don't feed them inside of 24 hours after they come out of the shell.

Keep them free from lice by dusting them with Persian insect powder. Dust the hen too.

Don't neglect the mites and big lice.

Greasing will drive them off.

Don't let the turklets run on dirty ranges or in filthy quarters.

Give water only in small and shallow dishes.

During the first week feed them with sifted rolled or ground oats, cooked and crumbled and mixed with a beaten egg. With this give them milk and curd. Feed them five or six times a day. Add a little raw meat, fine-chopped onion, and green food daily.

During the second week put wheat and ground bone in boxes where they can get at it, and give them three daily feeds of mixed oatmeal, wheat middlings, and ground oats, cooked, and mixed with chopped green food. Thereafter supply them with cooked rice, or turnips, or potatoes.

For Housekeepers

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER

SHE must be orderly in her habits, and be capable of planning with judgment.

She should know the quantities required, and how to preserve from waste what is over and above the daily needs of the household.

She may be pardoned a good deal of girlish vanity in dressing herself, and arranging her surroundings becomingly, in order to set off all to the best advantage; for this is to keep a fresh, cheery house, the delight and comfort of its inmates; but let her never for one moment consider what this or that neighbour will think about her little republic at home.

If they praise her, very well; if they criticise and sneer at her, very well also—she must be above minding it.



Moths

NOTHING encourages the visits of moths so much as damp and dirt. Accordingly, when garments are to be stored during the summer months, they should be cleaned and thoroughly dried before they are put away. If they are then sewn up in bags of new unbleached calico, they will be perfectly safe, but if they are likely to be required during the summer they should have lumps of camphor or naphthaline balls placed among the folds, and be placed in calico wrappers which need be only pinned.



MARINATED CUCUMBER SANDWICHES

CUT up a cucumber very thin, then dust pepper and salt over it. Let it stand for an hour. Now pour over it one tablespoonful of salad oil, mix. Add a gill of vinegar and a tablespoonful of castor sugar, and let it remain at least four hours. Drain the cucumber. Arrange the slices on pieces of bread and butter, so that they wrap over each. Now cover with slices of bread and butter, and cut into finger lengths.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM IN TEA OR COFFEE

BEAT the white of an egg to a snowy froth, add a little oiled butter and mix well, then pour the coffee or tea gradually to it, so that it will not curdle. If carefully done, it will be as nice as cream.



HOW TO CLEAN BOTTLES

BOTTLES which have an unpleasant smell should be washed with hot soda water, and then left for a day or two filled with clean water in which some small pieces of vegetable charcoal have been placed.



For the Toilet

TO MAKE HAIR CURL, OR TO KEEP IT IN WAVES

MELT a piece of pure white beeswax, about the size of a filbert, in one ounce of olive oil, then stir in two or three drops of otto of roses. Before putting the hair into pins or paper, dip the thumb or finger into the mixture, and lightly touch the hair with the fingers, but be careful not to use too much.



A CURE FOR BLISTERED FEET AFTER WALKING

RUB the feet when going to bed with bear's grease and spirits mixed. Rub it in with the palm of the hand, and put on the feet cotton stockings. In the morning no blisters will exist.



For the Woman's Man

A MAN who has the happy knack of making clever or entertaining remarks and who talks to a woman as though intellectually she was his equal, and not a mere school girl; who, moreover, knows how to pay her a compliment that, on the face of it, is not palpable and vulgar flattery; who is kind, indulgent, polite, and attentive—that is the man, despite his looks, who arouses a woman's interest and takes her fancy.

Social Notes

THE month of May will be remembered for its almost unbroken spell of dry weather, while all out-of-door entertainments were attended with absolute success, as a natural result.

First and foremost of these in importance was the Spring Races which passed off most satisfactorily and were enjoyed by a vast crowd, while those who took advantage of the three days holiday, and went up country returned smiling and sunburnt.

AN experimental Rose Show was held in the Hongkew Recreation Park on Thursday, the 13th, but for various reasons was not an unalloyed success. In the first place it was not well advertised and many people knew nothing of it till it was all over, so the exhibits were very sparse. Rose growing is particularly fascinating, and roses grow well in Shanghai. If this exhibition is to be an annual affair it will no doubt encourage people to import new kinds and we should

soon see a much greater variety than is procurable at present. There are some very beautiful American kinds which ought to flourish well in this climate and are quite easy to import. Of course, all roses deteriorate in China, but if shoots are taken every year and grown in pots, quite fine blooms should result.



WE have had our fair share of music during the month with three concerts, namely, Madame Thue's Greig Concert, Mr. Doumtcheff's, and a farewell concert given by the Herbert Withers Concert Co. Madame Thue's long postponed Greig evening took place on the 14th and was wholly successful, for never was she heard to better advantage. The brunt of the hard work fell to her and Mrs. Powell, and they both acquitted themselves with glory. Greig's music is always fascinating, but at the hands of such able interpreters as these ladies it is truly charming.



SPECTATORS WATCHING THE INTERPORT TENNIS MATCH, WHEN HONGKONG WON.

It is not an every-day occurrence for such a musical genius as Mr. Doumtcheff to visit us, but owing to insufficient advertising, his concerts were not as well patronized as might be expected.

A very warm welcome greeted the Herbert Withers Concert party on their return to Shanghai after visiting Japan, and a crowded house enjoyed the excellent programme they provided.

We hope this will obliterate the apparent want of appreciation shown on their first visit and will encourage them to come again.

ON Monday, the 24th, the Hongkong Garrison met the Shanghai Cricket Club on the cricket field and an exciting battle ensued which lasted over three days, when Shanghai proved itself victorious.



1 CAPTAIN BARRETT—ONE OF THE UMPIRES.

2 A SNAPSHOT OF MR. FEARON IN THE INTERPORT TENNIS MATCH.

After the cricket matches were finished, Wednesday afternoon was devoted to tennis matches between our Hongkong guests and Shanghai, when Hongkong proved her undoubted superiority.



On the 27th, the Shanghai Horticultural Society held its annual show and a collection of beautiful flowers and fine vegetables were on view. The table decorations, which usually form one of the most interesting exhibits, were not up to their usual standard; the prettiest and daintiest by far being Miss Wadman's, which was voted first prize, while a pretty arrangement of sweet-peas and ribbon by Miss Smith took the second.

For pot flowers generally, and the geraniums in particular, Mr. H. S. Arnold captured most of the prizes, and for vegetables Mr. F. Wingrove, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Leveson seemed to share the honours.

The Public Gardens made their usual tasteful display and the whole arrangement of the exhibits was artistic and attractive. The Town Band played an excellent selection of music during the afternoon and evening which was much enjoyed by an appreciative audience.



On the 29th a very interesting marriage took place between Major A. A. S. Barnes, Commandant S. V. C., and Mrs. Duncan Cooper at the Union Church, which was very prettily decorated for the occasion.

The volunteers turned out in full force, and the newly-married couple passed out of the Church under an arch of steel. Outside, a detachment of volunteers, under Captain G. E. Stewart, presented arms and gave three cheers as Major and Mrs. Barnes entered the carriage, which was drawn by a team of artillery ponies under Lieutenants L. E. Canning and R. W. Davis, while a troop of Light Horse, under

Lieutenant A. C. Crighton, escorted them to the residence of Mr. Prentice, where a large reception was held. The bride wore a gown *en princesse* of chiffon over satin inlet with chantilly lace and applique with silk embroidery, her hat being of white tulle trimmed with white ostrich feathers and tea roses, and she carried a bouquet of white carnations tied with blue, red, and buff ribbons, the regimental colours of the bridegroom.



A LARGE number of people assembled at Holy Trinity Cathedral to witness the marriage of Mr. John Bennett Ferrier of the British-American Tobacco Co. to Miss Louie Elliott, second daughter of the

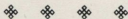
late Mr. Frederick Elliott and Mrs. Elliott, of Sydney, Australia. The groom being honorary active foreman of the Hongkew Company of the Shanghai Fire Brigade a number of firemen turned out in full uniform with their trucks and formed a guard-of-honour at the Cathedral entrance. The bride who was most becomingly gowned in white crepe-de-chine, trimmed with old lace and horse-shoes of orange blossom, carried a shower bouquet of white carnations and sweet-peas. She was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. F. P. Geraghty, while the groom's sister, Mrs. W. Ortwin, was matron-of-honour and wore a black satin and striped chiffon gown trimmed with cream lace and pink velvet, crowned by a hat of Tuscan straw



Photo

THE FERRIER—ELLIOTT WEDDING GROUP The Burr Photo Co.

trimmed with pink sweet-peas; her bouquet being of the same flowers. The two bridesmaids, Miss Nellie Elliott (sister of the bride) and Miss Glory Geraghty (niece of the bride) were attired in white silk dresses trimmed with blue, and they carried baskets of white sweet-peas. Mr. A. F. Evans filled the duties of best man and Messrs. W. D. B. Miller and H. Robinson were ushers. The carriage, bearing the bridal couple from the church, was driven by fireman Main, and was escorted by fire trucks. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the newly-married couple, at 19 Seward Road, where the healths of the bride and groom were honoured by a goodly crowd of guests. Here the wedding presents, which were numerous and costly, were displayed and attracted much attention. Mr. and Mrs. Ferrier went by the P. M. S. *Asia* to Japan for their honeymoon.



Some Brokers' Proverbs

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches, but fortunately for the problem of selection, "a good name" is usually good collateral.

Blessed are the poor, for they've nothing to lose.

Wisdom is better than rubies, and copper stocks are not always pure water.

As an ox goeth to the slaughter, so a lamb to Wall-street.

A wise son maketh a glad father, unless he bucks him from the other side of the market.

The borrower is the servant of the lender, but this doesn't affect the quotations on "call loans."

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent, and usually remains poor.

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein; similar is the fate of him who constructs a "corner."

THE Juvenile A.D.C. gave a performance on Saturday, May 12th, which was attended by many Shanghai children. The first part of the programme was a Variety Entertainment, and the second a miniature pantomime performance of Dick Wittington and his Cat. In the Vaudeville Entertainment Miss Jessie Horrocks received the warmest reception for a very good rendering of the Drummer Boy and in the second part Miss Trixy Rowland would have taken the prize if there had been one for her portrayal of Jack.

Little Miss Ellen French "brought down the house" by doing a ballet dance. Her high kicks simply convulsed the house, and there was no doubt about her enjoyment as she had a broad smile on all the time. Miss French could not, I imagine, have seen more than five or six summers, but possessed the assurance of four times as many years.

Put not your trust in (merchant) princes until you have carefully studied their commercial rating.

A word spoken in good season, how good it is; especially when it is "Sell" spoken to your broker.



Living and Learning

"I DON'T see how anyone can lose money in speculation," she remarked thoughtfully.

"Do you consider it so simple?" he asked.

"Why certainly. As I understand it, all you have to do is to buy when things are going up and sell when they are coming down."

"But how are we to know which way they are going?" he inquired.

"Why—why, I never thought of that," she answered. "It does make a difference, doesn't it?"

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

MAY 1909

May 1st—Funeral of the late Emperor Kuang Hsü.

Funeral of the late Captain A. S. Wilson who committed suicide in Pehsien-jao cemetery.

Funeral of the late Fong Yuen-chung who was shot in the back by a person unknown.

„ 3rd—First Day of Spring Race Meeting.

„ 4th—Second Day of Spring Race Meeting.

T. Jones of Chefoo sentenced to three years' imprisonment for manslaughter by Judge Thayer.

„ 5th—Third Day of Spring Race Meeting.

„ 6th—Garden Party given by Consul and Mrs. von Zeppelin in honour to the birth of an heir to the Dutch throne.

Siccawei Road, between Route de Say Zsong and Route Ferguson closed to traffic from 8.30 p.m. to 5 a.m. every night as a preventative measure against gambling at the "Alhambra."

„ 8th—Off Day—Spring Races.

„ 10th—Farewell dinner given to Mr. F. Anderson at the Country Club.

„ 13th—Wire received from State Department at Washington transferring Consul-General Hon. Chas. Denby to Vienna.

Experimental Rose Show held in Hongkew Recreation Grounds.

„ 14th—Escape of a native prisoner from chain gang repairing North Szechuen Road.

News received that Mr. Amos P. Wilder of Hongkong will succeed Mr. Denby as U.S.A. Consul-General in Shanghai.

Performance by French A.D.C. of "Theodore cherche des Allumettes" and "Le Depute de Bombignac."

Farewell dinner to Mr. J. D. Smart given by the members of the Hongkong Bank.

Greig Concert given by Madame Thue.

May 15th—Bandmann Dramatic Company gave their initial performance in Shanghai.

The semi-annual competition for the Inter-Company Challenge Shield.

Spring Regatta held by Shanghai Rowing Club.

„ 16th—Armed robbery at Yangtzepoo.

„ 17th—Explosion at a Match Factory in the Markham Road Extension. Ten people killed and several injured.

Daring hold-up in Yangtzepoo of an Indian watchman employed in the Vulcan Iron Works who was brutally assaulted and robbed.

„ 18th—M. Doumtcheff's Concert at the Country Club.

„ 20th—A sailor from H.M.S. *Calmus* drowned from a sampan while boarding his ship.

„ 21st—Two convicts who escaped on April 7th recaptured in Soochow.

„ 22nd—Shanghai Horse and Pony Show held at the Recreation Ground.

Farewell reception to Mr. Denby held at the International Institute.

„ 24th—Empire Day. St. George's Fête held in the ground of H. B. M.'s Consulate.

Cricket Match between Shanghai Cricket Club and Hongkong Garrison began.

„ 25th—Concert given by Herbert Withers Concert Co. in Masonic Hall.

Cricket Match continued.

Finish of Cricket Match, resulting in a win for Shanghai.

Tennis Match between S.C.C. and Hongkong Garrison, resulting in a win for Shanghai.

„ 27th—Shanghai Horticultural Society held its annual show at the Town Hall.

„ 29th—Marriage of Major A. S. Barnes (Commandant S.V.C.) and Mrs. Duncan Cooper.

Farewell dinner given to Mr. Chas. Denby at the Astor House.

The Grand Rabbim Elia S. Sayegh of Mossoul

IN our last issue will be found a snapshot photo of the Grand Rabbim Elia S. Sayegh of Mossoul in Mesopotamia, who was one of the visitors at the Spring Races. The object of the visit of this distinguished missionary to Shanghai, says the "Israel's Messenger" "is to arouse the sympathy of his more fortunate co-religionists in India, the Straits Settlements, and China to the present deplorable and degraded state of the Jews in Mossoul, and to raise their moral and social status by the establishment of a modern and up-to-date house of learning." This it is proposed should be under the supervision of that noble and widely-known philanthropic organization the "Alliance Israelite Universelle."

A site has been secured on which it is proposed two schools shall be erected, one for boys and one for girls. The estimated cost of which would be £3,500 and £2,500 respectively.

The Grand Rabbim has received promises for substantial sums from well-known co-religionists in Bombay and we hope that he will meet with the success that his estimable endeavour merits in China.



THE GRAND RABBIM S. SAYEGH

A Romance at Kamakura

By A. S. C.

I WAS sitting one afternoon in the smoking-room of the Shanghai Club, bored to extinction, when who should stroll in but Bruce Helder, whom I had not seen for ages, but who in the old days had shared the same study with me at school. While we were having a drink and a yarn about old times, in walked Dick Walters, who had made the third of our inseparable school trio, but who for the last dozen years or more had been grilling his liver in India, so that Europe had seen nothing of him all that time. Of course, he joined us and we talked enough school "shop" to furnish material for a new "Stalky & Co." Suddenly Walters suggested the idea of a run to Japan.

"I didn't come from frizzling in Bengal to simmer in Shanghai, you bet," he exclaimed. "Let's go to Japan and sample the eternal snows which are popularly believed to flourish in that neighbourhood."

By the time we had finished dinner it was all settled that we were to start in two day's time, and as Helder had a good many things to settle before starting, he left us almost immediately after dinner, promising to turn up at the Customs jetty the next morning but one, to embark on the *Empress*.

"What's up with Helder?" was the first question Walters put to me when we found ourselves once more together in the smoking-room.

"Oh! That's ancient history now," I explained. "Didn't it filter through to you in India?"

"No," he said. "All I know is that Helder used to be the brightest and liveliest of the lot of us, whereas now he seems to regard the world as utterly indigestible."

"Yes," I admitted. "That is just about the size of it. Well the story is a short and sweet one. He went down to fish at a little country village, and fell in love with the daughter of the village baker."

"Oh! Lord," said Walters. "Go ahead."

"Well, when Helder does a thing he does it thoroughly, and as the girl was a mere child, only about sixteen, he made arrangements for having her education, which was already considerably superior to her station in life, completed at a first-class school; and things worked so well that when I was introduced to her about two years later, I found her not only a very beautiful, but a very charming and attractive girl."

"Quite the penny novelette," said Walters, sarcastically. "Had she a wicked uncle?"

"No, her relations were both respectable and unobtrusive, and the wedding was all arranged, when the girl jilted him."

"Love or money?" inquired Walters pithily.

"Not exactly either—for, of course, Helder is well off. No, it was rank and position in her case. She was introduced to Colonel Sir John Westerham."

"That old whale-bone ribbed image with the padded shoulders and unmistakeable wig?"

"The same. He fell violently in love with her and offered her his hand and his title—"

"Along with his gout, his infernal ill-temper, and such relics of strength and vigour as were left after spending nearly the whole time allotted by the Psalmist to human life in cultivating a large and extensive crop of wild oats."

"That's it," I said, "and the girl jumped at it."

"By Gad!" said Walters. "If the gifted author of the book of Genesis had lived a little later on he wouldn't have given us any of that nonsense about sour apples. A title is the thing to tempt Eve nowadays!"

"I don't hold any brief for the girl," I said, "but I suppose the temptation to a girl in a case like this is a thing a man can't realize. Anyhow, I know one thing. She worshipped Helder all the time, and it was the knowledge of that which made him take it so fearfully to heart."

"Poor old Bruce" said Walters, reflectively. "So that's what has turned him into a sort of dug-up-mummy! How long ago do you say all this happened?"

"Nearly four years" I said, "but he seems as glum about it as if it had been yesterday."

"Look here, old man," suggested Walters. "Let us see if we can't cheer him up a bit when we get him away. Why Bruce Helder was the life of the school in the old days: we ought to do something to try and buck him up."

And Walters' bronzed face took on such a look of determination that I remarked, "Why, Dick, you look as if you thought you were riding one of those infernal hill ponies, and it was inclined to jib."

"Anyhow," he retorted, "Helder is too good a chap to get knocked sideways by a jilt of a girl: besides, there are lots more women in the world, and some

pretty good ones, too, if one only takes the trouble to find them."

Two days later we all three met at the Customs' jetty.

The voyage proved to be an unusually calm one, and it was while we were walking up and down the deck smoking that I was struck by the appearance of an extremely pretty girl, who was leaning over the rail looking into the water.

"By jove!" I said to Walters, "that girl is a bit different from the ordinary run of female trippers that one generally comes across on these occasions."

"Yes," assented Walters, putting up his eye-glass and examining her critically. "Well-bred, evidently, well-built unmisstakeably, and about as well-groomed as they make 'em."

"A bit too well-groomed," growled Helder, scowling at the object of our joint admiration. "What does a girl want to go and get herself up as if she were going to a garden party for, just to cross to Nagasaki, when it's a thousand to three that she is going to be sea-sick?"

"Growl away, Diogenes," said Walters. "You seem to think that just because a girl has got a decent figure, and a well-cut gown that shows it off, and gloves which don't look as if they had been used for blacking the kitchen grate, you're justified in sneering at her vanity."

Just at this point the pretty girl's parasol slid from under her arm, and clattered on to the deck at our feet. Helder stepped forward, picked it up, and handed it to her, raising his hat as did so.

"Thank you so much" she said with a bright smile, as she turned to contemplate the briny deep once more.

"Well, you're right about her being a lady anyhow," admitted Helder when we had reached the other end of the deck: and then while Walters and I talked, he relapsed into his usual gloomy silence.

About half an hour later a tall soldierly-looking man came up from below, and went and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder. She turned round with another bright smile, and said, "Why, Jack, I thought you were still busy with your papers. I've been awfully lonely up here without you."

"Have you, dear? I am so sorry," he said penitently.

"Oh dear! An old man's darling!" said Helder savagely, and turned away with a look of disgust on his face.

Considering the circumstances of his own case, one could not help to some extent sympathising with his point of view, but it seemed a little hard to condemn such a charming-looking girl off hand even if she had married a man old enough to be her father. Anyhow, she was evidently very fond of him, for I watched her when the passengers were disembarking at Nagasaki (to take train), and the way those two took care of each other was quite a touching little idyll. While we were undergoing the usual Customs examination I happened to find myself next to the tall man who had left the girl while he came to collect the baggage and I noticed the name painted in plain black letters upon his portmanteau. The name was Sir John Binyon, who is known to fame as a great engineer, and is popularly supposed to have amassed an immense fortune in the course of his highly successful career.

I confided this piece of information to my two companions later on, when I found that Walters know a good deal about him. "His first wife died out in India some years ago," he said, "so I suppose this girl must be his second wife, and I fancy he can only just have married her, as I know he was a widower until quite recently."

"Probably on their honeymoon," sneered Helder, "Upon my word it's sickening to think of a young girl like that going and marrying a man old enough to be her grandfather, just for the sake of his money and being able to stick 'Lady So-and-So' upon her visiting cards."

In spite, however, of his sarcastic remarks, I noticed that when we got to Shimonoseki and encountered the Binyons, Helder looked anything but displeased when the girl, recognizing him as the man who had restored her parasol on board the boat, gave him another of her bright smiles before she turned away to assure the officer that her dressing-bag contained no contraband.

We did not see them again until we reached Kobe several hours later, when I noticed them disappearing into the sleeping car for Yokohama.

"Your friend is evidently going in the same direction as we are," I remarked to Helder, but he merely growled about her being no friend of his and curled himself up in the corner of the smoking carriage, with a view to making himself as comfortable for the night as circumstances would permit.

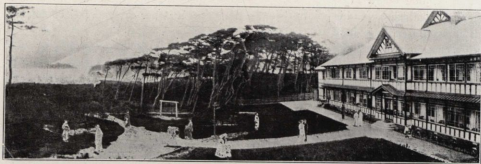
When we arrived at Fugisawa two days later, where we had to change into the electric tram for Kamakura, Sir John Binyon was naturally a good deal interested in this latest achievement of engineering, and on presenting his card to the chief engineer he was allowed the privilege of travelling in front of the driving car. Consequently, his youthful bride was left by herself in the carriage, and as Helder was the only one of us that had been over the ground before it seemed only common politeness for him to remark on the various objects of interest on the road, and along the pretty sea-coast towards Kamakura.

He did this so successfully that, when we reached Sanjayama which is only a few minutes from Kamakura itself, and Sir John Binyon entered the carriage to gather up his belongings, she exclaimed "Oh! Jack, you don't mean to say we are nearly there? This gentleman has been so kind in showing me everything as we came along that I had no idea the time had slipped away so quickly."

"I am glad to hear you have been enjoying yourself, dear," said Sir John, "while I have been investigating the mechanism of the brakes." Then turning to Helder, he remarked politely,

with Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald, and we were so placed that Helder sat at another table with his back to them—an arrangement which I fancy he did not much appreciate, as the girl looked very well in her smart evening blouse. When we went afterward on to the lawn to smoke, and listen to the sweet sound of the ocean breakers, Walters turned rather significantly to me and said in a low tone, "I say, old man, did you notice the girl's left hand?"

"No," I said, "you were the only one of us who had the chance to see her: but you don't mean to say——"



KAIHININ HOTEL, KAMAKURA

"I must thank you, Sir, for having taken such good care of my little girl during my absence."

Helder merely bowed, and then raised his hat to the girl, but as he turned away he muttered, "His little girl, indeed! silly old fool."

When we got outside the station of sorts we found the usual group of *kurumayas* waiting in a well-drilled row, and Sir John Binyon had already handed his baggage-checks to Mr. Aoyama, manager of the Kaihinin Hotel, and had started off with his "little girl" to walk, as it was only a short distance.

The Kaihinin Hotel is better and more comfortable than anywhere else, said Helder, and we agreed. That night at dinner the Binyons sat at a small table

"Yes I do though," he replied.

In spite of the low tone in which these remarks had been made, it was evident that Helder had heard them, for he turned round and asked casually, "What the devil do you mean?"

"Only that she doesn't wear a wedding-ring" said Walters quietly.

"D—n your eyes! And what do you mean to imply by that?" asked Helder savagely.

"I don't imply anything. I draw my own conclusions," said Walters stiffly.

"Just come and look in the visitor's book, and see whether that throws any light upon the situation," I suggested mildly.

This seemed such an obviously practical idea that even two men who had lost

their tempers could hardly refuse to act upon it, and, accordingly, we walked round to the bureau and opened the massive tome in which the names were enshrined.

"Sir John Binyon and Miss Clive Binyon," I read out triumphantly.

"But—but she called him 'Jack'!" exclaimed Walters in an unconvinced tone.

"I suppose a girl can call her father Beelzebub if she likes without asking your leave," said Helder, fiercely: but at this moment I looked up and whispered, "Hold on, here comes the girl herself escorted by Jasper Potts!"

"Why, it seems quite like meeting old friends to find you staying at the same hotel in Kamakura," she said brightly; and when the baronet walked on to the smoking-room Helder suggested, "Won't you come out and see the breakers, they are most charming?"

She looked down at her tiny evening shoes. "Is the grass wet?" she asked doubtfully.

"Oh, no" said Helder, in a tone of conviction, as they walked towards the ocean each.

"Do you know" she remarked, "you seem to be looking happier this evening than when I saw you before."

"One can hardly hope to look one's best on a journey," he said smiling.

"No, but you seemed somehow to wear a vague air of disapproval, didn't you?"

Helder felt that he was getting crowded and he tried to hedge.

"It was very impertinent of me if I did" he said humbly.

"I believe I know why" said Clive, after a pause.

"I don't see how you can" said Helder, feebly.

"You thought I was Jack's wife," she said triumphantly.

Helder blushed guiltily. Had she heard his remark about the "old man's darling?"

"Well, you needn't worry about it" she went on brightly, "because I am quite accustomed to it. People always jump to that conclusion."

"I expect it's because you look at him the way you do," he said lamely.

"I can't help looking like that at people I really care about" said Clive seriously.

"I wish—I wish you'd learn to look at me like that then," said Helder, but so low that he felt sure she could not have heard.

"Haden't we better be going in?" she exclaimed briskly. "I am sure it isn't safe to stay out late, although the climate is excellent." And they turned and sauntered slowly back to the pretty Kaihinin Hotel.

When Helder came into the smoking-room a few minutes later, I had just passed the "Times" across the table to Walters, with my finger on a paragraph that had just caught my eye. It was headed "Death of Colonel Sir John Westerham."

I motioned to Walters to put the paper out of the way: but Helder spotted my intention before Walters did.

"What's that?" he asked, picking up the paper, and reading the announcement of the death of the man who had ruined his life's happiness.

"It's very good of you, old man," he said, turning to me, "to be so anxious to spare my feelings, but I fancy I have quite got over all that now."

A fortnight later he proposed to Clive Binyon.

"You must ask Jack" she said, smiling.

"Jack" gave her away, and I was Helder's best man.

The Horse and Pony Show

MOST glorious weather favoured the Horse and Pony Show which took place on Saturday, May 22nd, when the Recreation Grounds presented a very gay appearance with its display of pretty frocks enhanced by bright sunshine, a cloudless sky and popular refrains from the Town Band. The events that created most interest were the jumping competitions, especially the plucky and determined attempts made by little Miss Ellinger. The jumping of *Pile au Face*, the winner of the Horse Jumping Competition, was in itself well worth going to see, and at the conclusion of this contest two extra rows of bricks were placed upon the wall which he cleared perfectly. Mr. Neumann's grey *Attilas*, driven by Mr. Schnorr, carried off the first prize for turn-outs, while Mr. Wakeford Cox's well-known

gig, with *Challoner* between the shafts, took second.

The Ladies' Driving Competition brought out a number of fair competitors and some excellent driving was witnessed.

In the hack competition for horses there was a goodly turn-out of equestrians

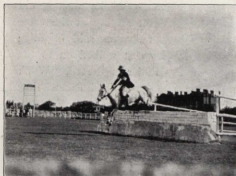


Photo Mr. Murry Warner
MR. J. BRAND ON "PIANOLA"



(1)

MR. SPRING-
FIELD ON
"DIXIE"



(3) MR. DAVIES ON
"CENTIGRADE"



(2) MISS ELLINGER ON "NOEL"



(4) MR. OWEN ON "AGRA"

Photos by Mr. Howell

of both sexes and little Miss Ellinger's clever handling of H. Madier's *Prince*, evoked rounds of applause.

The winners of the various events were as follows:—

CLASS I.—Hacks: China Ponies. To be ridden by either Ladies or Gentlemen. A Special Prize for Ladies, provided five or more compete. Points—walk, trot, canter, manners, and conformation.



(1) MR. LAURENCE ON "BOOS"
(2) MISS ELLINGER ON "NOEL"

Mr. H. S. Goodfellow's bay *Ginger*..... 1
" Saxo-Borussia's brown *Pegasus*..... 2
" F. Hayley Bell's ches. *Carbineer*
honourable mention.

CLASS II.—Hacks: Horses. To be ridden by either Ladies or Gentlemen. A Special Prize for Ladies, provided five or more compete. Points—walk, trot, canter, manners, and conformation.

Mr. H. Madier's bay *Prince*..... 1
" Ed. White's brown *Nibs*..... 2
Ladies' Prize, Mr. D. W. Crawford's br.
Napoleon 1
Mr. D. Landale's bay *Sophia*
honourable mention.

CLASS III.—Jumping Competition: China Ponies.

Mr. W. R. McBain's grey *Maremma*... 1
" E. H. Murphy's grey *Mick* 2
" G. Hanwell's grey *The Gunner*..... 3

CLASS IV (To be driven).—A special prize will be given for the best harness horse. China ponies barred, unless five or more compete, when a special prize will be given for the best turnout. Native drivers not allowed.

Turn-outs must be the *bona-fide* property of the exhibitor. Results:—

Mr. R. Neumann's grey *Attilas*..... 1
" W. Wakeford Cox's bay *Challoner* 2
" J. C. Bergendahl's bay *Faust*..... 3
" " " chestnut *Norah*
special prize for best harness horse.

Best Harness Horse



1ST PRIZE.—MR. SCHNORR DRIVING MR. NEUMANN'S "ATTILAS"

3RD PRIZE.—MRS. SEITZ DRIVING MR. BERGENDAHL'S "FAUST"



MR. KING ON "SOPHIA"

CLASS V.—Jumping Competition—Horses.

Mr. H. Madier's chestnut *Pile au Face* 1

Mrs. T. Morgan Phillips' grey *Bobs*..... 2

Mr. D. Siffert's bay *Voske* 3

CLASS VI.—Ladies' Driving competition—single harness, over a course to be selected by the committee.

Mrs. J. A. Clark's ches. *Gold Bay*..... 1

Mr. H. S. Goodfellow's bl. *Billy*..... 2

Mrs. D. Pecorini's bl. *Stella*..... 3

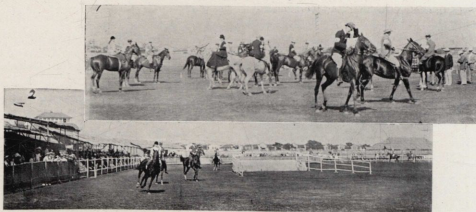
CLASS VII.—Water Jumping Competition for China ponies.

Mr. J. D. Watt's grey *Sayonara* 1

„ Saxo-Borussia's brown *Sagittarius*... 2

„ C. R. Bennett's grey *Webster*..... 3

Hack Competition—Horses



MISS ELLINGER LEADS THE CANTER

DIETETICS

It was at the little junction town of West Liberty, Iowa, at the indecent hour of 3 a.m., that a traveller who had just arrived entered an alleged restaurant near the railway depôt and said :

"Bring me some bacon and eggs."

"Got ye," said the young man behind the manger.

In fifteen or twenty minutes the same young man returned with a plate containing something. The traveller examined it critically, making no motions towards attacking the viands there displayed. Finally he pushed the plate carefully and gently away from him and said :

"Now, son, don't think for a minute I've lost my temper, for I have not done so. Don't think I'm trying to roast you, either, for nothing is further from my thoughts. I simply want to give you some fatherly and much-needed advice. This stuff you have brought me is not edible. Edible, you know, means 'that may be eaten.' This bacon, for instance, is not cooked at all. It is cut, to begin with, half-an-inch thick, instead of a sixteenth of an inch thin, as it should be cut. Then it has simply undergone a Turkish bath until its pores are nicely opened. It is not cooked at all. That, my son, renders it inedible, which means 'that may not be eaten.' If it had been rendered more it would have been nearer edibility.

"Do not feel for a moment that I am disappointed. I am not. I was not hungry. I never would have come in here if I had been hungry. I have been in here before. When I am hungry and should not eat I sometimes come in here to have my appetite removed, which is always promptly accomplished by one glance at what you bring me when I order something that is elsewhere served in edible form. So I am not disappointed or in any way hurt in my feelings. I remembered that I had at various times ordered almost everything else on your bill of fare except bacon and eggs in my previous involuntary visits to your junction. I was curious to know what you would serve under that head in this ironical place. My curiosity has been fully satisfied, and I have had the worth of my money. Here is your quarter. I charge you nothing for my lecture on dietetics. Look that word up. Good-morning, my son, for I think I hear the train from Minneapolis whistling in."

The late Dr. Cawas Lalcaea, L.M.G.C.P.

GREAT consternation and regret was expressed on all sides when Shanghai received the news of the tragic death of Dr. Cawas Lalcaea, L.M.G.C.P., who, with Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Curzon Wylie, was shot by an Indian student at the Imperial Institute on July 2nd, and, although no details of his murder were published at that time, it was generally felt by those who knew him, that his death was accidental, and, presumably, caused by rushing forward to help another as was his natural wont. The son of the late Mr. Cusetji Lalcaea, superintendent of the Postal Service in India, he was born in Ahmedbad, Gujrat Division, India, in 1863, and took preliminary degrees in Bombay. In 1884 he went to London and qualified as L.M.L.R.C.P. and later took his M.D. degree in Brussels. Having resided in Shanghai for twenty-three years, he was very popular and well-known, and his familiar figure and kindly face will be much missed. As a keen volunteer, he held the position of Surgeon-Major, was Principal Medical Officer of the S.V.C., and always took most active interest in promoting military sports and competitions, very often presenting trophies also; while at the Light Horse encampments and gymkhanas, he was a well-known figure, always full of kindly solicitude for the comfort of the guests. He was also an enthusiastic cross-country rider and an ardent lover of horses. Among the Masonic fraternity he was also prominent, being a member of the Grand Lodge of Northern China and a mason of high degree, and always to the fore in philanthropic movements; besides doing many kind and benevolent actions privately.

As a leader of the Parsee community in Shanghai Dr. Lalcaea occupied a prominent place, and always took an active and sympathetic interest in everything concerning the welfare of his own people; when Aga Khan visited Shanghai a few years ago, he did much towards arranging the entertainments given to this distinguished visitor. He only left Shanghai last January intending to have nine or twelve months' furlough, and after



visiting India, left Bombay for London on April the 17th. Dr. Lalcaea's only relation resident in Shanghai is his uncle, Mr. B. P. Lalcaea, exchange and general broker, though his brother is at present on a visit to China and Japan.

This, following three months after the death of Dr. Paulun, is the second of our medical men that has fallen to the sickle of the Great Reaper within this year, both of whom can be ill-spared.

It has been proposed that a subscription be raised for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the late Dr. Lalcaea in the form of a ward endowment to be named after him.

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

ILLUSTRATED AND WRITTEN BY BELLE HEATHER

Decoration Day

MOST impressive was the commemoration service held in the Bubbling Well Cemetery on Decoration Day, by the American section of our community, in memory of the American soldiers and sailors who have died and been buried here in the Far East. It happened to be a lovely calm Sabbath morn, so a large number of Americans were present at the service, which was held under the trees in front of the church door. Dr. Silby opened with

The graves were covered with flowers, and each was surmounted by a tiny American flag. The photograph reproduced shows one of the oldest graves, which had been erected to the memory of a sailor who died early in the fifties. The more recent graves are much grander in design, and taken altogether the group of graves



Photo

J. Law

ONE OF THE MORE RECENT GRAVES, 1907

a brief prayer, then Judge Thayer read an eloquent address, followed by another by Consul-General Denby, and Dr. Hykes closed the service with a benediction. A band of musicians played national airs at intervals, and the S.V.C. sounded the "last post," and thus terminated a very impressive service.



THE OLDEST GRAVE IN THE U.S. SAILORS' SECTION OF THE CEMETERY, DATED 1851

in this historical section of the cemetery is most interesting, and is a distinct credit to the loyal sentiment of Americans in Shanghai.

Public School Sports

THE Annual Athletic Sports of the Public School were held this year in the Public Park, and, being favoured with the best of weather, were a great success. I



DR. HYKES

took my camera down for a short time during the afternoon, and got a few snapshots for the "China Weekly" and "Social Shanghai." The new Public Park is particularly well adapted for sports, and a large number of spectators witnessed the numerous events, amongst whom were many "old boys" and girls. The latter provided refreshments and many of the former took an active part in assisting the committee. The much-coveted School Championship was won by R. Lee, and the 100 yards open by O. Mayne. Dr. and Mrs. Ivy were present, and the latter gracefully presented the prizes to the successful competitors. The committee are to be heartily congratulated on the careful and most successful organization of the Sports, which are calculated to do a great deal to further the sporting instincts

of young Shanghai, and gave a great amount of pleasure to a large number of spectators. The prize list is as follows :—

100 yards open : (1) B. O. Mayne, (2) J. Bowker, (3) J. Ezra.

100 yards under 13 : (1) T. Roberts, (2) C. Ollerdessen, (3) J. Allan.

100 yards under 10 : (1) A. Aiers, (2) B. Pintos, (3) S. Goldman.

220 yards open : (1) R. Lee, (2) C. Barradas, (3) J. Ezra.

220 yards under 13 : (1) T. Roberts, (2) C. Ollerdessen.

440 yards Handicap, open : (1) R. Lee, (2) A. Mooney, (3) P. C. Mansfield.

440 yards Scratch, open : (1) R. Lee, (2) E. Souza, (3) E. Barradas.

1 Mile Bicycle Race : (1) P. C. Mansfield, (2) W. Ferris, (3) J. Turner.



JUDGE THAYER AND MR. HINCKLEY



MR. VAUGHAN, MR. YOUNG, AND MR. BROWETT

Sack Race: (1) J. Ezra, (2) J. Silva, (3) J. Ollerdessen.

Tug of War—"C" Team.

Half-Mile Walk: (1) F. Baradas, (2) R. Berthet, (3) A. Souza.

Hurdle Race: (1) R. Lee, (2) J. Bowker, (3) W. Ferris.

75 yards Kindergarten Race: (1) I. Cohen, (2) W. Mess, (3) F. Wynne.

220 Old Boys: (1) W. Manley, (2) Barrera.

Long Jump open: (1) J. Bowker, (2) B. Baring.

Half-Mile Run: (1) A. Hansen, (2) A. Mooney, (3) P. W. Mansfield.

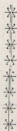
Long Jump under 13: (1) T. Roberts, (2) J. Pearson.

High Jump open: (1) R. Lee, (2) W. Ferris.

High Jump under 13: (1) R. Berthet, (2) C. Ozorio.

Relay Race: (1) R. Lee, (2) J. Ezra, (3) J. Ollerdessen, (4) C. Derby.

Throwing Cricket Ball: (1) B. O. Mayne, (2) B. Wilson.



JUDAH EZRA



I. FIGOROWSKY, A. BOWKER, T. FORRESTER, J. BROWN, G. MARSHAL





F. OLLERDESSEN, T. LEE, A. KOCK



B. O. MAYNE,
Winner 100 yards Championship



MR. LANNING, MR. PRICE, MR. VAUGHAN





1.—START OF THE LOWER SCHOOL HANDICAP

2.—T. BROWN, C. OLLERDESSON, J. ALLAN (220 yards under 13)



AN UP-TO-DATE WAIL

O where is my wandering Ma to-night?

O where can my Mother be?

She hied her forth to the Suffrage fight

And hasn't come home to tea.

The range is cold on the kitchen trail,

The cupboard is bleak and bare,

For Mother has gone to the County Jail

For pulling the Speaker's hair!

O where is my wandering Ma to-night?

My Mother, O where is she?

She dwells in the "Box."

While Father's socks

Are holey as they can be!



A CROWD OF NATIVES IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA LISTENING TO
A VICTOR GRAMAPHONE



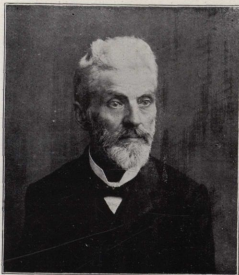


A GROUP REPRESENTING ONE OF OUR MOST PROMINENT HONGS

Well-known Residents in China

JOHANNIS DE RIJKE was born on December 5th, 1842, at Colyns-plaat Island, Nord Beveland, province of Zeeland, in the Netherlands.

Mr. de Rijke comes of engineering stock, his family having for generations back been engaged in the planning and construction of reclamation and of sea defence work.



JOHANNIS DE RIJKE
Whangpoo Conservancy

Mr. de Rijke's first experience of the Far East was in Japan, in which country he landed in the latter part of the year 1873. He stayed in Japan for thirty years, most of which time was passed in the designing, supervision and construction of public works, chiefly in the capacity of official adviser to the Japanese Home Department. On the expiration of the

thirty years, Mr. de Rijke returned home to Holland, with every intention of remaining there; but in November 1905 he received a pressing appeal from the Chinese Government to take over charge of the work on the Whangpoo Conservancy Scheme; with which request he complied by arriving in China in the following February.

With the exception of several large undertakings of a similar nature in Holland, the Whangpoo Conservancy Scheme is probably one of the most ambitious of its kind yet undertaken in the world.

Mr. de Rijke did not come a stranger to his new post, for as early as 1897, while still serving with the Japanese Government, he had been requested by the Shanghai General Chamber of Commerce to come over and investigate the harbour and its approaches; to examine the state of the river, which was rapidly growing worse; and to consider as to the most appropriate steps to be taken in combating the natural difficulties.

For this purpose Mr. de Rijke applied for and received two months' leave of absence from the Japanese Government, who were also interested in the matter. Having tendered his reports, Mr. de Rijke returned to Japan, to be called away from his home in Holland years later, as mentioned above.

Mr. de Rijke is married; Mrs. de Rijke and four children being at present in Holland; while a son and daughter are residing with their father in Shanghai, the former acting as his father's private secretary.



Garden Notes



JULY

THIS is one of the hottest months of the year (in 1892 the thermometer averaged 90° for the whole month, having been 100° for several days) consequently out-of-door work in a garden becomes impossible after the sun is up and in the evening one is generally too tired to do much. A good deal can be done by the native in watering plants, weeding paths and shrubberies and generally keeping things neat; all creepers should be looked to and nailed if necessary.

Ferns and palms especially require liberal syringing, and if all this is properly done, the gardener will be kept busy enough.

The flowers in bloom include dahlias, zinnias, cannas, heliotrope, geraniums, sun flowers, balsam, begonias, convolvulus, coreopsis, clematis, magnolias, florida lilies, gloxinias, lobelia, plumbago, and nasturtiums.

Primulas.—The seedlings should be showing up in the pans and about the third week sufficiently large to be picked out, an inch apart.

Cyclamens are gradually losing their leaves and should not be watered any longer.

Climbing Roses have been lately imported from America and British Columbia with great success; orders sent to the Layritz Nursery, Victoria, British Columbia, will meet with prompt attention; three-year old plants are the best to get over, and the following may serve as a guide:—

Crimson Rambler	Belle Lyonnaise
Marechal Neil	W. A. Richardson
Glorie-de-dijon	Climbing meteor
Reine Marie Henriette	Carmine pillars
E. V. Hermanos	Climbing Kaiserine
Lamarque	Reve d'Or

The cost is about \$1 each for each plant, if ordered in summer they will be sent over in November; have the place ready for planting them where they are to remain, and cover with dry stable manure; they will make a fine show in two years time.

Arbours and trellis work if kept in good order, and confined to growing roses or jessamine upon, are desirable additions; some persons plant wisteria, and if carefully trained it does very well, but as the plant grows stronger, it will tear the structure to pieces. Arbors are best built of fir poles; a fair sized one capable of seating a dozen persons should not cost more than \$50 and ought to be well raised off the ground.



Creepers.

Ivy.—The best kind of covering for walls is, of course, ivy, as it remains green all the year round, but it is a very slow grower at first, and unless it is wanted on rockeries or a low wall, many persons cannot wait until it is able to cover a house. Plant in spring.

Virginia Creeper.—The quickest grower is this species which will run up the walls of a house in two or three years and it effectually masks any ugly buildings, but it sheds its leaves at the end of October, budding again in April: the smaller leaves turn red before falling and look very effective.

Bignonia.—Another fine creeper which grows fast when once established is the bignonia; it flowers in August and has large clusters of orange-coloured blossoms; it does not require much nailing, and is easily propagated from layers or cuttings.

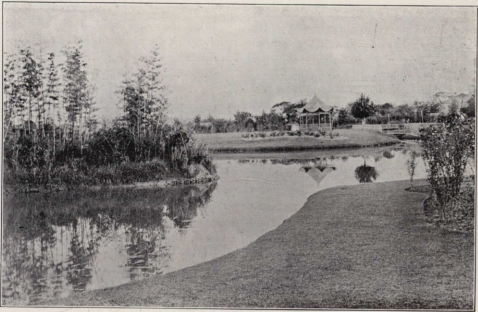
Honeysuckle grows fast but is very thin and is better for trellis work, etc., as it requires to be nailed on walls: it is rather a ragged creeper by itself, as it grows older.

Convolvulus will also cover a fence in a few weeks, flowering profusely in September and October, but the first

ugly corner or to clothe a dead tree, there is nothing so effective or ornamental, as it requires no attention after the first year, beyond confining its too luxuriant overgrowth from time to time: it does not flower as a rule until it is three or four years old.

Vines.—A grape vine also forms a good screen, but will not climb walls without being nailed: generally a troublesome job after a certain height.

Wild Hop.—The wild hop grows everywhere and unless kept in bounds will



Photo

R. Macgregor

HONGKEW RECREATION GROUND—CENTRAL LAKE AND TEMPORARY BAND-STAND

frost destroys it completely: once introduced into a garden, it will sow itself every year and has to be weeded out, or it will cover everything within reach.

Wisteria.—Both purple and white grows very luxuriantly and if it is planted near a pond where the roots can get to water, it attains a very heavy growth, utterly destroying any tree which it may climb round, it should therefore not be allowed on handsome trees: but for masking an

strangle every bush and plant within reach; the first cold night will kill it, and the withered clusters look particularly untidy; it should only be allowed in places where it does not matter if it grows or not.

Clematis and Jessamine, both white and yellow, can be freely introduced into any garden, but they require nailing on walls, so should not be allowed to grow too high.

Canariensis, *Smilax* and *Asparagus* Vines are very ornamental in pots, but are not much use in the open; they are all easily raised from seed.



Palms

THESE graceful adjuncts to a drawing-room or hall are often badly neglected: they are subjected to hot rooms generally lighted by gas and soon deteriorate unless they receive constant and almost daily attention. Except in winter they should be out of doors all night, and if not wanted in the house, placed in a shady spot under a bamboo shelter with blinds that can be drawn back at night or in rainy weather. The leaves require syringing at all times, and should look fresh and green and soft to the touch: palms that are neglected are generally covered with dust, have dry leaves, mostly brown at the tips. Unless taken in hand they lose their leaves altogether, and may as well be destroyed or cut down to the roots, as the stems become quite bare and leaves do not grow again on them. In winter they will do well enough in rooms that are warmed daily, but should not be left in places

which are only occasionally heated and left to freeze slowly; they will live for years in the same pot or tub, but in time will get "pot bound," *i.e.*, the roots will fill up the whole pot, when they should be shifted into a larger one. The gardener should be made to sponge the leaves with tepid water at intervals during the winter to get rid of the dust, which will often not come away by mere syringing, an old soft tooth brush is also very useful in freeing the leaves from dust: if done on a wet day, it will give the man something to occupy his time.

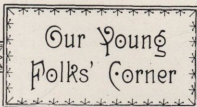
Some destruction to the leaves is caused by black ants and spiders in summer which attack the plant if it is not constantly syringed and kept clean.

Cycas, commonly called *sago palms* (in large pots or tubs), look well in big grounds, but are not recommended for small gardens, as they must be sheltered in winter and take up a great deal of space, otherwise they give very little trouble: they require as much sun as possible, and plenty of room for the fronds to spread: in dry weather they should be occasionally watered: they are very slow growers, throwing out one crown of fronds only every year.



"BLOSSOM OR BROOM."

I wonder if the broom's in flower beside the steep white way
That leads to Preston-under-Scar beneath the moorland grey;
I wonder if the wind comes down as once it used to do,
All almond-sweet from golden gorse by woods like lakes of blue. . .
I wonder if the white sheep pass slow-cropping round the gorse,
While, jingling all his cheerful bells, comes carrier with his horse;
I wonder if the curlew calls from lonely moorside far
As if he called me home again when broom's out under Scar.



A Canine Hero

WALKING down a pretty country lane was a little girl. She was not alone. A small terrier, smart, and ears up-pricked, trotted before her. The dog seemed to be well aware that the little maid was in his charge.

Presently they came to a gate, behind which, in a field, stretched a golden mass of cowslips. Into this the little girl pushed her way, and soon was busily engaged picking the flowers. For a few minutes the terrier stood by watching. Then, satisfied that no harm could befall his little mistress, he set off to explore the hedges.

So the time passed. And what with burrowing, and chasing everything that came in his way, the thoughtless terrier did not hear the terrified cries that rose from the field outside. Nor did he see the huge, brown-red form of an infuriated bull rushing madly towards his little mistress.

At the sight of the huge creature with its big, flaming eyes, the child screamed with terror. Then, casting away her flowers, she fled as fast as her small legs would carry her. Behind her thundered the bull. At every step it gained on the child. Now only a yard separated them. Now but a foot. Then the great head bent, and with a savage lunge the brute tossed the child high in the air.

But someone had seen. And that someone was the little terrier. For a moment he stood motionless, as if considering what was happening. His little mistress was being murdered. He must prove his mettle.

Rushing up with a short bark, he reached the bull as the child fell heavily to



Our Portrait Gallery

A LITTLE SHANGHAI GIRL IN HER FIRST COMMUNICANT VEIL

the ground. A moment later his sharp teeth closed firmly on the bull's ear. Maddened by pain, the frenzied beast, shaking off the dog, rushed at him furiously.

The girl rose unsteadily to her feet. She seemed too dazed to venture to escape. Time after time she saw the bull rush at the dog. And as many times the little animal dodged, and bit furiously at the roaring beast.

At last the child, recovering from her terror, ran to the hedge and began clambering through, unobserved by the bull. But the terrier saw, and returned to the fight with redoubled energy. Then when his mistress had escaped in safety, the little hero sped quickly through the hedge.

Needless to say, there is not a little girl in all England more proud of her dog than the young heroine of this story.

With what pride did she, on reaching home, tell the story of her gallant little terrier's brave struggle with his formidable antagonist. For, but for the courage and intelligence of the little dog, the child would certainly have fallen a victim to the ferocity of the bull.



Our Portrait Gallery
MRS. LANDALE'S CHILDREN OUT FOR THEIR
MORNING RIDE

Running Footmen

IN former days, when coaches did not go above five miles an hour, and roads were not macadamised, footmen used to run before their masters. They were considered indispensable attendants upon the carriage of a great man, and doubtless their services were often in requisition. They cleared the way, paid the turnpikes, helped to pull the carriage out of the ruts, or to support it on each side to prevent its

being overturned; and they bore torches which in London they put out on their return home by means of the iron extinguishers attached to the lamp railings, such as may yet be seen in front of the old houses in May Fair. The dress of the running footman was often gaudy, and he carried in his hand a long pole, six or seven feet long, with a silver ball at the end, made hollow, which was to hold an egg or some wine. The pole was also used for leaping ditches or hard parts of the road; and great feats in this way are recorded of some footmen. The powers of endurance of these men were wonderful. It is asserted that in a bad road they could easily keep ahead of a coach-and-six, but on level ground the pace of the horses would be somewhat slackened on their account. It was not unusual for them to go sixty miles in the day.



Teaching by Example

A GENTLEMAN presented his son with a gold watch, but he had frequently to warn him not to carry it in a careless manner. But, in spite of this advice, the young man carried it as carelessly as ever. Wishing to teach him a lesson, his father asked him what time it was, having previously removed the watch. The young man's grief was great when he found the watch was gone. "Never mind," said his father, "I took it myself, to show you how easily you could be robbed. Here it is." He put his hand into his pocket to restore the watch, but, to his dismay, he found it gone. Some thief had stolen it.



A Reason for its Colour

LITTLE BOY (to nigger woman): "Aunt Martha, was that baby of yours raised on the bottle?"

"Yaas, chile; why?"

"Well, it must have been an ink bottle."

My Lesson

I USED to kill birds in my boyhood;
 Blackbirds and robins and wrens;
 I hunted them up on the hillsides,
 I hunted them down in the glens.
 I never thought it was sinful,
 I did it only for fun;
 I had rare sport in the forest,
 With the poor little birds and my gun.

But one clear day in the springtime
 I spied a brown bird in the tree,
 Merrily swinging and chirping,
 As happy as bird could be
 And raising my gun in a twinkling
 I fired, but my aim was too true,
 For a moment the little thing fluttered
 Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
 And there, to my sorrow, I found—
 Right close to its nest of young ones—
 The little bird dead on the ground.
 Poor birdies for food they were calling,
 But now they could never be fed,
 For the kind mother bird who had loved them
 Was lying there, bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish
 And stroked the wee motherly thing,
 That nevermore could feed her dear young
 ones,
 Nor dart through the air on swift wing.
 And I made a firm vow in that moment
 When my heart with such sorrow was
 stirred,
 That never again in my lifetime
 Would I shoot a poor innocent bird.

His Point of View

Boy (reading): "She threw herself into
 the river. Her husband, horror-stricken,
 rushed to the bank—"

TEACHER (cutting in): "Why did the
 husband rush to the bank?"

Boy: "Please, sir, to get the insurance
 money!"

Riddles

WHAT church official would be most
 useful on the battle-field?—A canon.

WHAT table has not a leg to stand on?
 —The multiplication table.

WHO may marry many a wife, and yet
 live single all his life?—A clergyman.

WHY is the letter Y like a young spend-
 thrift?—Because it makes pa pay.

WHY can we send no more despatches
 to Washington?—Because he is dead.



Our Portrait Gallery
 EDNA BAEHR

Some Quaint Sayings

PARADOXICAL

"Isn't it funny, papa?" exclaimed a small
 boy who had been in the kitchen watching
 the cook preparing the Christmas turkey.

"What's funny?"

"Why, when they dress a turkey they
 always take off his clothes."

TOMMY WAS RIGHT

TOMMY was a very naughty boy. He was most unwilling to go to the barber's. At last, with a lot of persuasion, he ran in, but returned in less than five minutes. "Why, Tommy," said his mother, "you surely have not had your hair cut so soon?" "No, mamma," said Tommy, "the barber says they are not cutting hair any longer now."



Our Portrait Gallery

IMA AND ANNIE MCCOLL

VERY OBVIOUS!

"IN looking out of doors, do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and the leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting.

"Yes, sir."

"Why does it appear so much brighter at this summer time?" he next asked, looking looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest.

"Because ma has cleaned the window and you can see out better," she said.

He Knew!

MOTHER: "Where are those oranges that were on the table?"

TOMMY: "With the cookies that were in the cupboard, I suppose."



Avaricious Johnny!

CALLER: "Would you like me to give you a shilling, Johnny?"

JOHNNY: "Yes."

CALLER: "Yes, if you——what——"

JOHNNY: "If you can't spare any more"



An Alternative

MOTHER: "Not one bit more cake to-night, sonny, you can't go to sleep properly on a full stomach."

SONNY: "Oh, just one bit more, mother, I can sleep on my back."



Did he like it?

UNCLE: "Do you like the country, my boy?"

CITY NEPHEW: "Well, it'd be better if it had more houses, an' streets, an' tramcars, an' p'licemen, an' such things."



The Handle of the Sky

A LITTLE girl went to Switzerland when she was three years old, and was very happy there, picking gentians and other pretty flowers, but she liked the mountains best of all. She said, "I mean to climb to the top of the mountains, and then I shall turn the handle of the sky and walk in."

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,

Who served under General Gordon

An Expedition to kill all the Countrymen

August 1860.

I COMMENCED gathering all the information I could from some old countryman, about the river, where it went to, where it entered the sea, and so forth. The rebels commenced building stockades, and making everything as comfortable as possible. I kept asking them how long they were going to stop—

They used to tell me, "till the rice was ripe, in about a month's time."

The Imperials incited the country to destroy all the rice before it got ripe and starve the rebels out of the province. Some of them did this, and that very close to the rebel camp. The Kung Wang then started saying he would kill every countryman for sixty *li* around the place. His first march was down the river, and I was very anxious to go and the others said they would go too.

We started at 11 a.m. The next morning there were three Imperial stockades, but they were surprised and butchered before they could rub the sleep, or opium, out of their eyes. After this affair, we were sent back to camp, as two of our party had run away and tried to make the Imperial camp, but were taken by the outlying posts and beheaded. This left four of the thirteen. The rebels stopped to cut the rice when it got ripe. When I got back to the camp, I proposed to my chum to run away, walk along the bank during the day time very slowly, and as soon as it got dark, to make belief to return, until we got to the river. He

would not do it, he said his life was safe as long as he did not try to run away from them. For instance, there were those two other fellows dead for trying it, and he was not to be persuaded, so I started myself one morning after breakfast. Nobody ever troubled me all the way until I got pretty close to the advance. Then I heard them making inquiries of one another if I was going to run away. This made me more cautious, so I stopped and had some rice with some soldiers. After this I went to the river and commenced bathing, and they seeing me so much at home, lost all suspicions of me. It took me a long time to bathe, and I thought the sun would never set.

I ESCAPE

As soon as it did, I got into a clump of bamboo and there stowed myself away until it got quite dark, then I slipped out, but was very cautious, as I was not certain whether anyone saw me go in or not. However, everything was quiet and I commenced looking for something to float on. I could find nothing loose, so I unshipped a joss house door and went away like 2.40. All that night I went without meeting anything to disturb me, and as soon as it began to be light, I went on shore, dragging my door with me, and stowing it away amongst the bamboos on the bank, I crept up higher myself and lay down on the rocks. As soon as the sun began to warm me, pains attacked me in all my limbs. My God! I never suffered so much in all my life! It brought tears in my eyes. This lasted about five hours,

it then gradually left me. Just as soon as it was dark again I started. I was now twenty-four hours without food or sleep; the latter gradually overcame me although I tried to master it. My sleep was very rudely broken late in the night by some loud voices very close to me, in fact I was within twenty feet of a boat, drifting direct on her. It was too late to throw myself from the door, so I straightened myself out on my back. I could hear one of the boatmen tell another to take a bamboo and push off the dead rebel. This made me very nervous, perhaps he would stick a spear into me. I had to turn my head. I saw the fellow with the bamboo standing up, all the rest were below. He had one hand on his nose for fear he would get the scent of the imaginary dead body. When the plank was within his reach, he pushed his pole into it, and if he had not been so confident that I was a dead rebel, he would have seen something that would have astonished him. As luck would have it, he stuck his pole, and gave the shove as though he was in a hurry to get rid of so stinking a carcass. I thanked him sincerely for his kindness and thought how it would have been if they had held on to my door and disfigured the corpse, as is usual with them. I did not want to sleep any more that night, but kept watch, in case I should fall in with any more boats. I should think it was about two hours afterwards, and the moon had just dipped behind the hill, when I heard some voices overhead. One asked "What was that floating down the river?" A woman answered, "It is a dead rebel." The man picked a large stone, telling the woman to watch if I moved. He then threw it with such good aim that it struck the corner of my door not four inches from my head, but the woman said I never moved, for which I could go on my knees to her, for if I had been taken by a country-

man or a soldier, I would have been killed there and then. I had reason to hope that if I fell into a civil mandarin's hands, he would observe the treaty, but countrymen or soldiers would not do anything but torture me and finally kill me. The moon had now gone down, and I expected some place to stow away on the bank, but the stream seemed to be taking me along very fast and not near any bank. Presently, lights began to move on shore, and cocks to crow. I thought I was in the suburbs of some city. As soon as day began to break, I saw some hills a little way from me, and instead of my going nearer, I found myself gliding as smooth as if I was on a mill-pond. Presently I saw the whole affair. I had got into a whirlpool formed by the entrance of another river. How long I had been going round in this style I had no idea, nor did I stop to think, but slipped off my door (for which I was very sorry), and made for the hills. I got there, although feeling very weak, and commenced climbing up the steep side; hunger troubled me, so did the loss of my door. I could not expect to find another door, or piece of wood even, where wood is so very scarce. I stopped and thought of all I had suffered from hunger a month and a half before, and how often I swore I would die before I would do it again, so I turned and went back.

CAPTURED AGAIN BY COUNTRY PEOPLE.

I had not got more than half-way back to the river when I was seized by some boatmen. They called me a rebel, and commenced stripping me of my clothes. After this, they tied my hands behind my back, and commenced disputing about whether they would kill me or let me go. One big fellow tied my feet together and gave me a chuck on the back of the neck, sending me head foremost into a rice-field. He then placed his knee on my

back and pressed my head so far into the mud that I could scarcely breathe. There was a yell given and I felt something cold on my neck. The next moment I was on my feet and an old man was assisting me, holding the knife in his hand and threatening the big fellow who tied me down. He asked me where I came from, in the mandarin dialect, of which I understood a few words. I told him; he shook his head and gave me to understand that he thought he was protecting a missionary, not a rebel. He took me to his house, and gave me some clothes and food, then told me he could keep me no longer; I must go to the officer in charge of the village. He went with me. My first salute on entering was a slap on the face, he spat on me and made use of such bad language (my God, there is nothing in the English language to express its meaning), that my old friend put in a word for me. He turned on him and made the old fellow quake. The mandarin was of a very low grade, only a Lue Bingsu or glass button, but I supposed him to be some great man's son. After his passion cooled down, he commenced asking me where I came from. This I let him imagine I

could not understand, because I wanted to know what they would decide on. After some talk with his people he sent me away. He returned in about an hour bringing a military red button mandarin with him. I thought I recognized his face and he did not leave me long in doubt, but came over and gave me a chair to sit on, asking me at the same time if I knew him. No? I know you. Do you know Soochow, Quinsan, Chanchow? Yes, I fought the rebels in all those cities. Oh yes, I know you did. He here called for some tea and some hot water to wash my face, telling the other officer how many Europeans they had in Kiangsu, and what good men they were. I then asked where they would send me, I would like to go to Swatow, as I knew it was not far off. They told me that they could not send me to Swatow as that man was not big enough, I must go back the way I came to Kahingchow, and that great man would send me where he liked. My soldier friend gave me one hundred cash, or ten cents, to buy refreshments on the road. I asked how many *li*, and was told sixty, or twenty miles.

(To be continued.)



A HAPPY THOUGHT

You may talk of the joy of the brand-new day,
Of the sun through your window streaming,
When you wake from the silent darksome night,
And escape its troublous dreaming.

But fairest to me of the fair delights,
That makes this earth a heaven,
Is the joy of finding it half-past six,
When I thought it was half-past seven.

Shanghai Juvenile
A. D. Club

IN

"DICK WHITTINGTON AND
His CAT"

At the Lyceum Theatre

14TH JUNE, 1909.



Photo

OFF TO BARBARY

Denniston & Sullivan



From

Reading from left to right:—

BACK ROW.—JESSIE HORROCKS, ALMA RASMUSSEN, DOROTHY KATZ, MARJORIE WAVELL, CLARA MOSS, HILDA VAN CORBACH, CHARLOTTA PERLMANN, GRIZELLA PERLMANN
FRONT ROW.—LUCY KIDD, INEZ RASMUSSEN, BEATRICE WHITE, HENRY STELLINGWERFF, CAT (ANGUS FERGUSEN), WINNIE KIDD, IVOR RASMUSSEN, LENA WIDLER,
AND LILIAN BOK

Denniston & Sullivan

The Quiet Hour

On Family Quarrels

THE subject of family quarrels is one of which quiet, innocent, good people who believe the best of everybody have very little knowledge. They would be inclined to deny that there can exist a widespread evil of the kind, and certainly they would not grant that the serious disagreement of relatives is of almost universal range. All of us would like to agree with them if we could, for the picture of family unity, loyalty, and affection is attractive in the highest possible degree; but a wider experience of human weakness reveals the strange fact that in almost every family, either between member and member or between branch and branch, there is a rift. If there be no open hostility, there is alienation or an absence of cordiality, and often the deepest and most unreasonable quarrels have an exclusively family character. It is a painful subject, that ought to be fairly faced by everybody.

When one sits down quietly to consider it, and begins by looking carefully at the many illustrative cases that one has watched or heard of, the wonder that such things should be grows less; the naturalness of the weakness becomes obvious. For example, look at the difficulties of the members of a single household, without going so far afield as to consider the jealousies of rival branches of a family. The avoidance of clashing wills is not an easy matter where only two people are concerned. Every newly-married couple has a lesson to learn in that respect. There may be almost a passionate desire to consider and respect each other's every wish, and yet the interplay of perfectly independent minds brings some sense of friction now and again. If this is so with husband and wife to an extent that can be overcome only by the most careful wisdom and loving conciliation, how much more is friction likely to arise when the number of personalities is considerably increased and

all are living together in the closest intimacy? For, be it observed, commonplace intercourse is much more readily sustained without flaw or failure than the more delicate and tender relationships. Much is given by affection and family ties, and much is required by them. Susceptibility is heightened wherever love comes into play, and the look or the word that would have no power to harm if used by the stranger or mere acquaintance may wound deeply if directed by a brother against a sister, or a mother against a daughter, or a son against a father.

Much family strife is a direct result of attempts at selfish imposition and a necessary resistance to it. The weak, the vicious, the lazy, the careless, the irresponsible try to use the family tie in order to prey upon the industrious, the successful, and especially on the generous, and this war between the deserving and the undeserving is complicated by the curious fact that personal preference in parents and others sometimes turns most readily to the undeserving. In many cases nothing can be too good in a mother's eyes for a lad who is being spoiled by a fond indulgence and turned into a life-long dependant. But others see what the blind eye of love fails to perceive, and sooner or later human nature revolts against imposition. So it comes about that there are family estrangements, and, it may be, quarrels. We are convinced that some of the worst social wrongs are being daily committed in the name of family affection by lazy people who "sponge on" their devoted relatives. It would be wise for every family that has a "Poor Jim" in it, or any other family exception supposed to deserve special treatment or kindness, to pause and ask honestly what it all really means. The likelihood is that goodness is being exploited to give worthless selfishness an easier life; and the true remedy is not to start a quarrel but simply to cease being made a tool of.

MEN OF NOTE IN CHINA

HON. E. A. HEWETT, MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE
COUNCIL, HONGKONG.

MR. HEWETT, the present representative of the Hongkong General Chamber of Commerce in the Legislative Council of that colony, is a gentleman of culture with a public-spiritedness to be found in very few of our latter-day *taipans*. In the stirring times of the Boxer trouble Mr. Hewett was chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Council, in which position he succeeded in rendering important services to the community at large. The Hongkew Park,

took in the initiation of the Huangpu conservancy work that Mr. Hewett will be best remembered in after years by all who have anything at stake in Shanghai. For a number of years Mr. Hewett had almost unceasingly advocated the conservancy of the river, warning the Chinese of the serious consequences in store for the trade of the port, if such works were not speedily undertaken.

Mr. Hewett's career here was cut short by his transference to the Hongkong agency of the P. & O. Co. The Dutch Government has recognized Mr. Hewett's public services in Shanghai by decorating him with the order of Nassau.

In Hongkong Mr. Hewett found a larger field for the exercise of his great ability and public-spiritedness. No sooner had he arrived in that colony than he was appointed a member of the sanitary board, which was at that time in continual friction with the Colonial government, the official members of the board voting solid against the non-officials, thus creating a deadlock. The friction culminated in the appointment of a public commission to inquire into the working of the sanitary board, Mr. Hewett being appointed chairman. The report of the commission was of such a sensational nature and so many abuses were exposed that the Government had to dismiss or suspend a number of public servants, not without a bad grace since the Colonial Secretary went out of his way to characterise the report of the commission as too "sweeping." Mr. Hewett's next public service in Hongkong was to address a serious note of warning to the Hongkong government against heaping any further imposition on shipping in that colony, if they did not wish to drive all the trade elsewhere.

This sketch will serve to show the warm interest Mr. Hewett has always taken in the mercantile prosperity of China.



THE HON. E. A. HEWETT

which is already so popular a resort, will ever be a monument of Mr. Hewett's foresight—in the early purchase of the land at a very low figure. But it will doubtless be for the prominent part he

Matrimonial Commandments

The Husband's Commandments

1.—I am thy husband whom thou didst vow to love, honour, and obey; for I saved thee from old maidism, and the terror of single-blessedness.

2.—Thou shalt not look upon any other man, to love or admire him; for I, thy husband, am a jealous husband, who will visit the sin of the wife upon her followers: therefore keep thou faithfully to thy marriage vow.

3.—Thou shalt not backbite thy husband, nor speak lightly of him: neither shalt thou expose his faults to thy neighbour lest he should hear of it, and punish thy perfidy by a deprivation of sundry items, such as bonnets, dresses, etc.

4.—Thou shalt purchase cigars for thy husband rather than ribbons for thyself.

5.—Thou shalt not go to the opera or evening parties without thy husband: neither shalt thou dance too frequently with thy "cousin" or thy "husband's friend."

6.—Thou shalt not listen to flattery, nor accept gifts or trinkets, from any man save thy husband.

7.—Thou shalt not rifle thy husband's pockets for money when he is asleep: neither shalt thou read any letters thou mayst find therein: for it is his business to look after his own affairs and thine to let his alone.

8.—Thou shalt conceal nothing from thy husband.

9.—Thou shalt make no false representation of the state of thy pantry, thy purse, or thy wardrobe.

10.—Remember to rise early in the morning and be prepared with becoming

good humour to welcome thy husband at the breakfast table.

11.—Look for no jewellery from thy husband on the anniversary of thy wedding for it is written, "Blessed are they who expecteth nothing for they shall not be disappointed."



The Wife's Commandments

1.—Thou shalt have no other wife but me.

2.—Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen hussey, to bow down to her, to serve her, for I am a jealous wife.

3.—Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.

4.—Remember to keep her respectably.

5.—Honour thy wife's father and mother.

6.—Thou shalt not scold.

7.—Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinners.

8.—Thou shalt rock the cradle in my absence, and prepare the tea for my return.

9.—Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbours.

10.—Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern, thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whisky, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rum-seller.

11.—Thou shalt not visit the billiard saloon, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor the heaps of money that lay on the table.

12.—Thou shalt not stay out later than 10 o'clock at night.

Cricket Match

SHANGHAI PUBLIC SCHOOL *versus* TRINITY CATHEDRAL SCHOOL

THE third annual match between the above schools took place on Wednesday, June 30th, on the Shanghai Cricket Club's Ground, which was kindly lent by the Committee for the occasion.



MASTER A. HOLROYD
Of the Cathedral School Team

At 11 a.m. the Public School won the toss and Ferris and Baring opened the match. At the finish the Cathedral School were declared winners by an innings and 79 runs, and the bat presented by Mr. W. C. Murray and Mr. D. W. Crawford was won by G. Flagg with a score of 46 runs. A thoroughly enjoyable tiffin was given by Mr. H. E. R. Hunter, and well appreciated by all, at the conclusion of which Mr. G. M. Billings presented Flagg with the bat, while Clarke called for three cheers for Mr. Hunter for supplying the tiffin.

The following are the scores and analysis:—

PUBLIC SCHOOL

First Innings

W. Ferris, b. Macdonald	1
B. Baring, c. Wallace, b. Clarke	0
Souza, b. Clarke	9
J. Ollerdesen, c. Clarke, b. Macdonald	0
J. Turner, l.b.w., b. Macdonald	2
L. Strom, b. Clarke	4
R. Nash, b. Clarke	3
J. Hawes, run out	0
F. Machado, run out	4
A. Nash, run out	1
H. Gillen, not out	5
Extras	0

Total... 29



MR. G. M. BILLINGS, Master of the Public School
REV. F. PERRY, Master of the Cathedral School

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	O.	M.	R.	W.
A. Clarke	7.5	1	18	4
T. Macdonald	7	3	11	3

Second Innings

Ollerdesen, l.b.w., b. Clarke	2
Ferris, b. Macdonald	0
Souza, l.b.w., b. Clarke	2
Baring, c. Casey, b. Clarke	10
Strom, c. and b. Clarke	4
Turner, c. and b. Wallace	2
Nash, b. Clarke	3
Hawes, c. Clarke, b. Wallace	0
Machado, run out	4
Gillen, run out	0
Nash, not out	0
Extras	0

Total... 27



REV. A. J. WALKER AND MR. G. M. BILLINGS
INSPECTING THE GROUND

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Clarke	5	0	15	5
Macdonald	2	0	9	1
Wallace	2.4	1	3	2

CATHEDRAL SCHOOL

T. Macdonald, run out	22
P. Wilson, c. Gillen, b. Strom	4
A. J. Clarke, b. Hawes	12
G. Flagg, l.b.w., b. Ferris	46
Manceil, not out	12
A. J. Carey, b. Souza	3
Wallace, not out	11
Extras	4

Total (for five wickets)..... 114

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	O.	M.	R.	W.
E. Souza	16	5	28	1
L. Strom	11	3	25	1
J. Hawes	10	2	29	1
Ollerdesen	6	2	16	0
Ferris	4	1	12	1

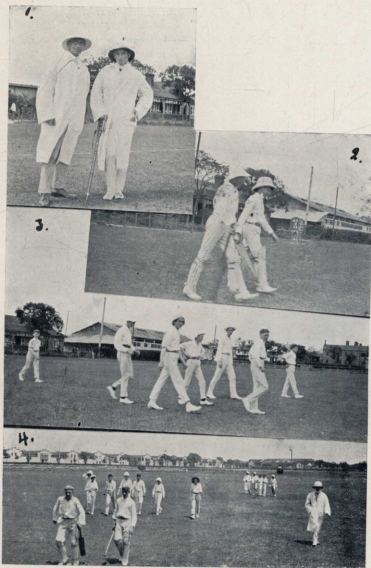


MISS NEWBERRY
Teacher of the Cathedral School

We are pleased to note that these Annual Matches between the schools are becoming a popular institution, thereby fostering a love of sport in the youngsters that is as commendable as it is healthy.



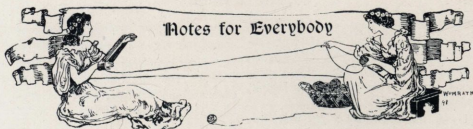
A. CLARKE, Captain of the Cathedral School Team
J. OLLERDESSEN, Captain of the Public School Team



Photo

A. Helroyd

1. UMPIRES: MR. GREY—PUBLIC SCHOOL. REV. R. G. WINNING—CATHEDRAL SCHOOL
2. MACDONALD AND FLAGG GOING TO BAT AFTER TIFFIN
3. CATHEDRAL TEAM GOING TO FIELD
4. PUBLIC SCHOOL TEAM ADJOURNING FOR TIFFIN



Notes for Everybody

For Parents

THE KINDERGARTEN TEACHING CHILDREN TO TEACH THEMSELVES

MANY people pronounce the kindergarten system to be a failure because they do not sufficiently understand it, or else it is not the true system worked out in the true way which has come under their notice:

The kindergarten system is excellent: but it should be adapted and then it is ever victorious. Adapt it to the needs of the child, adapt to the needs of the present generation, adapt it with all the enthusiasm of a deep love for children, and a splendid foundation for a keen life will be the result. The child will grow up observant, clear headed, with eyes already opened to the beautiful in art, music, and literature, and possessed of a never failing interest in all around him, and a reverence for the Unseen Power lurking everywhere, a life attuned to the will of God. I write from a faith in the system based upon much practical experience with young children in all classes of life, and I have never known it to fail.

In a kindergarten a child is taught by means of his own self-activity: creativeness is brought into play, and his individuality is carefully fostered.

To give a concrete example:

Instead of showing the children a picture of a mole, and telling them that its front teeth are very large and shovel shaped to enable them to dig into the ground for their food and home, we endeavour, by means of tactful, interesting questions, to lead them to arrive at the knowledge by

their own reasoning powers, their own activity. A stuffed mole is exhibited—what do you notice about its feet? Why are they shovel shaped? Where does he sleep? Does he use his front paws? and so on, until the child, with a thrill of delight, arrives at the conclusion that there is a reason and he has himself found it.



For the Hygienic Woman

SOME HEALTH MAXIMS

TAKE plenty of outdoor exercise.

Live in the open air as much as possible.

Get up early in the morning, and go to bed betimes at night.

Drink a tumblerful of cold water the first thing in the morning and another before going to bed.

Avoid much meat in hot weather.

Take plenty of vegetables and ripe, sound fruit.

Avoid strong tea and coffee, and take milk in preference to either.

Abjure salted or smoked fish and meat.

Bathe the face in cold water immediately on rising.

After the morning bath rub the body over well with damp salt, and then sponge with tepid water.

Perform a few simple muscle exercises for two minutes before dressing in the morning.

Avoid tight corsets, tight shoes, and tight neckbands and gloves.

Practise breathing exercises by the open window.

Wear light clothing with silk or wool as an absorbent next the skin.

For Mothers

BEAUTY HINTS FOR BABIES

DON'T let small children get into bad habits that are likely to cause lasting disfigurement.

I met the other day a girl who was permitted to suck her thumb until she was old enough to go to school, and now has two prominent upper teeth that stick out like tusks.

She is terribly conscious of the disfigurement, which might easily have been prevented if taken in good time, for even if the mother had been unable to prevent the thumb-sucking, any dentist could have cured the outstanding teeth if she had been taken to him in time.

Even an almost ugly child, if looked after during its growing years, can be made quite passably good looking, but by the time he or she is old enough to take a personal interest in the subject it is often too late.

Prominent ears, for instance, can be made to lie close to the head if the child wears an ear cap regularly at night; while a nose that is broad and shapeless if gently massaged every day with thumb and forefinger, working always downwards towards the point, can be improved in a few months out of all knowledge.

Then there are the eyebrows. If baby's are very thin and skimpy, rub in very gently, twice a week, a little vaseline. This encourages the growth, and as good eyebrows are an enormous improvement to even an otherwise good-looking face, they are quite worth taking a little trouble over.

Never neglect the weekly shampoo, and see that the chick's hair is cut and singed at least once in six months. And, perhaps most important of all, if the hair is at all inclined to be weakly, do not on any account allow it to be crimped or curled, as this is almost bound to injure it.

For the weekly or fortnightly shampoo nothing is better than crushed quillia bark, as, besides cleansing the scalp, this acts as a tonic. The bark can be bought at any chemists, and a half-pennyworth is enough for one shampoo unless the hair is unusually thick.

To prepare it for use, cursh with a flat-iron, put in a basin, and pour boiling water over. Leave for a minute or so, then stir well, strain off the water, and pour another lot of boiling water over the bark.

The first lot will be the colour of pale ale. Wash the hair in this, and rinse in the second lot. No soap is needed.

Don't forget that hands and nails need attention, too. Many people who now have podgy, thick hands, might have had cause to be proud of the appearance of those members if only they had received a little attention during infancy.

Fingers that are thick at the joints and do not taper off nicely at the points should be very gently massaged every day from the knuckles to the points; while nails also should be carefully attended to, and the skin at the base kept in proper position by being gently pushed back with the towel, occasionally, after washing.



For the Summer Holidays

RIGHT AND WRONG BATHING

THE ideas of the health-giving properties of sea-bathing has become so general that it is too easily forgotten how dangerous the healthiest thing may become if wrongly used.

Never bathe until at least two hours after a substantial meal. The reason for this is that a plunge into cold water, while digestion is actively proceeding, is most likely to arrest it suddenly, and this may be followed by very grave consequences.

Never bathe when very tired and depressed or chilly—because in these conditions a good reaction is not likely to follow, and the body remains chilled, instead of experiencing a glow of warmth.

Never stay in the water until your teeth begin to chatter and your fingers begin to become stiff and livid. Many people who would be greatly benefited by a sea bath of five minutes duration make themselves ill simply because they stay in the water too long.

Never urge or drive children into water against their will. Let them get used to the idea of bathing and they will gradually learn to love it.

The delusion that sea water doesn't give cold is entirely erroneous. A chill may be caught by a wetting from sea water as quickly as by a wetting from any other water.

The best period of the day for bathing is the morning before breakfast; some bathers are, however, more comfortable if they had a small cup of tea or coffee, with a biscuit or two before going into the water. On a hot and sunny day swimming is not unattended by danger for while the body is submerged at a low temperature, the head is exposed to the sun.

The usual breast stroke requires that the head should be at right angles to the body while the stroke itself acts as a pumping process forcing the blood to the head, thus assisting in the overfilling of the arteries in the other portions of the body owing to the lower temperature of the water. These conditions are apt to produce violent headache, which may be followed by insensibility; then the body sinks, and asphyxiation takes place.

It must not be forgotten by those who have care of children at the seaside that the sun's heat is not the only danger. The very stones of the beach absorb a lot of heat and often become unbearably hot.

A well-known physician in a great seaside watering-place said lately that during every summer he had numerous children shut up in dark room suffering from what he called "beach fever."

The symptoms were high fever, headache, and delirium. Sometimes there was great delirium which naturally alarmed the children's parents. This state of things was entirely brought on by exposure to strong sunshine on an unsheltered beach and the symptoms are much the same as those accompanying ordinary heat stroke.



For the Housekeeper

PLANNING THE MEALS

FULLY half the drudgery of planning "twenty-one meals a week" may be saved by planning all of them at once at the beginning of the week. Take advantage of a leisure hour and write down little menus for each one of the seven days. You will find yourself getting more variety into the meals, and unconsciously thinking up new combinations. Stick to it fairly closely in your marketing, though, of course, you will have to adapt it more or less.



GOOSEBERRY FOOL

PUT two pounds of green gooseberries—picked and washed—into a jar with a breakfast-cupful of water and half a pound of sugar.

Place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water and cook until the gooseberries are quite soft. Mash them with a fork, and then pass them through a sieve, adding the quantity of sugar, and cupful each of cream and milk.

CLUB SPONGE PUDDING

Mix together four ounces of butter, three eggs, half a pound of Demerara sugar, a gill and a half of sour cream, two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, half a

wineglassful of strong black coffee, and a gill of boiling water. Beat well before adding each ingredient, and when all have been added beat until the mixture is quite light, adding a white of egg, whisked to a stiff froth, last of all, and steam for one hour.

PRUNE AND BANANA JELLY

Soak half a pound of prunes overnight, and then stew them till tender with just sufficient water to cover them. Stone the prunes, and mash them with a fork. Put the contents of half a box of gelatine into a little cold water, and then add sufficient boiling water to the prune purée to fill a breakfastcup. Place in a saucepan on the fire with four bananas—cut in slices—three ounces of caster sugar, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a little of the grated rind. When the mixture has boiled up and the sugar has completely dissolved, pour into a mould.

TO POLISH WOOD

TAKE a piece of pumice stone and water, pass regularly and very carefully over the work, until the rising of the grain is cut down, then make this paste:—Put enough powdered tripoli into boiled linseed oil, then rub it upon the wood with a piece of flannel until the work is of a bright and shiny surface. Finish with an old silk handkerchief. All cloths used for polishing must be used clean.

TO MAKE OLD FURNITURE LOOK NEW

SCRAPE four ounces of beeswax into a basin, and add enough oil of turpentine that will moisten it through, then powder a quarter of an ounce of resin finely, and add as much Indian red as will bring it to a deep mahogany colour. Stir well until the composition is properly mixed. This is an excellent paste for reviving mahogany or oak furniture.

For the Sportsman

WELL-TRAINED DOGS

A writer on breaking dogs gives several cases of pretty behaviour in certain very good pupils. One beautiful retriever is madly anxious to start after the birds, but will never stir until her master gives the word. Till then she stands looking up into his face still as a stone, but at the whispered command she is off like the wind. She has a beautiful "mouth"—that is, she can bring in the dead birds without ruffling a feather. This accomplishment evidently gives her a pleasure equal to that of her master; for when she is out for a run she mischievously "retrieves" the domestic ducks by the side of the pond. At first the owner of the ducks was somewhat indignant over the liberty, but he learned to feel only amusement, as, no doubt, was true of the ducks also. One bird, to the writer's certain knowledge, was retrieved three times; and at the last, when released from the somewhat embarrassing position, she gave herself a shake and walked off not a bit the worse. Another dog had so perfect a mouth that he seemed incapable of hurting anything with it. One day, when he was at play in a field with some friends, his master noticed that he was carrying something in which the other dogs were greatly interested. Presently it became evident that a bird's head was protruding from his jaws; and, calling him up, his master took from him a young thrush, entirely uninjured. Notwithstanding the excitement of the chase and the efforts the other dogs had made to catch him, he had carried the bird with the utmost tenderness, never once closing his jaws. The writer of the article goes on to say most emphatically that these useful and "taking" ways were taught with the aid of kindness and patience, and that the cowardly brute who has to call in the lash during training is usually far less intelligent than the dog he abuses.

Snapshots at the Races



JUVENILES AT THE RACES ON THE OFF DAY

Something to Her Advantage

By A. O.

“BUT you aren't the person advertised for.”

“How do you know that for certain? Listen!

“If Miss Sybil Chateris, who was residing in Shanghai between 1900 and 1909, will communicate with Messrs. Satherley and Edwards, Colmore-row, E.C., she will hear something to her advantage.”

“There, now! What more do you want? My name is undeniably Sybil Chateris, and I was resident in Shanghai at the time mentioned.”

“Well, yes, you were there for two years.”

“That doesn't matter to anyone, surely. I am going to communicate in person with Messrs. Satherley and Edwards, and hear something to my advantage.”

“Well, all I can say is I hope you may,” in a sceptical kind of voice.

The first speaker laughed heartily. She was a small, dark-haired, dark-eyed little creature, with a creamy complexion and a vivacious manner.

She and her sister Alice were the daughters, and only children, of Mr. Septimus Chateris, sometime connected with an insurance company in Shanghai. But he had fallen on evil times, and pneumonia had carried him off just as he was declared insolvent through the failure of the bank where he had invested all his hardly-earned savings. The two girls had been given an ordinary education, and they found themselves very handicapped in the struggle to earn their daily bread.

Sybil was the younger of the two by eighteen months, being just twenty while

Alice was nearing her twenty-second birthday. They had come to live in London with a generous friend who had offered the girls a temporary home in the hopes of obtaining situations more easily in the busy capital; but, as yet, they had been doomed to disappointment, and their efforts had met with no success.

For every post there were apparently a hundred and one applicants, and they generally came off second best in the competition, through no fault of their own. This morning, however, looking over the paper, Sybil had startled her sister by reading out Messrs. Satherley and Edwards' advertisement, and announcing her intention of trying for the “advantage” set forth therein.

“Wish me good luck!” the little brunette exclaimed, as she came up behind her sister, who was sitting over the meagre fire, ready dressed for the prospective interview.

Alice smiled a little weary smile. “Of course I wish you luck!” she answered steadily. “But I can hardly believe that anyone would want to let us hear of something to our advantage. It will be almost too good to be true, if it is true.”

“Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still, for ever, fare thee well!”

cried the irrepressible Sybil as she danced from the room in the highest spirits.

“If you never see me again, Alice, you will know that I have heard of something to my disadvantage!” And a moment later she had closed the hall door behind her.

It was a drizzling day in the middle of November, and the 'busses were, one and all, "full up" with dripping passengers, so Sybil had perforce to walk to Colmore-row, where she arrived in a damp condition with her spirits at zero. It is difficult to be cheerful under adverse circumstances, and Miss Chateris had arrived at the stage when she was beginning to wish that she had never had the courage, or the cheek, to answer the advertisement.

She was shown by a small and inky imp into a back office, and requested to wait until she was called, as Mr. Satherley was busy just then. So she occupied her time, which could hardly be called valuable, in counting the chimney-pots on the rows of houses opposite through the dingy window and speculating as to the number of ink-stains on the paperless walls round her. She had just succeeded in calculating how many bottles of ink must have been wasted on the second wall when the imp returned, and, with a broad grin, conducted her into the presence of the much-dreaded advertiser.

Miss Chateris, when she managed to get her eyes to focus anything beyond the square of the carpet upon which she stood, was surprised into a little murmur which might have expressed anything from utter astonishment to unmitigated relief. For the man sitting at the desk, who had already requested his client to be seated four times, was neither grey-haired nor antediluvian, nor in anyway like she had pictured to herself on the way down to the city. The eyes that met her timid brown ones were blue and frank; the hair pushed hastily off the broad temples was fair and curly; and the face, instead of being set in the grave and paternal manner Sybil expected, had relaxed into a smile that scattered her fears to the four winds of heaven.

She uttered a sigh of relief.

"You have called——?"

"About your advertisement, Mr.——"

"Satherley," supplied the smiling Apollo, calmly.

"I am Miss Sybil Chateris, and I am very anxious to hear what you have to tell me which is to be my advantage."

Sybil having delivered herself of this speech, sat down on the chair indicated by Mr. Satherley.

Harold Satherley rubbed his hands together in a truly professional style which duly impressed Miss Chateris.

"We must ascertain, of course, first of all, whether you are the lady we are advertising for," he said, turning to his bureau and unlocking a draw with much deliberation.

Miss Chateris began to feel very much as if she were on a visit to the dentist as she waited while the papers were duly arranged and passed over for her inspection.

But her spirits sank at once, for almost on the first page she saw that the name of the father to the Miss Chateris advertised for did not correspond with that of her own father. William could not by any stretch of imagination be converted into anything resembling Septimus.

"I am afraid——" she began.

"Please take your own time in looking over them," remarked the solicitor at this moment.

And Sybil dipped still further into the disappointing papers.

But the hideous truth would not be veiled——she was not the Miss Sybil Chateris advertised for!

"It is no good," she said, suddenly looking up and finding Mr. Satherley's eyes fixed on her. "I am not the daughter of William Chateris, and nothing can make me so."

"No, I am afraid that you would find it somewhat difficult to alter your father's name on the spur of the moment," returned the other, gravely.

"But you might tell me the advantage," pleaded the girl. "It would go a little to make up for my disappointment and my journey."

"You are sure you want to know?" asked the solicitor with a smile. "I don't suppose it would make any difference if I do tell you——"

"To the other Miss Chateris? None, I should say. We are not likely to meet."

At this moment the office door was thrown open, and, with a grin of delight the office imp announced "Miss Sybil Chateris!"

A tall, slight, fair-haired girl came in, with a plain, good-tempered face.

"I have called in answer to your advertisement, Sir, to say that I am—or rather, I was—Miss Sybil Chateris, and I was in Shanghai in 1900. I've been married for the last two years now, and my present name is Mrs. Thomas Steadman. I thought I should just like to know what you had for me to hear that could possibly be to my advantage, not that I'm requiring money, for Steadman has heaps, and more than we want, really——" She paused for breath and Mr. Satherley bowed.

"I will tell you, Miss—Mrs. Steadman," he answered, quietly. "Your father was William, was he not?"

Mrs. Thomas nodded.

"Well, he had a brother George——"

"That's him, Uncle George, who went to Australia."

"Just so. Well, this George Chateris, it seems, made a lot of money and married my mother's sister. They had no children, and he was puzzled to know whom he should leave his property to. He died three months ago, and his will reached us the other day. In it he bequeathed his

whole fortune to me, provided I marry Miss Sybil Chateris, daughter of his brother."

"I am glad to shake hands with you, cousin," returned Mrs. Steadman.

"But, as for marrying you—well, there; I can't, can I?"

The other Miss Chateris had been a silent listener to the conversation, and Mrs. Steadman turned to her inquiringly.

"Do you happen to have come about anything like me?" she asked kindly. Harold Satherley interrupted her.

"This is another Miss Sybil Chateris, who has answered the advertisement, but we discovered before you came that she was not the lady advertised for. Her father's name was Septimus, not William."

"Now, do you know that's queer!" said Mrs. Steadman, with a little laugh. "I don't in the least mind handing on my chances to you, my dear Miss Chateris. I have enough money, and one husband's enough at a time. You take my place, my dear; I'll give you full leave to, on paper, if you like. Make all my claims over to you."

Sybil's face flushed crimson. "Of course I couldn't," she expostulated indignantly, while the young solicitor looked on with an amused smile. "I have no right to the money."

"You will have every right to it if you marry my cousin. And if I had not turned up, and if your father's name had been William, I suppose you would not have refused to take the good gifts the gods have been pleased to offer you, especially—if you are poor?"

The shabby yet neatly mended attire of her little namesake had not escaped the eye of the older woman.

"I should have thought it over, I suppose," Sybil answered at length "for we are poor, and my sister and I can find nothing to do. But, under the circumstances, I should be an impostor——"

The other played her trump card. She wanted to benefit somebody; and she didn't want the money, or Mr. Satherley for herself.

"Well, if you won't, you won't, and there is no more to be said," she mused. "But it seems a pity that you"—turning to Harold—"should not benefit by the will. If Sybil Chateris doesn't marry you all the money goes to——"

"The Western Counties Imbecile Sanatorium," finished Harold, looking at his first client with an encouraging smile. "Never mind," he said kindly, "I don't want the money, and, of course, you don't want me; so—so—"

Then Miss Chateris nerved herself for the inevitable.

"Perhaps I might—want—you in time." She murmured flushing up to the roots of her pretty dark hair. "If you will let me think it over——"

Mrs. Steadman rose. "That's what I call sensible," she remarked, benignly. "Just give me a pen, Harold, and I'll write down what I wish to be done with my property—and then call in a witness or two, and I must be going, for I really can't keep the cab waiting any longer."

With that she walked to the table, sat down, and scribbled a few hasty lines containing all that was necessary. Then she fervently bade adieu to Miss Chateris

and Mr. Satherley, and left them alone once more.

"Suppose I were to put on my hat, and come back with you to your sister's, and hear what she has to say on the subject?" queried Harold, when they heard the cab drive away. "Well, what do you think?"

Sybil's eyes shone. "How kind you are!" she murmured gratefully.

And half-an-hour later they stood before the astonished Alice. "I was afraid it was too good to be true," she remarked when she heard the story. "Of course, you were the wrong Miss Chateris?"

Harold possessed himself of the younger sister's hand, and drew her towards the window. "I think," he said softly, "that, after all, she will turn out to be the right Miss Chateris—for me!"

Alice looked puzzled. They had not told her that part of the story. But she was not blind, and she guessed it before very long, when hardly a day passed but what it brought Harold Satherley or a gift in some substantial form or another.

And on Christmas Eve Sybil slipped into the room where her sister sat sewing, followed by a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed young man. "Alice," she cried, softly, "I have communicated with Mr. Satherley and I have heard of something to my 'advantage,' dear."



JUNE

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand
Can health, wealth, and peace command.

Opening of the Yangtszepoo Dock

THE above dock was formally opened on June 23rd in the presence of a number of spectators, but only a few invitations had been issued. The docking of the C.M.S. *Kindig* was the official commission, and she was gaily decorated with flags. A white ribbon was stretched from side to side, and the parting of this was the signal that the dock was

Messrs. Arnhold, Karberg & Co., and Captain H. Nelson, acting Marine Superintendent of Messrs. Butterfield & Swire, and honoured with enthusiasm. The dimensions of the Yangtszepoo Dock are as follow: Length on blocks 452-ft.; width of entrance—bottom 60-ft.; coping 70-ft.; depth to floor, 27-ft.; depth of water at ordinary spring tides on 3-ft. blocks, 19-ft. Work on the dock was begun on May 22, 1908. The interior consists of mud terraces and planks, and the entrance is closed by a steel caisson, the only one of its kind in Shanghai. This caisson is equipped with electrical pumps, which are



Photo
G. J. KAYE, Shop Foreman
G. MACMURDO, Dock Master
A. Holroyd
JAMES TAYLOR, Outside Foreman

open. When this was over and the ship safely docked the visitors hastened to the entrance to see the steel caisson hauled into position, and then adjourned to the work's office where champagne and refreshments were dispensed, and suitable speeches, proposing prosperity to the new dock were made by Mr. H. Arnhold, of



Photo
MR. MACMURDO, Dock master of the Yangtszepoo Dock
A. Holroyd

operated by connections with water-tight plugs on either side of the entrance. The caisson floats in 9-ft. of water, and as there are always 12-ft. on the blocks, the dock can be opened at shorter notice than any other in Shanghai.



Photo *A. Holroyd*
THE S.S. "KINLING" READY FOR DOCKING

The pumps for emptying the dock have been constructed on the premises and are placed in an engine-house on the west side. They consist of two 22-in. centrifugal

pumps, driven by compound surface-condensing engines, and can discharge 18,000 gallons of water a minute. With a vessel of moderate size on the blocks the dock can be emptied in from two to two and a half hours.

It is the intention of the New Engineering & Shipbuilding Works to improve its plant by installing sufficient new machinery, etc., to cope with every kind of work that comes its way. A



Photo *A. Holroyd*
THE S.S. "KINLING" IN DOCK



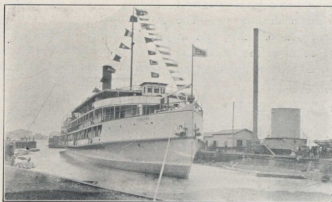
Photo *A. Holroyd*
THE NEW YANGTSEPOO DOCK

feature of the dock is the sanitary accommodation for the use of the crews of vessels under repairs. There is a bathroom with hot and cold water laid on, and electric light is provided all round. Ships in dock can be supplied with electricity or steam, and besides an efficient fire service, a tank has been installed which has a capacity of 70 tons of filtered water.



Photo *A. Holroyd*
THE S.S. "KINLING" ENTERING THE DOCK





Photo

THE C.M.N. CO. S.S. "KINLENG"

A. Holroyd

The first steamer to be docked in the Yangtzepoo Dock

VERBUM SAP

He was just going to pay a note when it went to protest.

He was just going to help a neighbour when he died.

He was just going to reduce his debt when his creditors "shut down" on him.

He was just going to stop drinking and dissipating when his health became wrecked

He was just going to provide proper protection for his wife and his family when his fortune was swept away.

He was just going to introduce a better system into his business when it went to smash

He was just going to call on a customer when he found that his competitor had preceded him and secured the order.

He was just going to quit work awhile and take a vacation when nervous prostration came.

He was just going to provide his wife with more help when she took her bed and required a nurse, a doctor, and a maid.

He meant to insure his house, but it burnt before he got around to the agent.

BREAKING IT GENTLY

PORTER.—"Your old man's just 'ad a nasty jar."

LADY OF THE TUB.—"Oh! Who's the old fool been a-meddlin' with now?"

PORTER.—"Nobody." (After a pause) "They're just a-shovelling 'is brains off the line."



Photo

The Race Club

Mr. L. J. V. Collazo

To the Dear Homeland

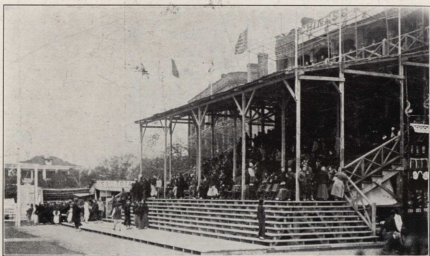
A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

I am sending you a photo of the
Shanghai Race Club of which we are

This club holds two race meetings
every year, in May and November, which
are regarded by us as social milestones
and are very popular not only with the
foreign community, but also the Chinese



THE CHINESE GRAND STAND

duly proud. It was built about 1861
and its membership is one of the largest
of any club in Shanghai, although its
voting members are limited to three
hundred.

who, during the races, crowd round the
outside of the course and show great
enthusiasm as the ponies pass, while the
better class have reared a grand stand
for themselves next door to the Race



Photo

D. Satow

MRS. CRAIG LEADING IN ONE OF HER HUSBAND'S PONIES

Club, which is always well attended during the meetings.

There are really two courses attached to the race club, one within the other, the outside one being of turf is the official course on which the races are run, the inner one is of mud and used for training purposes. Long before the

and which are representative of the diversity of our fields.

The Recreation Ground, as I have mentioned, is a very popular place of resort, and here many of our sporting clubs are to be found, such as the Cricket Club, with its roomy pavilion, the Golf Club house, the Recreation Club, and the swimming baths,



"WHITEMOSS"—2ND MONGOLIAN PLATE

races take place, this course will be found thronged with ponies and jockeys every morning soon after daylight appears, while owners and enthusiasts of both sexes gather on the grand stand for their cup of coffee and to take notes of the training. The outer or grass course belongs to the racecourse shareholders, but the inner mud one is the property of the recreation

while many others such as polo, baseball, and tennis clubs pitch their tents on the ground for the summer months. Here the annual review of our Volunteers is held, a photo of which I give, and the Fire Brigade also hold their competitions on this space. An innovation peculiar to the East which will probably interest you is the introduction of small boys in tennis to



MR. MOLLER ON "SAGGITARIUS"

fund trustees who also hold the large stretch of ground enclosed by it which is commonly known as the Recreation Ground, and which is one of Shanghai's most popular breathing spaces. To give you an idea of our racing, I send you a series of photos taken at the spring races of this year, showing several finishes

pick up the balls, and I send you a specimen group of these which was photographed after much tribulation by Mrs. Shorrock. At first they absolutely refused to pose until she was struck with the brilliant idea of offering two of them ten-cent pieces. The effect was marvellous. By some wonderful telepathic communication

the news seemed to spread, till in a few seconds all the caddies in the cricket club were clamouring round her. These small boys belong to the cricket club, and my next picture will show them being

used in quite another capacity, namely, to pull the heavy roller over the pitch in the intervals between the cricket matches.

A most surprising fact about these boys is the wonderful way in which they pick up the technicalities of a game, and in next to no time they learn to play golf, tennis, and cricket in a way that would put many of our own people to the blush, in fact the servants of the various clubs are often used in practice games, and frequently to the member's defeat; especially is this noticeable in tennis. While on the subject of athletics, it is quite a surprise to most of us to note the way the Chinese have taken to sports within the last few years, and considering their past aversion to anything so opposed to a dignified bearing, it is really remarkable to find what they can do. For instance, in the last walking competition held in Shanghai, a Chinese team entered, and, although they were not placed, they did wonderfully, considering the test of an eighteen-mile walk at racing speed, on a people who consider walking an attribute of the coolie class. However, the sporting spirit is being encouraged in the educational institutions and is becoming a very popular feature



Photo

D. Safow

MR. VIDA ON "FABIDAS"—WINNING THE GRIFFIN PLATE
 MR. MOLLER ON "BARFT"—WINNING THE MONGOLIAN PLATE
 MR. KING—WINNING THE JOCKEY CUP
 MR. CUMMING ON "RUSSLEY"
 ANOTHER WIN FOR MR. MOLLER



SHANGHAI VOLUNTEERS BEING REVIEWED BY COLONEL BARNES, D.S.O., ON APRIL 24TH, 1909



Photo

Denniston & Sullivan

FIRE BRIGADE TRUCK—DELUGE COMPANY



Photo

Denniston & Sullivan

AN INTERESTING EVENT IN THE FIRE
BRIGADE CONTEST

with the Chinese student. In my picture you will see a student taking a high jump at the sports held at the Public School for Chinese in the spring of this year.

This increasing love of sport is truly a sign of the wonderful upheaval in the Chinese point of view, and cannot fail to have an advantageous effect, by improving the physical development of its men and teaching them the healthy result to both body and mind, of outdoor exercise.

Yours,

NANCY.



WOMAN

Who was once our only joy?

Woman, charming woman, O!

Dream of bliss without alloy?

Sweet, delightful woman, O!

Who was once our pride and pet?

Who is now—to our regret—

Just a rampant suffragette?

Woman, rowdy woman, O—?

A GROUP OF
TENNIS CADDIES



Photo by A. Holroyd

SMALL BOYS PULLING THE
ROLLER OVER
THE CRICKET PITCH



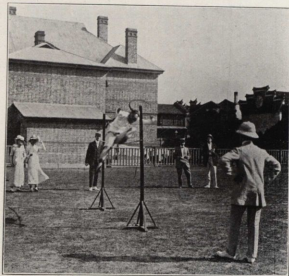
Photo by G. S. Foster Kemp

SPORTS AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

FOR CHINESE

MAY 24TH, 1909

HIGH JUMP—4-FT. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -IN.



Pointed Pars from the Press of China

THE sentimental enthusiasm for Japan immediately following the war has run its course and is replaced by the practical motto, "Business is business!"—*Shanghai Mercury*.

THE conduct of the rickshaw coolies at Kobe has been a public scandal and the wonder is that the authorities there have never done anything to compel them to behave decently. The state of affairs, however, has now become perfectly intolerable and if the local officials do not do something on their own initiative it is high time that the prevailing conditions were represented at Tokyo in such a way that the introduction of much-needed reforms could no longer be delayed.—*Hankow Daily News*.

FROM the time of the Treaty of Nan-king, however, China's export of silver has not been the aspect of the matter of most concern to the Chinese. What has concerned them has been the steady fall in the value of silver, the effects of which have been somewhat mixed.—*Shanghai Mercury*.

THE German military administration has been the pioneer in the introduction of high trajectory fire guns for the field-army for more than ten years past, and military events since have brilliantly justified the initiative taken. All armies have now either followed the example or are about to complete their field artillery by the inclusion of field-howitzer-batteries, according to the German plan.—*The China Critic*.

FOR two centuries it has been a proverb that the word of a Chinese is his bond, and it is more than unfortunate that when China is at the present critical stage in her journey towards reform it should be possible for anybody of foreign financiers to say that China has not kept her word, even on the most trivial detail of an undertaking. It is particularly unfortunate that an agreement with British investors should have been violated in this way, for, when all is said and done, there is no nation better able or more willing to assist China with loans or other financial weapons, or on better terms, than is Britain. There is not a great deal of fuss made about the help which Britain gives, but it is very substantial help, and incidents such as these, aggravated as in the present instance by explanations which do not explain, will quickly alienate that help.—*The Saturday Review*.

PRINCE ITO will rank in history as the first great statesman of modern Japan. In the regeneration of his country he has played an able and conspicuous part. To use his own words he has always tried "to help and sometimes even to force on measures necessary for the growth of Japan," and he has never swerved from that purpose since, as a young man, he committed what was then the capital crime of leaving Japan for Europe. Undoubtedly his experience in England was one of the turning points of Japanese history, and though his moderate counsels when he returned more than once endangered his life, his advancement was unusually rapid when once the Imperial régime had been restored.—*North-China Daily News*.

THE Chamber of Commerce, at Hanoi, has addressed a letter to the Governor-General of Indo-China, asking His Excellency to take into consideration a scheme for establishing a line of French steamers to run from Haiphong to Shanghai, via Hongkong, in connection with the Siberian Railway. Such a line would further trade, and would carry cargo at present shipped in foreign steamers. Another advantage is that it would shorten the time for conveyance of mails between Tonkin and France, by one-third, so that the distance between Haiphong and Paris could be done in eighteen days — *Hankow Daily News*.

BUT in the case of Viceroy Tuan Fang the advancement that has carried him from Administrator General of Trade and Commerce in 1898 through half-a-dozen important provincial posts to the office that he is about to take up is well deserved. Since 1905 when he went as one of the Travelling Commissioners to foreign countries, Viceroy Tuan Fang has been a marked man. His influence has been unreservedly on the side of reform; and while we are told that his present elevation is due to the desire of the Manchu party to have one of their own nationality at Tientsin we may feel confident that his Excellency's administration should be free from the unwelcome associations that cling about the idea of Manchu government. — *North-China Daily News*.

NOTHING seems to hinder the growth of the number of rickshaws. Neither trams nor motors, neither public nor private carriages avail to check the demand for the "pull-man-car." In 1907 the returns from private rickshaws were Tls. 15,000 and from public, Tls. 45,000. The following year the figures were Tls. 16,000, and Tls. 45,500, now they stand at Tls. 19,800,

and Tls. 47,000. Wheelbarrows dropped slightly for two years. Markets continue to rise. On the whole, therefore, we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that those figures seem to prove that the upward turn has at last arrived. — *Shanghai Times*.

WE should welcome an honest, efficient, and sufficient Chinese coinage. But it must have "truth in the inward parts," it must not be of the depreciated variety which has perhaps brought more disgrace on Chinese administration in western eyes than any other single failure during the past twenty years. May we suggest that the thousand millions of taels left by the late Empress-Dowager be set apart for the expenses of a beginning in this indispensable reform? — *Shanghai Mercury*.

WHAT further may have been realized is that the Huangpu Conservancy scheme has now reached a turning-point in its development. With all the real success that has been attained so far, it cannot be forgotten that the work was taken in hand without a proper estimate of its total cost, and that while the remaining funds may suffice to complete the works at Gough Island and Woosung, we are given to understand that the whole scheme of operations must extend much farther than that. — *North-China Daily News*.

VICEROY CHANG REN-TSING, who comes to Nanking as Viceroy from Canton, has held many important positions for more than 20 years. He is more than 60 years of age, but is said to possess good health. He has been Governor of Shantung, Honan, Kwangtung, and Shansi, previous to his appointment in August 1907 as Viceroy at Canton. — *Shanghai Times*.

The Shanghai Polo Club

ON Saturday afternoons a goodly crowd can always be found at the polo ground, although it is not the fashionable *rendezvous* it was a few years back when the game was more or less of a novelty in Shanghai.

The Shanghai Polo Club was formed in 1898 and from its first season it has always been popular and a success. Proof of this is given by the number of playing members averaging about fifty, for the last five years, in spite of bad times and other drawbacks, non-playing members between ninety and a hundred.

The first trophy of any importance that was played for, was the "Alford" Cup for which the following members competed:—

Shanghai, while the most interesting matches ever seen here took place when Sir Pertab Singh visited Shanghai with his famous team who brought their



MESSRS. MCEUEN AND FEARON ON THE POLO GROUND



PhcLs

W. H. Howell

THREE POLO ENTHUSIASTS

Reds: Messrs. Landale, Burkhill, Lemon, and Watson. *Blues:* Messrs. Cruickshank, Campbell, Thomas, and Hearson. The reds won the match by two goals and one subsidiary, to a goal. During 1900 when the Indian troops were stationed here, keen competitions took place between officers of the various regiments and

own special Indian country-bred ponies. One of the most notable events in the history of the club was the match played in 1899 between four mounted members of the club and six members of the Hockey Club on foot. The team consisted of Messrs. Ross, Landale, G. Dallas, and A. W. Burkill for the Polo Club against Messrs. Teesdale, Chetwode, Ramsay, Byrne, A. E. Lanning, and J. Mann, the latter being goal-keeper.

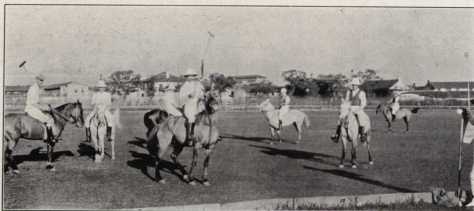
During the first half the Hockey Club did not show to advantage, slogging being altogether too much in evidence, and the long runs down the field told observably against them, so the result was a goal to the horsemen. In the second half, however, the footmen had learned their lesson, and dribbled very prettily, with the result that two goals were scored by them in less than five minutes.

Unfortunately at this stage of the game Mr. Landale's pony stepped upon a ball, breaking its fetlock bones, and had to be destroyed. The match thus ended in favour of the Hockey Club by two goals to one. Since 1907 the Club has played an annual interport match against Hongkong for a cup presented by Mr. Henry Keswick, the conditions being that the event be played alternately in Shanghai and Hongkong, but open to competition by Shanghai, Hongkong, Peking, Tientsin, and Tsingtau teams. This cup was won for the first time in 1907 by Shanghai on their own ground,

and also to enable the interport team to practise as much as possible. If there is no interport match this year, we may, however, hope to see a gymkhana which is always much appreciated, especially by ladies, who are able to take part in some of the events.

The annual subscriptions to this club are \$10 for playing and \$5 for honorary members. New members must be passed by the committee, which can stop their admission in case the number of playing members becomes too large.

All officers of the Army and Navy may be invited to join the games by the



Photo

SOME OF OUR PROMINENT PLAYERS

W. H. Howell

but was played for in Hongkong the second time, and lost to the Hongkong team (3rd D.C.O. Middlesex Regiment) by eleven goals to eight.

It was expected that Hongkong would send teams here this year, and that the tournament would take place about August 23rd, and much disappointment is felt in sporting circles that this engagement has been cancelled owing to Hongkong being unable to send a team.

Much interest has always been taken in the Polo Club Gymkhanas and tournaments, but last year these events had to be abandoned mainly owing to bad weather,

committee. Residents of outports may join the game if introduced by members. The Club colours are blue with orange stripes, but in playing one side wears white the other red, to distinguish them.

The present committee consists of the following :—

D. Landale (President), Col. C. D. Bruce, H. E. Campbell, H. E. Keylock, R. D. Fearon, C. R. Burkhill, and K. D. McEuen (Hon. Secretary and Treasurer).

Up to 1905 the posts of Treasurer and Secretary were separate, the last treasurer being Mr. F. L. Fearon.



POLO SQUAD

(Saturday, September 19th)

Reading from left to right—

BACK ROW.—MESSRS. H. E. BOHME, V. DAVIES, D. HARTLEY, BENBOW ROWE

FRONT ROW.—LT.-COL. BRUCE, LT.-COL. WATSON, MESSRS. H. E. KEYLOCK, R. D. FEARON

WHY HE COULDN'T SEE HIM

"I'd like to see Mr. Wexworth," said the man at the front door.

"I am sorry," replied the woman of the house, "but you can't see him——"

"He isn't ill, is he?"

"No, sir; but——"

"Then I think he'll see me. Tell him, if you please, that Willis Higgamore is here."

"I should like to oblige you, but——"

"Pardon me for being persistent, madam—you are Mrs. Wexworth, are you not?"

"I am."

"Pardon me for insisting, Mrs. Wexworth, but your husband and I are old and intimate friends. I dare say he is busy. In the old days when we were thrown together often he was always busy. A professional man has to be saving of his time. But I repeat that I am quite sure he will see me. I shall not detain him long, but while passing through the town where he lives I could never forgive myself if I didn't call and say 'How do you do?' if nothing else."

"You will excuse me if I say——"

"Your pardon, again, madam; but will you oblige me by telling him I would like to see him?"

"I can't. He has been dead four years. I tried several times to tell you, but you wouldn't—certainly. No offence. Good day, sir."



WINE AND



WALNUTS



A Golf Story

THE resident doctor in a certain lunatic asylum, not a hundred miles from Dublin, is an ardent, though not particularly proficient votary of the game. For improving his practice he had some putting holes cut in the smooth turf of the lawn and spent hours in the attempt, generally unsuccessful, to hole the ball. At a few yards' distance a harmless lunatic, employed about the grounds, watched the attempts with anxiety and commiseration, pitying, no doubt, the anguish displayed by the doctor's face and language at each successive failure. It is possible that mild wonderment entered the lunatic's mind why he should be confined and the doctor at large; why he should be regarded as mad and the doctor as sane. But kindly pity was plainly the dominant feeling in his mind, for next morning, when the doctor looked out on the lawn from the window of the breakfast room he saw that a large hole—a very large hole—had been cut in the turf and the lunatic was busy giving the final touches to his work. The doctor rushed out on the lawn and discovered that an old foot-bath had been embedded in the sod. He angrily inquired the meaning of this outrage, and was plaintively informed by the lunatic: "Surely doctor, dear, it was for your own sake I did it. You will have no trouble at all rolling in the little ball into that."



No Pedigrees

DOES any pedigree go with this dog?

No, sir; I'm out of pedigrees. But I don't mind chuckin' in a chain and a collar?

Too Eloquent

A MAN moved to the country and bought a farm. He was just getting settled when a man with a book under his arm leaned over the fence and said:

"Just bought this land?"

"Yes."

"Very fine farm."

"Yes, sir; very fine."

"Must be worth £400."

"More than that. I paid £600 for it. Then there are indications of coal on it, too, which are alone worth £1,000."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, sir, there's coal on it. Then the new railway is going across one corner. I consider my farm worth £3,000 of any man's money."

"Three thousand, eh?"

"Yes, sir; £3,000 at least. I wouldn't take a penny less. What are you putting down in the book?"

"Oh! nothing much. You see, I am the tax assessor. Other farms round here are not worth more than £300 or £400; but I've just put yours down at the figure you mentioned because you insist. Good-morning, sir! Glad you've moved into the neighbourhood, and hope you'll stay some time."



A Bull

IRISH BARRISTER (addressing the Bench):

"Your honour, I shall first absolutely prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed it. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi."

Equine Intelligence

BRIDEGROOM: What's the matter, driver?

COACHMAN: The horse has just thrown a shoe, sir.

BRIDEGROOM: Great Scot! Do even horses know we are just married?



A Hint for the Referee

WHILE I was acting as referee in a football match between two Yorkshire colliery teams last New Year's Day, the home side made constant and irritating appeals for free-kicks, almost all of which I felt compelled to refuse. In fact, I am firmly of opinion that too much of the referee's whistle utterly spoils a game. At half-time, however, a sad-visaged supporter of the home team drew me aside mysteriously and pushed something warm and sticky into my hand. "What's this?" I asked. "It's a chocolate whistle," he answered, solemnly, "and it's noice to suck, so mebbe tha'll blow it oftener than tha did t'other one!"



Did Better

"You left off smoking because she asked you to?"

"Yes."

"And you left off drinking because she asked you to?"

"Yes."

"And you left off swearing because she asked you to?"

"Yes."

"And you began going into better society because she asked you to?"

"Yes."

"It is a wonder to me you did not marry her!"

"I had intended to; but when I had got rid of all my bad habits I found I could do better!"

Too Much for Him

AT one of the London police courts a young hooligan was charged with assaulting an elderly man. The magistrate, noticing an old offender in the hooligan, thought he would give him a little fatherly advice, and remarked, "Young man, I'm surprised at a big, strong, healthy-looking fellow like you always getting into trouble. You seem to be always wanting to fight. Why don't you go for a soldier?" A smile illuminated the magistrate's face when the youth replied, "I did once, your Worship, and he nearly killed me."



He Preferred Not

"If," said a chemist, "you will give this new tonic a trial I'm sure you will never use any other." "Excuse me," rejoined the customer, "but I prefer something a little less fatal."



So Easy!

"How is it that you are always in debt? You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Come, don't be too hard on a fellow. You would be in debt if you were in my place."

"What place?"

"Able to get credit."



Fully Occupied

"Where is your mother?"

"Playing golf."

"And your aunt?"

"She's out on her bike."

"And your sister?"

"She's playing in the hockey match."

"Then I'd like to see your father, please."

"He can't come down now. He's upstairs giving baby a bath."

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

ILLUSTRATED AND WRITTEN BY BELLE HEATHER

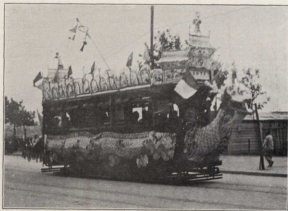
DURING June the most-talked-about topic, and the subject of general abuse, has been the weather, but as most people know all they desire on subject, the least said the better.

Sport has been quite shelved, and even the circus became almost impossible, so there was little to do except sit still, contemplate the weather, and—well, grow mushrooms!

A CERTAIN amount of excitement was occasioned by the Langkat case in which Mr. F. L. Marshall sued Mrs. F. Nazer for the delivery of shares bought "for the concerned" before the report of their rapid appreciation was made known to the public—to be delivered on June 27th. On the 14th of May Mrs. Nazer repudiated all liability, and refused to deliver them, and thereby ensued the action brought by Mr. Marshall. After occupying the attention of the court for several days, judgment was given in favour of Mrs. Nazer, although much sympathy was felt for Mr. Marshall, and it was the general opinion that he had been made a scapegoat.

THE 22nd, or according to the Chinese calendar, the fifth day of the fifth moon—was observed as a holiday by the Chinese in the Settlement on account of the Dragon Boat Festival, which com-

memorates the death of Ku Kuan, a virtuous statesman who lived some centuries before Christ, and who committed suicide by drowning himself, because, through the machinations of a jealous rival, he was degraded and dismissed from office, and this festival represents the ceremony of the search for his body. Large crowds of Chinese thronged the bridges to see the dragon procession which consists of long narrow boats on which are fixed a dragon's head and tail, and these are propelled by a number of paddles which have the appearance of legs. These are rowed along the waterways to the accompaniment of gongs, drums, etc., to the great excitement of the native watchers, and



Photo

D. Salove

TRAM DECORATED FOR THE DRAGON FESTIVAL BY THE
FRENCH TRAMWAY COMPANY

often to the personal peril of those taking part.

In our illustration an incongruous touch of Westernism may be observed in the European sun helmets worn by the oarsmen.

The Tramway Company in the French Concession noted the festival this year by decorating a tram on the same lines as the boats, and this, traversing the principal thoroughfares of their Settlement called forth much enthusiasm and admiration from both natives and foreigners.



Photo

A DRAGON BOAT PROCESSION

D. Salow



WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS

FOLK-LORE on the subject of marriage is endless. It is lucky to marry at the full of the moon, or with a flowing tide. It is also lucky to see a flight of birds on the way to the church, to have the sun shining on the wedding-day, to have a hen cackle in the house of a newly-married couple.

* * *

There are many unlucky omens in marriage. Thus it is unlucky for a girl to be in church when her banns are published. It is unlucky to give the man to whom you are engaged a pair of slippers. You will never marry him if you do. It is also unlucky to alter the day fixed for the wedding, or to go a-courting on a Friday.

* * *

To marry on Innocents' Day, or in Lent, especially on Ash Wednesday, is particularly unlucky, and the same is true of Christmas.

"Marry in Lent,
And soon repent."

It is unlucky to marry a person whose surname initial is the same as your own. Such marriage is actually forbidden in China.

RAGNARCK,

The Twilight of the Gods

WAIL in thine agony, thou fair green World !

And wail, thou housing of the Gods ; ye mighty halls
Of great Valhalla ! for the fateful bolt is hurled
Your sages spake of, and the Doom now falls ;
And death breeds desolation ; and dire sound
Of earthquake thunders shakes the corpse-strewn ground.

For twice three winters long the frosty Queen
Hath held her icy sway o'er Scandinavia's realm.
For twice three winters long the steely sheen
Of sword and buckler and of crested helm
Has flashed abroad o'er mountain and o'er plain.
The ravens rend your bravest, best—untimely slain.

Fenris, the demon wolf, from bonds set free,
Whose gaping jaws embrace the Earth and Sky ;
And that dread Midgard serpent of the sea,
Late risen whence it hath been his wont to lie ;
With Hela's host have joined their night-like sire,
Loki the hateful fiend of every foul desire.

On, on they press to Vigrid battlefield,
Where Good and Evil must their last dread combat wage.
And is it Good or is it Evil that shall yield ?
Each shall the other end : so spake the sage.
And Odin, Thor, Tyr, Bragi, Heimdall—all
With Loki and his evil hosts shall, striving, fall.

See, from the hellish depths of Muspelheim,
Come Surter's hordes with all-consuming fire.
The twilight of the Gods has come ; the end of Time ;
The end of Love, of Hatred, striving and Desire.
The pulse of Glory and the death of Shame
Are ended in a blaze of devastating flame.

Ragnarck, the twilight of the Gods. 'Twas even so.
Thy days were numbered, for thy work was done.
But not the end of Time, the end of Love : Ah ! no.
From thy pale glory we a greater glory won.
Through fire, in very deed, thy cause was lost ;
The blessed, gentle Fire that burned at Pentecost.

A. H.

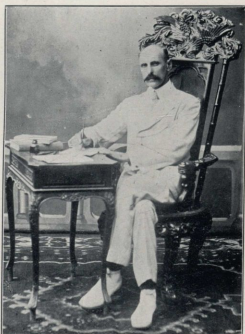
When East Meets West

Written especially for "Social Shanghai"

By A. BERNARD HIND

TO the observant student of the cosmos there is much more than appears on the surface in the old-world theory of cycles. Taking cycle and circle as synonymous terms in time and space respectively, it will be found that a cycle or circle is the sole originator of motion in Nature; hence the dictum, Nature has no straight lines, since Nature and motion are practically an identity. History, being but a record of a portion of Time, also necessarily exhibits cycles; when the aphorism, History repeats itself. Time was when civilization, material, intellectual, ethical, and ideal proceeded from the Orient. For the past nigh three thousand years the reverse has been the case, the Occident having absorbed all that the Orient had to teach, and even outpaced her instructress. There are, however, indications that the reverse swing of the ponderous three thousand years pendulum is at hand; for such seems to be the average length of a cycle in human history. The marvellous avidity with which the Asiatics are absorbing all that the Westerners have to teach them, of evil or of good; of vice or of virtue; more, perhaps, their predilection for assimilating *la crème* of Occidental learning, and eschewing the dross, whether of evil or of good, can be likened to a field that hath long lain fallow, and now is glutinous to bear a heavy crop. One of the most momentous signs of the times, for the white races, is the surprising spread of the sense of "nationality" among the Asiatic peoples since the Russo-Japanese war.

Previous to that campaign, which the passing of time will show to have been one of the turning-points, one of the landmarks of human history, the rule of Asia, the Japanese excepted, was for every man to fend for himself; such fending comprising mainly the idea of making one's own life as easy as possible, at no



Photo

Dennistoun & Sullivan

MR. A. BERNARD HIND
Managing Editor of the "China Weekly"

matter what cost to others. That an individual, Prince or Beggar, should sacrifice his individual welfare in the interests of his nation was an idea totally alien to the genius of Asiatic thought. Had India been a united patriotic nation,

in the strictest sense of the word, neither France nor England, nor indeed both combined, could have reduced her to abject submission. Treachery, betrayals, and foul smirching of all sense of national patriotism served far more than did the armed hosts of Dupleix, or the keen sword of Clive, to bend India's abashed head beneath the iron heel of British suzerainty. Since the Russo-Japanese war, however, all the civilized peoples of Asia are fast, terribly fast, awakening to the realization of what national solidarity spells for them in the present, and more still down the interminable vista of the future.

China, Afghanistan, India, and now Persia have caught the fever; and that with an avidity that would savour the rather of the ridiculous, were it not that the votaries of the new cult take up the *rôle* in such grim earnest.

The challenge gauntlet hath already been cast; the Rubicon already crossed. Neither side can withdraw from the fierce struggle for mastery that is to be. The struggle between the white and the coloured races.

Such struggles have been in the past; history doth but repeat herself; and

another is at hand. In the past the fight resolved itself into a combat of numbers and brute strength against wits; and "white" wits won. The coming contest will be one of wits pitted against wits; and the issue is hard to prophecy. Europe, apart from the American continent, will be heavily handicapped by the steady drainage on natural resources, especially on coal fuel, that she has suffered since the introduction of machinery; whereas Asia hath vast, as yet untapped, reserve resources that cannot fail to stand her in good stead in the hour of her travail. Whatever the immediate outcome, it can but tend to one finale; the evolution of a new human (?) being, immeasurably superior mentally to any terrestrial creature of which the world hath as yet had cognisance; to the closer welding of the diverse races of humankind into one family; to render Man verily little lower than the Angels; and to pave the way for the coming of a new Messiah, who shall teach the Children of Men a higher moral law than they have hitherto been fitted to receive, or even to comprehend.



GENUINE HONESTY.

THE following story is told about a well-known American lecturer. At the same time it pays a tribute to a woman's honesty, and to Mr. H.'s power as a speaker.

It happened in an Indiana city, where Mr. H. was lecturing. A woman, evidently a widow, came to the hall accompanied by a little boy of nine or ten years, but with only a ticket for one.

The attendant at the door stopped her, of course, and asked for the other ticket; she replied that she had brought the boy merely as an escort, and that while she wanted him to come in, she added—

"He always sleeps through every lecture, so I thought he would not need a ticket."

The manager of the hall who had overheard this conversation, was so struck with the ludicrous side of it that he nodded to the attendant, and the widow and her sleepy escort were admitted.

After the lecture had commenced, the manager was busy in his office, reckoning up the total receipts, when there came a timid knock at the box-office window.

It was raised, and there stood the widow, who deposited the price of another seat, with the remark—

"I say, mister, the boy is keeping awake."



MR. GEORGE CAVE, M.P.

LADY PALE BEARERS: MISS E. PETIT, LADY JEHANGIR, MISS BANAJI
FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE DR. LALCACA

Funeral of the late Dr. Cawas Lalcaca

THE funeral of the late Dr. Cawas Lalcaca took place with Zoroastrian rites on July 8th, 1909, at the Brookwood Cemetery, near Woking, which is the only Parsee burial-ground within the metropolitan district.

A special train left the London Necropolis Station at 11.45 a.m. with two hundred and thirteen people, consisting of Parsees, Indians, and Europeans.

The body was encased in a specially constructed coffin of *papiermache*, and covered with violet cloth, on which were plain brass fittings. On the inscription plate was engraved:—

“Dr. Cawas Lalcaca of Shanghai and Bombay. Died 1st July, 1909. Aged 48 years.”

The ceremony at the grave-side was short and simple, but impressive. The

coffin was placed on a bier covered with floral tributes which was drawn to the Fire Temple of the Parsees, where a fire



MRS. CORNELIAS THORNE AND MR. ANDERSON

of sandalwood and frankincense was lighted on the altar, on either side of which also burned a candle. After the body had been taken from the temple, most of those present placed a small piece of sandalwood in the flames on the altar. The interment took place in a plain grave.

Amongst those present were Sir Charles Leslie and Lord Morley representing the Indian Office, also the following residents of Shanghai:—Sir Charles Dudgeon, Mrs. Cornelias Thorne, Messrs. A. W. Studd, Ehrens, W. Armstrong, W. H. Anderson, W. H. Rogers, G. R. Anderson, A. W. Fleet, Thorburn, F. S. Saunders, D. Forbes, H. Melchers-Ahrens. The craft of Shanghai was represented by



SGT.-MAJOR STUDD AT THE GRAVE-SIDE

CARRYING THE COFFIN TO ITS LAST RESTING-PLACE



A GROUP OF MOURNERS

Messrs. W. H. Anderson, A. W. Studd, and Hamilton, who placed sprigs of acacia at the head the grave.

The floral tributes were particularly beautiful. Conspicuous among them was a wreath from Lady Wyllie inscribed:—"These flowers are sent by the wife of Sir Curzon Wyllie, in ever grateful remembrance of the brave and noble man who lost his life on the night of July 1st, in trying to save her beloved husband and others. With deepest sympathy." Another was "From his loving brother Kaitahossro Lalcaca" and among her inscriptions were "With sincere regrets from W. Rodolph of Shanghai." "With deepest regrets from Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Barry and family of Shanghai." "As a slight tribute in admiration of his chivalry, and in remembrance of our

friendship in Shanghai from three English school children, Vera, Marjorie, and Herbert Milles," "With sincere regrets from Mrs. Milles," "With heartfelt regrets from Captain and Mrs. Brown, and Miss Edith Henson and H. W. Rivere Peacock," "With deepest sympathy from Mr. and Mrs. John H. Osborn," "Some Shanghai friends," "Gavin R. Anderson, Shanghai," "Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, Bedford, late of Shanghai," "Mr. P. H. Patrick and Mr. R. H. Patrick of Manchester," also a wreath from the Members of the Shanghai Light Horse (with colours).

At the inquest on the body of Dr. Lalcaca, the jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against Madan Lal Dhingra.

The murderer, when asked at the Police Court if he had anything to say in answer to the charge, said:—"There was no wilful murder in the case of Dr. Lalcaca.



THE COFFIN

I did not know him. When he advanced to get hold of me I simply fired in self-defence."

In a letter to the PIONEER, Dr. Dhingra, father of the man who shot Sir Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Lalcaca says:—"You will observe how deeply we are indebted to Sir Curzon, whom my cursed son killed in a fit of madness. I shall feel grateful

if the PIONEER will express the family's abhorrence of the dastardly deed, depriving us of one of the kindest of friends."

Madan Lal Dhingra has been sentenced to death. After sentence had been pronounced the condemned man saluted the Judge in military style and said: "Thank you, my Lord, I am glad to have the honour of dying for my country."



SHANGHAI.

(Especially written for "Social Shanghai.")

WHERE East meets West in riotous array
Of weird, barbaric, sumptuous display ;
Where dreamy Oriental mode and thought,
By modern Occidental haste distraught,
Like Age, o'erburdened with the weight of years,
Perforce makes room when ardent Youth appears ;
Where Old meets New in ever-clashing feud
And eerie contrarities of mood ;
Where hoary China's gaping rustic wights,
Amid the unaccustomed sounds and sights
Of all that makes a modern city's ways,
Stand wrapt in vacant, idiotic gaze :
Where folk of ev'ry country, tongue and race,
In ever-surgin' crowds contend for place ;
And slowly flows the Huang-pu's turgid tide,
Whereon the costly freighted craft of nations ride,
Transporting o'er the ocean's silver crest
What clime to clime can offer of the best.
A miniature kaleidoscopic sum
Of cosmopolitan address and hum,
Where Asia's dreamy pace is hustled by,
Is a reflex of the city of Shanghai.

A. BERNARD HIND.



BAD harvests for three years in succession had reduced the farmer folk of the little village of Lan-ling to destitution.

Undoubtedly the family the hardest hit in the tiny rural hamlet, was that of the Woo Fang. But a few years ago the household had numbered five souls; the old father Woo Tze; the mother, two elder brothers, Woo Sing and Woo Wang, and little Ah Mi, an adopted daughter, the orphan child of Woo Tze's younger brother. The Woo family were of high repute in the little rustic community; honest, industrious, and with a slight *souçon* of a higher refinement than that of their neighbours, mainly due to the fact that the two elder brothers had emigrated as "coolies" in the early days of American railway building; and had, by dint of hard study and self-sacrifice, acquired a fair amount of "the Western learning."

Their return to the paternal homestead but ten years ago with, a goodly sum of gold-
en American dollars, and with the broad-
minded experience born of world-travel
had happened at an opportune moment.

Their return had found the family in a
parlous plight.

The village officials, as is the wont in small rural communities, in which everyone knows everybody's affairs, were fully cognisant of the fact that the father was in receipt of regular remittances from the sons in America. The natural consequence was a series of pettifogging pinpricks and vexatious exactions of

bureaucratic red-tape, only to be smoothed over with China's universal panacea, "squeeze." However, even China's system of "squeeze" has its well-defined limits of reason; and sufficient was left after all official "pickings" had been satisfied, to pay off the long outstanding debts, and to redeem the farm and homestead from the heavy mortgages that at one time had threatened to wrest both from the hands of their owners.

With the return of the two sons, after a long residence under the enlightened laws of an Occidental government, all this puerile truckling to official exactions was stoutly resisted; and new and more methodical systems of farming the ancestral heritage introduced, so that in a short while the Woo family found themselves quite the leading household in their native village.

It was under these circumstances that Ah Mi had been adopted, on the death of her father, her mother having expired in giving her birth. The old Woo couple had often yearned for a daughter; and Ah Mi was comely, healthy, and about twelve years old. So that, in a few years they might, by giving her a dowry, ally themselves by marriage with a good family. But these were dreams of the future. In the meantime Ah Mi soon became the pet, as far as woman may in China, of the family.

Needless to say the return of the brothers, with their wealth, their innovations, their air of refinement, and not the least their absolute refusal of obsequiousness to the officials, engendered in many quarters envy, hatred and malice; culminating, one winter's night, in their waking from their beds to find the homestead ablaze (an act of incendiarism), and a frantic mob of cut-throats assembled around the burning house. Well the Woos knew what this meant. The dreaded robber band, from the mountains hard by, had the connivance of the officials, in consideration of a share in the booty, in despoiling the family. But two alternatives lay open to the doomed household; either to remain and be burnt to ashes within their ancestral home; or to rush out and deliver themselves, with all the ready money they could gather, unconditionally into the hands of the robbers. Deciding on the latter, the little group assembled together, the elder son carrying the old mother on his back; the younger Ah Mi; while the aged, but still lusty father bore the treasure in a bag in his left hand, while with a sword in the right he cut a way through the blazing *débris* to the open air. Yet it was the mere chance of bearing this sword that sealed the doom of the family.

The robber band, seeing the party emerge from the flames, led by a man with a sword in his hand, conceived that the intention of the party was to make a rush, and cut through.

A half-dozen miscreants rushed forward and hacked the old man in pieces; which so enraged the two sons, that, throwing discretion to the winds, they threw themselves on the mob and were likewise hewn down. The poor old mother fell a victim to the flames; while Ah Mi and the bag of coins were snatched up by a burly ruffian, and carried away.

The next morning found the snow falling heavily on clusters of the villagers, raking here and there among the still smouldering *débris* and the calcined bones of the victims, for any stray pelf that might have been overlooked in the darkness of the night by the marauders. All had heard the tumult of the outrage, as they had lain abed at night; but, such was the fear of the revenge wreaked by the mountain robbers for any interference with their raids, that not a single man, woman, or child had dared stir to the assistance of the fated family.

* * *

With her poor little feet painfully crippled after the fashion of the better class of Chinese women, with her heart bleeding at the loss of her parents, brothers, and home; with her youthful feminine brain scared with fears of what the future might hold out for her; and with hunger, thirst, and nervous and physical exhaustion that so soon supervenes in youthful frames, after a prolonged period of excitement, Ah Mi was so stunned as to notice hardly more than as in a hazy dream, the events of the next couple of days. All she realized was that she was now dragged, now carried, now pushed along steep, rocky mountain paths, till, at about two hours after sunset, she fainted on the grass sward on the crest of a hill-slope that was to serve her captors for their first halting stage. She had swooned; and there she was allowed to lie. If she died, it would not matter much; a fat calf or goat would be worth far more to the mountain robbers than a frail wisp of a girl. Women are cheap in China. If she was sufficiently robust, mentally and physically, to recover from the terrible ordeal of the past twenty-four hours, well. . . there would evidently be sufficient stamina in her to make it worth the while of a robber to consider as to her future disposal.

* * *

* * *

Five years later finds Ah Mi a full-blown, robust woman; and a member, the only female member, of the robber gang.

She had come to realize that these robbers were but the product of a corrupt system of officialdom; and that the actual massacre of her parents and brothers had been purely an unforeseen incident, through a misconception of the father's intention in bearing the sword on that fateful night. The robbers had treated her well, and had trained her, according to their lights, often sending her as a reconnoitring emissary where her sex protected her from suspicion as to the dangerous nature of her calling. She had grown to like the wild, free, healthy life in the mountains; and even to like her companions. But a woman *is* a woman at best; and the moment came for considering as to her disposal. It was well known that the chief of the band had long desired her as a wife; but should she become the wife of a member of the band, she was rightfully the property of her captor on the night of the raid on her family homestead. Nor was the band eager for internal discord over a woman. Eventually it was decided, after prolonged debates, in which, of course, she had no voice, to sell her into slavery to a wealthy mandarin with whom the band had oft had shady transactions, and who, it had been noted, had many a time cast lascivious glances on her comely form. She was abruptly informed of the decision; and, as is the custom of womankind in China, showed sign of neither approval or of the reverse; simply dutiful acquiescence.

* * *

Life in the mandarin's home for a while passed tranquilly amid luxury and ease. The household was ruled by the official (or first) wife; subordinate to whom were two inferior spouses. There were two sons, one the offspring of the official and

the other of the third wife. About a year after Ah Mi's advent into the family, the mandarin went on an official tour, bringing back an English tutor for his sons. At first his arrival caused much excitement and merriment, especially among the women folk. He spoke just sufficient mandarin Chinese to maintain a few minutes' conversation at a time. His appearance, garb, and habits formed a bounteous theme for gossip among the members of the household. But he had a happy knack of "making himself at home;" the two youthful pupils took to him at once; and as soon as the novelty of his arrival wore off, he became quite a part of the family.

Ah Mi's life among the mountain robbers had given her an air of independence quite foreign to Chinese women trained under the unhealthy seclusion of high-class families. To this may be largely due the fact that to Ah Mi, as if it were a matter of course, fell the greater share in ministering to the wants of the English tutor. She would sit by while the two sons were receiving instruction; and gradually acquired a fair working ease in English conversation.

* * *

This Englishman, with the athletic restlessness of his race, was much addicted to taking long rambles, either afoot or on horseback, among the mountains. He had been provided with an escort, and been cautioned as to the risk he ran of going beyond certain limits without one; but with the bravado of his nationals, paid little heed to such injunctions.

One evening news came in that the mountain robbers had captured the "red-haired foreigner," and held him to heavy ransom, with the alternative of mutilation and death. Then came to Ah Mi's bosom the sensation that can come to a woman but once in her life, the first realization

of love for a man. Full well the robbers appreciated the value of their prey; how his death under barbarous torture would involve the decrepit officialdom of China in international diplomatic complications. But they had overshot their mark in their estimation of the mandarin's wealth, or of the willingness of his peers to buy him off from the scapegoat's sacrifice that would surely ensue through the remonstrances of the British Representative.

Ah Mi heard the discussions, and with a woman's wit, gathered that the Englishman would be sacrificed.

* * *

Disguising herself one dark night, and concealing a short sword in her raiment, she sped up the mountains. Instinct and her early training led her by the shortest route. Challenged by the robbers' sentry, she gave the answering call, half-whistle, half-shriek. It was the robber chief himself who, alone, advanced to meet her. He recognized her immediately, notwithstanding her disguise.

"What brings you here?"

"The ransom of your English prisoner."

"It hath been promptly paid, and entrusted to risky hands."

"Nay, I bring not the ransom, but come to parley."

"What the message?"

"The gentry would know if they be buying a live goat or a carcase."

"What means that?"

"I must see if indeed the Englishman be here; if alive or dead."

"Come and see," curtly replied the chief.

* * *

Lying bound hand and foot on a sloping ledge, whence the least attempt at movement would have rolled him into the chasm below, Ah Mi could just perceive in the darkness the outline of the foreigner's body.

"Feel his heart beat, whether he be alive," snarled the chief.

Ah Mi knelt down, whispered scarce audibly a few words of English in the prisoner's ear; and slipping her sword from

the folds of her raiment, slashed the thongs that bound him, at the same moment pushing him with all her might over the edge of the slope. Ah Mi's long sojourn with the robbers in their haunts had taught her the configuration of the ground. She knew, what the robbers did not, that at the foot of the ravine, a little to the left, was a thick grassy swamp, sufficiently soft to break the Englishman's fall, and so prevent his death, even if he were for a while stunned. So, in pushing him, she had levered her strength in such a manner as to direct his fall theretowards.

But, as she had foreseen, the slippery ledge on which she had stood permitted of no such effort unchallenged.

Ah Mi, amid the execrations of the chief and of the band, attracted to the spot by the tumult, lost her balance, and rolled over too; but without the leverage given to the Englishman, she rolled straight down the face of the slope, and, it is to be hoped for the noble soul of self-sacrifice, was already stunned and dead before her mangled form was dashed on the granite rocks at the foot of the ravine.

When the Englishman recovered, he found himself lying half-embedded in the swamp, with a motley search-party of Chinese officials, "braves" and "soldiers" around him, flashing gaudy paper lanterns in his face.

He was borne home to the mandarin's household in the conventional Chinese sedan-chair; and on putting his hands to his clothes to disrobe himself, found pinned on the breast of his coat a square slip of white paper, bearing some Chinese characters, and underneath in an English school-girl's scrawl, the two words, "Ah Mi." On a mound just hard by the swamp now stands a little rustic temple, whither the villagers are wont to go to pay their respects to the maid who saved the district from paying a heavy foreign indemnity; and thither, every evening to the day of his departure, was wont to repair the Englishman, to pray for the soul of the girl who gave her life for his.

Social Notes

On the 7th of June a very pretty and popular wedding was solemnised by the Rev. C. E. Darwent at the Union Church, the contracting parties being Mr. D. E. Donnelly and Miss Johns. The bride looked very pretty in a Princess gown of white duchesse satin, being embroidered

tulle fastened by a wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms adorned her head. She carried a shower bouquet of white carnations and wore the bridegroom's gift—a charming pendant in the form of a shamrock leaf of pearls, outlined with dark green enamel, again encircled with pearls.



THE DONNELLY—JOHNS WEDDING GROUP

with a true lover's knot in silver encircled with a flower design in silk on the front of the corsage, and repeated in bolder size on the train. The yoke was of real Honiton point lace, and over the long ruched chiffon sleeves an attractive epaulette effect was produced by three chains of white satin ribbon, while a long bridal veil of

Miss May Johns, who officiated as chief bridesmaid, wore a simple gown of soft white embroidered silk, surmounted by a pale blue straw-hat trimmed with folds of self-coloured tulle, and a myrtle wreath. Miss Doreen Symonds and Miss Mabel Johns were the other two tiny bridesmaids, and wore the daintiest of white organdie

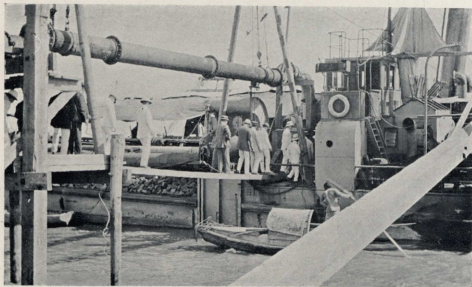
muslin frocks trimmed with Mechlin lace and insertion and quaint Leghorn hats trimmed with posies of tiny white roses, and tied under the chin with white ribbon. All the bridesmaids wore gold safety-pin brooches decorated with a shamrock leaf of jade, the gift of the bridegroom. The duties of best man were undertaken by Mr. G. A. White while Messrs. Harry McGhee, A. A. Brady, V. H. Lanning, and H. A. Donnelly acted as ushers. After the church ceremony a reception was held at 15 Markham Road where the usual toasts were drunk by a large number of well-wishing friends, and later Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly left for Japan midst showers of rice and confetti. The bride's going-away dress was of white voile and Irish lace, with which she wore a white hat relieved by touches of pale green.

On the same date another marriage took place quietly at 320 Avenue Paul Brunat, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Goddard, between Mr. Daniel Coath, manager of the Commercial Pacific Cable Office, and Mrs. Agnes Clyde Ricker, sister of Mrs. Goddard. The ceremony

was performed by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Fearn and the Rev. Dr. W. B. Nance in the presence of Mr. Wilder, U. S. Consul-General, only relatives of the bride and bridegroom being present.

On the 9th another very quiet wedding took place at Holy Trinity Cathedral between Mr. Harold Edblad and Mrs. Maitland (*nee* Goodfellow).

A very enjoyable picnic was given by the directors of the Whangpoo Conservancy Board on Sunday, the 27th, by way of an inaugural visit of inspection of the new "Astræa" Channel. The tug *Alexandria*, which had been lent by Messrs. Wheelock & Co., started from the Customs jetty about 11 a.m. with over a hundred guests on board. An exceptionally glorious day favoured the party, who, after a sumptuous tiffin, disembarked and visited various objects of interest, and returned to Shanghai about 5 p.m. having spent a most enjoyable and instructive day. Messrs. Gerrard & Co. were answerable for the tiffin and refreshments which were everything that could be wished for and more.



GUESTS AT THE OPENING OF THE ASTRÆA CHANNEL, JUNE 27TH, CROSSING THE DREDGER "EYCLOOP" TO BOARD THE TENDER "ALEXANDRIA"

ON the 10th a large audience enjoyed the repetition performance of "In a Persian Garden" at the Union Church Hall by Mrs. Connell, Miss Judy, Mr. H. R. H. Thomas, and Mr. Arthur Bough-ton. The artists showed less nervousness than on the former occasion at the Palace Hotel, and delivered their several parts with more assurance. This was particularly noticeable in Mr. H. R. H. Thomas' rendering of "Myself when young" which was greatly enjoyed. The quartettes were attacked with most excellent precision and Mrs. Connell's true soprano voice was greatly appreciated in her parts, particularly in "I sent my soul into the Invisible."

A very successful organ recital was held at Holy Trinity Cathedral on Thursday, June 25th. In spite of the inclement weather a large number of people attended and enjoyed a well-arranged programme by Mr. Waddell, assisted by Mr. W. J. Lewis, Master L. G. M. Kidd, and the Cathedral choir.



A GLOOM was cast upon the British community in general, and the Consular officials in particular, by the death of Mr. Alfred Flaherty, vice-consul of Shanghai. The deceased had not long been resident in Shanghai, but was much liked and deeply regretted by all who knew him.



Men and Jewels

Is it man or woman who is most enslaved by jewels? An article on precious stones in a monthly magazine sets one pondering whether, after all, it is woman who is most crazed upon them. Every woman loves them; there is little that she will not do to possess them. In real life, in history, in fiction, jewels have all played a prominent part in spoiling the lives of women. But when all is said and done, to what end do they covet glittering gems? Is it for their intrinsic value? Is it really for their beauty? Not a bit of it. The real motive of a woman's passion for diamonds, rubies, and other glittering stones, declares "Ambrosia" in the *World*, is that she may dazzle the eyes of man. Bedizen a woman with "gold in abundance and precious stones" after the manner of the wily Queen of Sheba who took Solomon by storm, and place her side by side with a woman whose beauty is wholly unadorned. To which will the eyes of men be most attracted? Unquestionably to her who glitters and sparkles and flashes. A man will sell his birthright to adorn his beloved with gems; and is it not because she fancies that she is thus more in the eyes of the other sex that the poor little work-girl will starve herself to buy sham jewellery? I am convinced that the passion for gems is a masculine more than a feminine weakness.

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

JUNE, 1909

- June 2nd.—Marriage of Mr. J. Chas. Lamprey and Miss Florence Day Harris.
 Serious fire in East Hanbury Road; over forty houses destroyed, also pony belonging to Fire Brigade burnt to death.
- „ 3rd.—Birthday of King of Denmark. Mr. Th. Hanson, Acting Danish Consul, held a large reception.
- „ 4th.—Twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Anglo-Chinese College, celebrated by students, past and present.
- „ 5th.—Death of Lieut. Werner Borsche of S.M.S. *Illis*, who fell overboard.
- „ 6th.—Funeral of Lieut Borsche.
 Murder of a Chinaman in Louza District.
 Stabbing affray on the Yalu Road, between French and German sailors.
- „ 7th.—Superintendent Nakemura of Japanese Police Force in Hankow stabbed to death.
 New Buffet of Palace Hotel opened to the public.
 Marriage of Mr. D. E. Donnelly and Miss (Belle) Johns.
 Marriage of Mr. Daniel Coath and Mrs. Ricker.
 Marriage of Mr. W. Dennis and Miss E. A. McDonald.
 Fire in the Union Church; organ and fittings damaged to the extent of Tls. 400.
- „ 8th.—Opening of the “Langkat” Case; Mr. F. L. Marshall *versus* Mrs. F. Nazer, heard before Mr. Justice Bourne.
- „ 9th.—Marriage of Mr. Harold Edblad to Mrs. E. T. Goodfellow.
- „ 10th.—Repetition of Liza Lehmann's song-cycle “In a Persian Garden” at the Union Church Hall, by Mrs. J. J. Connell, Miss Judy, Mr. H. R. H. Thomas, and Mr. A. Boughton.
- „ 11th.—Death of Mr. Alfred John Flaherty, British Vice-Consul, in Shanghai.
- June 12th.—Performance of “Dick Whittington and his Cat” at the Lyceum Theatre by the Juvenile A.D.C.
 Affray in Hongkew between two marines from the U.S. gunboat *Wilmington* and the police, resulting in a native constable being seriously hurt.
- „ 14th.—Marriage of Major Nathan and Miss Evi Detring of Tientsin.
- „ 17th.—Judgement delivered on the Langkat Case in favour of Mrs. Nazer.
 Arrest of William Saxton of the Alhambra by the American Authorities on a warrant for vagrancy.
- „ 19th.—Arrival of H.E. Tang Shao-yi in Shanghai after a tour of several months in America and Europe.
- „ 20th.—Opening Performance of the “Merry Little Maids Comic Opera Co.” in Shanghai.
- „ 21st.—Fracas in French Town; two Chinese seriously wounded.
- „ 22nd.—Dragon Boat Festival.
- „ 23rd.—Opening of the new Yangtzepoo Dock by its proprietors, the New Engineering & Shipbuilding Works.
- „ 24th.—Organ Recital given by Mr. Waddell at Holy Trinity Cathedral.
 New sub-Post Office opened on Nanking Road.
- „ 25th.—Shanghai Rowing Club held a fifty-yard handicap at their Swimming Baths in Soochow Road. Won by E. Durlach.
- „ 26th.—Closing exercises of the International Institute.
- „ 27th.—Inaugural visit of inspection of the New Astraea Channel.
 H.E. Tang Shao-yi left Shanghai for Peking.
- „ 29th.—Shanghai International Swimming Club opened its season.
 Cricket Match between the Shanghai Public School and the Cathedral School.

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender) is \$1.00.



Births

MILLER.—On July 26th, 1909, at the Chartered Bank House, to Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, a daughter.



Deaths

ROUSSE.—On July 20th, 1909, at Shanghai, Christiane, aged 18 months, daughter of Monsieur Rousse-Lacordaire, Deputy Postal Commissioner.

OLSEN.—On July 20th, 1909, at No. 5, Yuen-ming-yuen Road, Joh. Albert Olsen, of the Harbour Master's Dept., I. M. Customs, aged 36 years.

BARCKLEY.—On July 1st, 1909, at 51 Drayton Gardens, South Kensington, London, John George Barkley, late of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway.

TAYLOR.—On July 28th, 1909, at Pootung, James Ingram Taylor, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Taylor, aged 11 months.

GARDINER.—On July 24th, 1909, at Daitotei, North Formosa, Arthur Frederick Gardiner, aged 44, only surviving son of Colonel Thomas George Gardiner, late 3rd Foot (The Buffs), Twickenham, Middlesex.

KERL.—On July 30th, 1909, at the Isolation Hospital, Shanghai, Wynn Kerl, chief officer of the s.s. *Hudson*, of the Standard Oil Co., aged 55 years.



DEPARTED

Come, sweetest absent friend—
Companionless I roam,
Where feathered fern-leaves bend
Above the river foam.

Come, though I may not seek
To touch thee any more—
My lips against thy cheek—
Upon the river shore.

Come—from the starlit skies
No ray shall ever shine,
To kindle in those eyes
That looked such love to mine.

Nor touch, nor sight, nor sound,
Of thee shall ever cheer
My life's unfinished round
From lonely year to year.

Yet haply wilt thou deign
To let thy full-winged soul
Flit near my heart again,
That beats toward the goal

Which thou hast won. Return!
Ere I may follow, bend
To earth that I may learn
How fares it with my friend!

Editorial Notes and Comments

OWING to increasing responsibilities and demands upon her time, Mrs. Shorrock has passed the editing of "Social Shanghai" into other hands, though she will still continue to contribute much in the way of photographs, etc.



WHILE thanking our readers for their appreciation of the last number, the new editress hopes to secure their goodwill by endeavouring to retain the high standard of the magazine; moreover, she is striving to pull up on the time lost on back numbers, and when this is accomplished, will do her best to publish at regular intervals; although in this land of the inevitable *maskee*, various disappointments and tribulations often make it a difficult matter to do so.

It has happened on several occasions that an issue has been sold out a few days after its publication, and we hear many expressions of disappointment and chagrin that there is not a number to be procured for love or money. This *contretemps* can be easily overcome by becoming a yearly subscriber, which is not only a more economical method than buying single copies, but ensures quick delivery, so that in the event of more copies being required they can be ordered at once.

Our thanks are due to several friends and supporters for photographs and other contributions. Any help is always gratefully welcomed, and we are very glad to receive photos or notes on topical and social events.

ON another page of this issue appears an original article from the pen of Mr. A. Bernard Hind, the Managing Editor of "The China Weekly," accompanied by the author's photograph. This is not the first time that Mr. Hind's work has appeared in the pages of "Social Shanghai." Before taking up the post of Managing Editor of "The China Weekly," Mr. Hind had served as Assistant Editor on the staff of the "Japan Advertiser," relinquishing that position to accept the editorship of the "Japan Herald." With a residence of over twenty years in the Far East, during which period he has resided or travelled in most of the countries of southern Asia, Mr. Hind's acquaintance with Oriental questions is necessarily extensive; and, in fact, his work for the Press has been commented on in the home papers.



It has been remarked by some of our advertisers that the representatives of our magazine are the only people in Shanghai that take a personal interest in their advertisements, or who go to the trouble of calling upon them for the purpose of ascertaining whether they wish to make any additions or changes. In a busy place such as Shanghai is, it is a great convenience and assistance to a hard-worked firm to feel that they may safely leave their advertising in the hands of a reliable medium, and our advertising staff are much gratified at the appreciation that their efforts have called forth.